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The dramatic works
of Richard Brome
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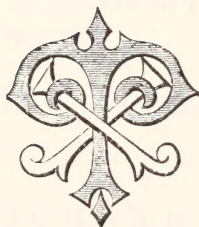
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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
RICHARD BROME CONTAIN-
ING FIFTEEN COMEDIES NOW
FIRST COLLECTED IN THREE
VOLUMES,

Brome

VOLUME THE SECOND



LONDON

IN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1873

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NEW YORK
1966

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Manufactured in the United States of America

822
Brome

v. 2 Five newv

PLAYES,

VIZ.

The ENGLISH MOOR, or The MOCK-
MARRIAGE.

The LOVE-SICK COURT, or The AM-
BITIOUS POLITIQUE.

COVENT GARDEN Weeded. ✓

The NEVV ACADEMY, or The NEVV
EXCHANGE. ✓

The QUEEN and CONCUBINE. ✓


By RICHARD BROME.

LONDON,

Printed for *A. Crook*, at the Green Dragon
in Saint *Pauls* Church-yard, and for *H. Brome*
at the Gunn in Ivy-Lane, 1659.



TO THE
READERS,

—  R rather *to the Spectators*, if the
Fates so pleas'd, these *Come-*
dies exactly being dressed for the *Stage*;
and the often-tried *Author* (better than
many who can but scribble) understood the
Proportions and *Beauties* of a *Scene*; But as
they are they will not deceive you; for the
same hand (which formerly pleas'd) now held
the Pen. We suppose we bring what in
these dayes you scarce could hope for, *Five*

To the Reader.

new Playes. We call them *new*, because 'till now they never were printed. You must not think them *posthumous* Productions, though they come into the world after the *Author's* death : they were all begotten and born (and own'd by Him before a thousand witnessses) many years since ; they then trod the *Stage* (their proper place) though they pass'd not the *Press*. They are all *Comedies*, for (a man would think) we have had too many *Tragedies*. But this Book knew them not. The *ENGLISH MOOR* here (what ever name or face it wears) is older than our Troubles. The *LOVE-SICK COURT*, and the *AMBITIOUS POLITICK* are but one Play, though strange those two should dwell together. This *NEW ACADEMY* concerns not that which eight years since peep'd up in *White Friars* ; and this *NEW EXCHANGE* knows nothing

To the Reader.

thing of that which now is cleaving to the *Great Church* Wall. This *QUEEN* is a meer stranger to our *Island*; Her Scene is *Sicily*, the Persons and Action taste nothing of *England*. Thus the whole *Book* being free and ingenuous, we hope the *Author* may have the same allowance, especially now since he's gone to the great Wits, that is, dead. And yet there are a fort (one would wonder there should be) who think they lessen this *Author's* worth when they speak the relation he had to *Ben. Johnson*. We very thankfully embrace the Objection, and desire they would name any other Master that could better teach a man to write a good Play. The materials must flow from all parts of the world; but the *Art* and *Composition* come onely from Books and such living Masters as that our great *Laureat*; And for this purpose we have here prefixt *Ben Johnson's* own

To the Reader.

testimony to his Servant our *Author* ; we grant it is (according to *Ben's* own nature and custome) magisterial enough ; and who looks for other, since he said to *Shakespear*—*I shall draw envy on thy name* (by writing in his praise) and threw in his face—*small Latine and less Greek* ; but also told *Selden* himself (as if *Ben's* conscience checked him for being too good natured in commending others.)

*Your Book (my Selden) I have read—
Though I confess (as every Muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd
Men past their terms, and prais'd some names
too much,
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such ;
Since, being deceiv'd, I turn a sharper eye
Upon myself, and ask to whom, and why,
And what I write, and vex it many dayes
Before men get a Verse, much less a Praise.*

—*I*

To the Reader.

—*I first salute thee so, and gratulate,
With that thy style, thy keeping of thy state.*

—*I could take up (and nere abuse
The credit) what would furnish a tenth Muse:
But here's nor time nor place my wealth to
tell;*

You both are modest, so am I. Farewel.

It seems (what ere we think) *Ben* thought it diminution for no man to attend upon his Muse. And were not already the Antients too much trod on, we could name famous wits who served far meaner Masters than *Ben Johnson*. For, none vers'd in Letters but know the wise *Æsop* was born and bred a wretched slave; *Lucian* a Stone-cutter; *Virgil* himself begotten by a Basket-maker, born in a ditch, and then preferred to an under Groom in the stable; nay, (to instance in our *Authors* own order) *Nævius*
the

To the Reader.

the Comedian a Captains mans man; *Plautus* fervant to a poor Baker, *Terence* a slave as well as *Æſop*; and (which for our purpose is moſt of all) our Authors own *Maſter* handled the *Trowel* before he grew acquainted with *Seianus* or *Cataline*. But enough of this, left pleading for the *Author*, make him ſeem to want an Apology. As for the *Stationers*, they bring theſe *Poems* as they had them from the *Author*; not ſuffering any falſe or buſy hand to adde or make the leaſt mutilation; having been more watchful over the Printers common negligence, than ſuch work as this hath uſually obtained. And if theſe new Playes fail your expectation, we openly profeſs we know not how, where, or when we ſhall fit you.

To



To my old Faithful Servant,
and (by his continu'd vertue)
my loving Friend, the Author of
this work, Mr. *Rich. Brome*.

I Had you for a Servant, once, Dick.
Brome,
*And you perform'd a Servants faithful parts:
Now, you are got into a neerer room
Of Fellowship, profesing my old Arts,
And you do do them well, with good applause,
Which you have justly gained from the Stage,
By observation of those Comick Laws,
Which I, your Master, first did teach this
Age.
You learn'd it well, and for it serv'd your
Time,
A Prentiship, which few do now adayes :
Now each Court-Hobby-Horse, will wince in
Rhime, Both*

*Both learned and unlearned, all write
Playes ;*

*It was not so of old ; men took up trades
That knew the Crafts they had been bred in
right ;*

*An honest Bilbo Smith would make good
Blades,*

*And the Phyfician teach men fpue, and——
The Cobler kept him to his Awll, But now
He'll be a Pilot, fcarce can guide a Plow.*

Ben. Johnfon.

To



To my most ingenious friend,

Mr. *ALEX. BROME*

Upon his setting forth

Mr. RICH. BROMES

P L A Y E S :

THis, Sir, is double *Piety*, and you
In this oblige the *dead* and *living* too.
As the last *trumpet* with one pow'rful
found

Raises forgotten *Bodies* from the ground,
And *betters* those that yet remain alive :
So you an equal *happinefs* do give
Unto his dust, and us, at once engage
His sacred *Ashes*, and the present *age*.
Nor can I tell to whom we more are bound,
Or to his *wit*, or *you* that have it found.
When *Thetis* Son amongst the *maids* lay hid,
And for their softer wars the *Trojan* fled ;
He that discover'd him, did justly claim
An equal share in th' honour of his *name* ;
And dar'd to call *Achilles* victories,

All

All those exploits, and all those *Trophies* his :
So *you* that have this noble *wit* reveal'd
And made it be (which was before conceal'd)
Known and commended, may as well receive
Part in those *Lawrels* we to him do give.
He made the *oyl*, but you enlightned it,
He gave the *salt*, but you have made it white,
And dug it from the *Pit* where it once lay
Unseen, or by the eyes of *men* or *day* :
He made the *branches* of this *Coral* grow,
Hid in its private *Sea* untouch'd ; but you
By drawing it into the open air,
Have made it turn more *pretious*, and more *fair*.
He spake with such a *full* and *casie* strain,
With such a *soft*, and such a *flowing* vein,
As if 'twere *Nature* all, yet there was *Art*,
Yet there was *Skill* in every limb and Part.
So gently came all that he thought or writ,
As if he *made* it not, but did *repeat*.
His *fancy* like the *blood* did alwayes flow,
Yet full of *life* and full of *spirts* too.
His *Wit* and *Angels* did in this agree,
Their *motion* is most nimble, quick, and free,
And *perfect* too. And as the *world* was made,
(Which no delays of *spring* and *summer* had,
No *ages* or *increases*, but on all
At first a *ripeness*, and full *growth* did fall ;)
So all that from his happy *Pen* did come

Was

Was ripe and grown at first, and left no room
For after *change*, no *second* hand could give
More *strength* to it, or it more *strength* receive.
When he doth speak of *love*, himself he arms
With such *resistless*, and such *conquering* charms,
Acts such sweet *hopes*, such innocent *fears*, and
joyes,

That we or love his *Mistress*, or his *voice*,
As *eccho* did. When he would make us smile,
Thousand *Anacreons* play about his style.
When he commands our *sorrow*, straight our eyes
Into salt *streams*, our hearts to *sighings* rise.
When he doth *laugh* again, the *clouds* are gone,
Our minds into a sudden calmness run :
He so dispos'd our thoughts, as when the hand,
Or eye of the chief *Gen'ral* doth command,
Whole *Armies* act what his example led,
Follow his postures with such willing speed,
Into obedience with such *easiness* fall,
As if one *soul* and *spring* did move them all.
When he strook *vice*, he let the *person* go,
Wounded not *men* but *manners* ; nor did do
Like him who when he painted *heaven* & *hel*,
Amongst the *damned* shades and those that fell,
Did draw his Enemies face, that all might say
Who there condemned by the Painter lay :
But as the *Surgeon* at once *hides* and *cures*,
And bindeth up the *limb* which most indures

The

The *fore* and *pain* : so he with gentle hand
Did heal the *wound*, and yet conceal the *man*.
His Scenes mens *Actions*, *Tempers*, *Humours* shew,
And *copy* out what the great *world* doth do.
His words are like the shapes which *Angels* take,
And for themselves of finest *air* do make,
That are so much like *men*, that clearest eyes
Cannot discern where the smal difference lies.
In them we see our selves, in them we find
Whatever Time or Custom taught mankind.
We see with what expressiveness and life
He painteth *anger*, *hatred*, *joy*, or *grief*,
Or all the other winds that do enrage
The hearts of men, nor in that living Stage
(Where all he writ was acted first) *mans* breast,
They more to th' *full* and *nature* are exprest.
This we by him have *gain'd*, by *him* and *you*,
For we as much unto the *Merchant* owe,
Whose care and pains brought the rich Jewels
home,
As to the *Indiæ*s whence those Jewels come.

T. S.

The



*On the Comædies of the late fa-
cetious P O E T,*

Mr. Richard Brome

Deceased.

THis to thy memory I'm bound to do,
(*Ingenius Brome*) though not related to
Thy *parts* or *person*; kindled by that
flame,

Which glows in thy *example* and fair name;
I must pronounce these issues of thy brain,
Of all th' Indulgers of the Comick strain
Deserve applause; and they that do not see
A *worth* in both, know neither them nor thee.

Yet I am no *Wit-rampant*, none of them
That think they've pow'r to *quit* or to *con-demn*
What ere is writ, and boldly say there's none
True *sterling Wit*, but what looks like their own.
And judge no person comely, if his head
Be *black* or *brown*, their *standard-heads* being red.
These would be *Quorum-Wits*, and by their own
Commission, do invade *Apollo's* throne.

Where *Chair-men-like* they rant, condemn, deride
The *Novice Wit*, that must by them be tri'd.
With *Questions* intricate, yet catching though,
Such as themselves can't answer, namely, who
First made them *Wits*? How they the grace
obtain'd

Of *Poetry*? By whom they were ordain'd?
And at what *Club*? and by whose lines they've
bin

Converted Poets, from that odious sin
Of *Prose* and *thriving*? whether Poetry
Be b' *acquisition* or *extraduce*?
Such Questions and Commands not worth a
straw,

'Cause done without *Authority* or *Law*.
Sic volo's all the pow'r, by which they sit,
And th' only *Rule* by which they judge of Wit.
For there's no other Standard but Opinion;
Which varies still, 'cause *fancy* has dominion.
So *Martin Parker's* laurell'd by some men,
With as much boldness as the wise do *Ben*.

Nor can we help it, since among the *wits*
There is a *Vulgus*, whose ambition gets
To be o'th' *Clasfis*, and presumes to be
At first sight, Judges of all *Poetry*.
'Gainst whom there is no armour, but to know,
What they call *good*, or *bad*, they think is so.

Thus that fam'd *Lombard* story which was writ
To put the Reader to th' *expense* of *wit*
And *skill* to judge of, and to understand,
Can't *censure* scape, nor can *applause* command,
But tamely must its *self*, and *fate* submit
To the coy Readers prejudice, or wit.
Who doth with equal eagerness contend,
Some to *cry* down, and others to *commend*.

So easie 'tis to *judg*, so hard to do,
There's so much *frailty*, yet such prying too:

That

That who their *Poetry* to view expose
Must be prepar'd to be abus'd in *Prose*.

Onely our *Author* garrison'd in's grave,
Fears no mans censure, nor applause does crave :
Leaves these *Remains* ; if they're approv'd of, *so*.
If not *so* too. But he would have us know,
He's now above our reach ; for his Estate
He has secur'd against the common Fate
Of leaving to young *heirs*, whose high desires
Are to spend all, and be accounted *Squires*.
He was his own *Executor*, and made
Ev'n with the world ; and that small *All* he had—
He without *Law* or *Scribe* put out of doubt ;
Poor he came into th' world, and *poor* went out.
His *soul* and *body* higher powers claim,
There's nothing left to play with, but his *name* ;
Which you may freely *tofs* ; he all endures.
But as you use his name, so'll others yours.

ALEX. BROME.

THE



THE
STATIONERS
To the
READER.

YOUR former candid reception of this Authors other labours of this kind, have kindled an encouragement in Vs to publish this, in which the clear streams of Comical Wit is no less discernable ; so that it speaks these though posthume, the legitimate issue of the same brain. Tis not our designs to whet your judgements with our commendation ; though some friends to the Authors memory and our benefit (in whose sentence we acquiesce) have blown their Trumpets before the shewes, we might have purchased an Encomium of our own to have set before it, but we have other occasions for our mony ; we are assured that these are good, and hope they will prove so ; for if they be pleasantly good to you, they will be profitably good to

Your Servants,

A. C. H. B.

THE
English Moor,

OR THE
MOCK-MARRIAGE:

A Comœdy as it was often
acted with general applause, by
Her Majesties Servants.

By RICHARD BROME.

*Innocuos permittite jocos, cur ludere nobis
Non liceat ?*



L O N D O N,

Printed in the year, 1659.

Drammatis Personæ.

Meanwell. } *Two old Gentlemen and friends, sup-*
Rashley. } *posed to have been kill'd in a Duel.*
Arthur, Meanwels Son, *in love with Lucy.*
Theophilus, Rashleys Son, *in love with*
Milicent.
Quickfands, *an old Vsurer.*
Testy, *an old angry Justice.*
Winlose, *a decayed Gentleman.*
Vincent. } *Two gallants undone by Quick-*
Edmund. } *fands.*
Nath. Banelafs, *a Wencher.*
Host. *Drawer.*
Ralph, Meanwels *servant.*
Arnold, Rashleys *servant.*
Buzard, Quickfands *servant.*
Dionisia, Meanwels *daughter.*
Lucy, Rashleys *daughter.*
Milicent, Testys *Niece.*
Phillis, Winlose *daughter.*
Madge, Quickfands *servant.*

The Scene London.

PROLOGUE.

Prologue.

M*ost noble, fair and courteous, to ye all
Welcome and thanks we give, that you would
call
And visit your poor servants, that have been
So long and pitiless unheard, unseen.
Welcome, you'll say your money that does do,
(Dissembling is a fault) we say so too.
And your long absence was no fault of your,
But our sad fate to be so long obscure.
Jove and the Muses grant, and all good Men,
We feel not that extremity again :
The thought of which yet chills us with a fear
That we have bought our liberty too dear :
For should we fall into a new restraint,
Our hearts must break that did before but faint.
You noble, great and good ones, that vouchsafe
To see a Comedy, and sometimes laugh
Or smile at wit and harmeless mirth, As thus
ye have begun to grace and succour us ;
Be further pleas'd (to hold us still upright,
For our relief, and for your own delight)
To move for us to those high powers whom we
submit unto in all humility,
For our proceeding, and we'll make it good
To utter nothing may be understood
Offensive to the state, manners or time,
We will as well look to our necks as climb.
You hear our sute, obtain it if you may ;
Then find us money and we'll find you play.*



THE
ENGLISH-MOOR
or the
Mock-Marriage.

Act I. Scene I.

Arthur. Dionysia.

Ar. Dear Sister, bear with me.
Di. I may not, brother.
D What! suffer you to pine, and peak
away

In your unnatural melancholy fits ;
Which have already turn'd your purer blood
Into a toad-pool dye. I am asham'd
(Upon my life) almost to call you brother
But nature has her swing in me. I must.
Therefore I crave you (as you are my brother)
To shake this dull and muddy humor off,
By visiting the streets, and quit your chamber,
Which is a sickness to you.

Ar. O my sister !

Di. I can say, O my brother too, to shew you
How it becomes you. I have the same cause
Equally with your self, to spend my life
In solitary mourning ; and would do it,
Could it make good our loss : My honor'd Father !
A tear has scap'd me there : But that's by th'by,

And more of anger 'gainst his enemy,
 And his for ever curs'd posterity,
 That rob'd us of a Father, then of sorrow
 For what we know is unrecoverable.
 But to sit grieving over his Memory
 In a resolv'd silence, as you do ;
 Killing your own blood while a vein holds any
 Proceeding from the flesh, that drew out his,
 Is meerly idle. Mingle then your grief
 With thought of brave revenge : And do it not
 In private Meditation in your Chamber ;
 But bear it out till it proceed to Action.

Ar. By powring blood on blood ?

Di. By quenching fire
 Of high revenge, with base unmanly blood ;
 By stopping of our Fathers cureless wounds
 (Which still bleed fresh in our vex'd memories)
 With the proud flesh of him that butcher'd ours.

Ar. We know he lives not that has slain our
 Father :

Or, if he lives, tis where I cannot reach him.
 He nere saw English harbour since his sword
 Unfortunately had the better of my father.

Di. But his son lives.

Ar. Good sister cool thy passion
 With reasonable means.

Di. O where's the spirit
 That my slain father had. Have you no part of't?
 Must I now play the Man, whilst you inherit
 Onely my Mothers puling disposition ?

Ar. I know thy drift, good sister, *Dionisia*,
 Is not unto revenge, or blood ; but to stir up
 Some motion in me, to prevent the danger
 A sad retireness may bring upon me.

Di. Bee't as you think it, so you will abroad ;
 And make the house no longer dark with sighing.

Ent. Rafe.

Now

Now Sir the newes with you ?

Ra. Newes worth your hearing,
Meerly to laugh at : Good for nothing else.

Di. Is the old Ruffian tane, and hang'd, that flew
My Father ; or his son Brain-battered ; or
His daughter made a prostitute to shame ?

Ar. How mercilefs are your wishes !

Ra. Lady, no.
But as I was hankring at an ordinary,
In quest of a new Master (for this, here,
Will never last to a new livory
'Lefs he were merrier) I heard the bravest noise
Of laughter at a wicked accident
Of Marriage, that was chopt up this Morning.

Di. What marriage ? Quickly.

Ra. Who do you think
Has married fair Mistrifs *Millicent* ?

Di. *Theophilus* (I can name him, though his father
Was fatal unto mine) was sure to her.

Ra. Yes, but without a Priest. She has flipt his
And is made fast enough unto another, (hold,
For which fine Mr. *The.* so whines and chafes,
And hangs the head ! More than he would do
For's father, were he hanged, as you did wish
For laughing newes eene now. Ther's sport for you.

Di. It does me good to hear of any cros
That may torment their family. I wish
Joy to the man that did beguile him of her
What ere he be.

Ar. But who has married her ?

Ra. Thence springs the jest. Old Mr. *Quicksands*,
Sir,
The bottomless devourer of young Gentlemen ;
He that has liv'd, till past three-score, a batcheler,
By three-score i'the hundred ; he that has
Undone by Mortgages and under-buyings
So many Gentlemen, that they all despair'd

Of means to be reveng'd.

Ar. But where's your jest?

Ra. The Jest is, that they now have found that means

(As they suppose) by making of him Cuckold.

They are laying their heads together in every corner,

Contriving of his horns, and drinking healths

To the success. And there were sport for you now,

If you were any body.

Ar. I'll abroad however.

Di. That's nobly said. Take courage with you Brother.

Ar. And yet me thinks I know not how to look

The wide world in the face, thus on the sudden

I would fain get abroad, yet be unknown.

Ra. For that Sir (look you) I have here, by chance,

A false beard which I borrowed, with a purpose

To ha' worn't and put a jest upon your sadness.

Ar. Does it do well with me?

Ar. *puts on*

Ra. You'll never have

the beard.

One of your own so good : you look like *Hector*.

Ar. Go fetch my sword and follow me.

Di. Be sure you carry a strict eye o're his actions,
And bring me a true account.

Ra. I warrant you Mistriss.

Di. Do, and I'll love thee everlastingly.

Why, now you are my brother.

Ar. Farewel Sister.

Exit Ar. Ra.

Di. I hope he has some stratagem a foot

In our revenge to make his honour good :

It is not grief can quit a father's blood.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Nathaniel. Phillis.

Nat. Prithee be and answered, and hang off o'me,

I ha' no more to say to you in the way

You wot on *Phillis*.

Phi.

Phi. Nor do I seek to you
In that way which you wot on, wanton Sir,
But to be honest, and to marry me.
You have done too much the other way already.

Nat. I wish you were more thankful, Mrs. *Phillis*,
To one has taught you a trade to live upon :
You are not th'first by twenty I have taught it
That thrive well i'the world.

Phi. There are so many
Such teachers in the world ; and so few
Reformers, that the world is grown so full
Of female frailties, the poor Harlotries
Can scarce already live by one another,
And yet you would have me thrust in among 'em.

Nat. I do not urge you. Take what course you
But look not after me : I am not mark'd (please,
For Matrimony, I thank my stars.

Phi. Should I run evil courses, you are the cause ;
And may in time, curse your own act in it :
You'll find th' undoing of an honest Maid
Your heaviest sin upon your bed of sickness ;
'Twill cost your soul the deepest groan it fetches ;
And in that hope I leave you. *Exit.*

Nat. Farewel wag-tail.
Marry thee quoth a ! That's wife work indeed !
If we should marry every Wench we lie with,
'Twere after fix a week with some of us.
(Marry love forbid) when two is enough to hang one.

Enter Vincent and Edmond.

Vin. *Nat.* we have sought diligently, for fear
The news that is abroad should flie before us.

Nat. What news ? What flying fame do you
labour with ?

Ed. News that makes all the Gallants i' the Town
Fly out o' their little wits : They are so eager
Upon the joy. I mean such youthful Gallants
As have, or sold, or mortgag'd ; or been cheated

By

By the grave patron of Arch-cononage,
Whose sad misfortune we are come to sing:
Shall I need to name him to thee? (good *Vince*,

Nat. Who, the old Rascal *Quickfands*? speak
What! has he hangd himself? speak quickly prithee.

Vin. Worse, worse by half man. Durst thou hear
a news

Whose mirth will hazzard cracking of a rib?

Nat. I and't be two. Here's hoops enough besides
To hold my drink in. Pray thee speak; what
Is come upon him. (mischief

Ed. I pray thee guefs again.

Nat. Has somebody over-reach'd him in his way
Of damnable extortion; and he cut his throat,
Or swallowed poison?

Vin. Ten times worse then that too.

Nat. Is he then hoisted into the Star-Chamber
For his notorious practises? or into
The high Commiffion for his blacker arts?

Ed. Worse then all this.

Nat. Pax, keep it to your self then,
If you can think it be too good for me.
Why did you fet me a longing? you cry worse
And ten times worse; and know as well as I,
The worse it is to him, the better wel-come
Ever to me: And yet you tell me nothing.

Vin. He has married a young wife.

Nat. Has he Cadzooks?

Ed. We bring you no comfort, we.

Nat. Nere go fine sport, Ha, ha, ha. What is she?
Would he had my wench, was here eene now,
What is she he has married? quickly prithee.

Vin. One much too good for him.

Ed. The beauteous *Millicent*.

Driven by the tempest of her Uncles will,
Is like a pinnace forc'd against the Rock.

Nat. But he will never split her, that's the best on't.

I hope she'll break his heart first. Gentlemen,
I thank you for your news ; and know what I
Will presently go do.

Vin. Pray stay a little.

Ed. And take us with you. What will you go do ?

Nat. That which we can all at once. Do not

Vin. We came to cast a plot w'ye. (hold me.

Nat. Cast a pudding—How long ha'they been

Ed. But this morning. (married ?

Nat. You'll ha'me come too late.

Ne're go 'tis a shame he was not Cuckolded
'Fore Dinner.

Vin. That had been a fine first course
At a wedding feast indeed. A little patience.

Nat. Pray let me take my course 'fore supper yet.

Ed. The business 'longs to us as much as you,
He has wrong'd us all alike. He has cozened us
As much as you.

Nat. He has made me so poor (me.
That my poor whore eene now claim'd marriage of

Vin. The case is ours. His wrongs are common
So shall his wife be, can we purchase her : (to us,
Did we bring you the news for you to run
And prevent us do you think ?

Nat. Pardon my zeal good Gentlemen ; which
Considered but the fitness of the Act, (onely
And that 'tis more then time 'twere done ifaith.

Enter Theophilus and Arnold.

Ed. And see here comes a fourth man that has lost
More on her part, then we upon the Bridegrooms.

Vin. He's very fowre and fad. 'Tis crept upon him
By this untoward accident. (a match ;

Nat. 'Twould anger any man to be nos'd of such
But Ile remove his sorrow——

Gentle *Theophilus*, you are well met,
Your sorrow is familiar with us all
In the large loss of your betrothed love ;

But

But, fir, be comforted : you have our pittty
And our revenge to ease you. Tis decreed
Her husband shall be instantly a Cuckold.

The. Most sinfully thou lye'st ; and all that give
Breath to that foul opinion. *Draw and*

Nat. What do you mean. *fight.*

The. Give me that thought from you ; nay, from
Or I will rip you for't. *(you all,*

Nat. Zooks what mean you.

Vin. Hold, Sir, forbear.

The. Ile have that thought out first.

Nat. I say he does deserve to be a Cuckold ;
Let him be what he will, a pox upon him.

Ed. Vin. So we say all.

The. What's that to ill in her ?
I stand upon that point. Mans evil merit's
No warrant for a womans dishonesty.
I say had shee a man forty degrees
Beneath his undeservings, twere more possible
For him to deceive her with a good Life,
Then shee him with a wicked.

Nat. I say so too.
But then I say again, The more's the pittty.

The. Do and undoe. *He hurts*

Nat. Zookes now your bitch has bit me, *him.*
I say he will be one, he shall be one ;
Il'e make him one myself.

Ent. Ar. in his false beard he sides with Theoph.

Ed. Vin. And weel both help him. *(Murder.*

Arn. Why here's trim stuff. Help ho, Murder,
Art. This is oppression gentlemen ; an unmanly one.

Nat. What devils this rais'd ? fall off, tis an ill busi-
ness. *Ext. Nat. Vin. Ed.*

Arn. Have you no hurt Sir.

The. No I'm confident.

Arn. By your favour, I will see. *Arnold searches*

Art. What fortune's this, *Theoph.*
I fought 'gainst friends to save mine enemy, But

But I hope neither know me. I desire
To rest hid to my friends for my offence to them,
And to mine enemy, till I make him dearer. *Exit.*

The. I told thee there was none.

Arn. I'm glad it proves so.

The. But wher's the Gentleman?

Arn. Do you not know him fir?

The. Not I, tis the first time that ere I saw him,
To my remembrance; yet he fought for me,
Beshrew thy idler care that made me lose him,
What should he be that so could fight for me,
Yet care not for my company? beshrew thy heart.
Why should he use me thus? I shall be sick to think
on't.

I'm made beholding now to I know not whom;
And I'm the worst to sue or seek to a man——

Arn. That scurvy, between proud and bashful
quality,

You are famous for, as tother toy that haunts you.

The. What's that?

Arn. Why, to be deadly angry, fir,
On least occasion, and friends as quickly.
Hot and cold in a breath: you are angry now
With him that fought for you I warrant you.

The. In troth I am, and friends with them I
He us'd me peevishly to leave me so, (fought with;
Ere I could thank him.

Arn. So tis that I told you. (tlemen,

The. But did you mark th'humanity of my Gen-
Cause shee's dispos'd by her self willed uncle
On that unworthy *Quickfands* (Devil take him)
They thought twould sound like musick in my ears
To hear her disgrace sung; when her fair honour
Is all I have to love, now shee's took from me:
And that they'd go about to rob me of.
Heaven grant me patience. O my slaughter'd father!
I am thy son, and know by thy infirmity.

Arn.

Arn. Methinks, Sir, his example should allay you :
Impatience was his ruine.

The. Puff, we see
Thieves daily hang'd for Robberies ; yet some
Go on still in the practice ! What a fine
Is set upon the head of foul Adultery,
And yet our neighbours Wives can hardly scape us !
There's Lawes against extortion, and sad penalties
Set upon Bribes,
Yet great mens hands ha'their fore-fathers itch !
Prisons are fill'd with Banckrupts ; yet we see
How crafty Merchants often wrong their credits,
And *Lond'ners* flie to live at *Amsterdam* !
Nothing can banish Nature : That's the Moral.

Arn. It was indeed your Fathers known infirmity,
And ever incident to the noblest Natures.
But of your Father, is there yet no hope
Of better news ?

The. No, certainly he's slain.

Arn. I have not heard a story of more wonder ;
That two such men, of such estates and years,
Having liv'd alwayes friends and neighbours nearly,
Should at the last fall out so mortally
On a poor cast at bowles ! Where wast they fought ?

The. It is uncertain. All we heard of'em
Was, they rode forth ('tis now a whole year past)
Singly to end their quarrel : But to what
Part of the kingdom, or the world they took,
We can by no inquiry find or hear
Of either of them. Sure they crost the Seas,
And both are slain.

Arn. You speak poor comfort Sir.

The. I speak as my heart finds. She's gone for
Her hearts desire be with her. (ever too ;

Arn. Now he's there again. (ments me,

The. Then my poor Sisters sickness ; that tor-
Never in health since our dear Father left us.

Arn.

Arn. And now there.

The. How shall I do to see these men again?
I shall not be at rest till I be friends with'em.

Arn. Why here's the noble nature still. 'Twill
flew it self.

The. I'll seek'em out. *Nathaniel* always lov'd
me. *Exit.*

Arn. Here's an unsettled humor. In these fits
He'll nere be mad, nor ever well in's wits *Exit.*

ACT I. SCENE 3.

Tesly. Quicksands. Millicent.

Tes. Go to I say, go to ; as y're my Neece,
And hope t'inherit any thing that's mine :
Shake off this Maiden peevishness. Do you whimper
Upon your wedding day ? Or, do you think
You are not married yet ? Did you not say
I *Millicent* take *Mandevill* ? A ha !
Was it not so ? Did not I give you too ?
I that have bred you from the cradle up
To a fit growth to match with his fair years ;
And far more fair estate.

Mil. I, there's the Match——

Tes. Love him I charge you.

Mil. Ile endeavour't Sir.

Tes. You will endeavour't ! Is't no further yet ?
Stand from her, Nephew ! I'll so swinge her. Ha

Quick. Let me intreat your patience. She's my
wife Sir.

Tes. Dandle her in her humour, do ; and spoyle

Quick. 'Tis but her modesty. (her.

Tes. Her fullen doggedness,

I'll baste it out of her. You do not know her
As I do, Nephew.

Quick. I shall, Sir, before morning
Better I doubt not. Come we shall agree.

Tes.

Tef. You will endeavour't! Come I'll see it done.
 Marry a man first, and then endeavour
 To love him will you? Ha! Is it but so?
 I'll see you love him presently. So to bed.

Mil. What before Supper?

Tef. A posset and to bed,
 I'll see it done. And cause you are so nice
 (To bed I say) there I will see more done
 Then I will speak. Tell me of your endeavour!

Quick. Be not so rough and stiffe with her, good
 I know my supple tender dealing will (Uncle,
 Get more upon her love then all your chidings.

Tef. Such tender dealers spoyle young Brides; and
 Nothing of stubborness. Down with her I say (get
 Now in her wedding sheets: She will be naught else.

Mil. Construe more charitably, I beseech you,
 My Virgin blushes.

Tef. 'Tis your fullennes; ;
 Would you have brided it so lumpishly
 With your spruce younker, that fine silken beggar,
 Whose Land lies in your Husbands counting house,
 Or the most part.

Mil. O my *Theophilus*.

Quick. Indeed the better half; nor without hope
 To have the rest as he may want my money.

Tef. Would you have whin'd and pul'd, had you
 had him,
 To bedward think you? yet to speak the truth,
 And that wherein she has vext me a thousand times,
 I never saw her laugh, nor heard her sing
 In all my life: yet she could both, I have heard,
 In company she lik'd.

Mil. It has been 'mong Maidens then.
 But honour'd Sir (I know what I will do)
 To let you see and hear, since you desire
 To have me shew a cheerfulness unto
 My reverend Husband. Look you Sir, I'll kiss him,
 Clap

Clap him, and stroke him : Ha, my Joe, ha, ha, ha.

Tef. Hey day. (&c.)

Quic. She'll make me blush anon I think.

Mil. I'll sing him songs too.

Tef. Whoop, how's this? (ones,

Mil. That I will chick, old songs and over old
Old as thy reverend self, my Chick a bird : (names

Quic. She calls me chick and bird : The common
With wives that Cuckold their old cravend husbands.

Mil. (Shee sings)

She made him a bed of the thistle down soft,

Shee laid her self under to bear him a loft,

And ever she sung sweet turn thee to me,

Wee'll make the new bed cry Figgy Foggy.

Tef. What impudence is this.

Quic. Shee's gon as far

Beyond it now as it was to't.

Mil. Now may you answer.

(Shee sings)

Go to bed sweet heart I'll come to thee,

Makethy bed fine and soft I'll lie with thee. Ha, ha, ha.

Quic. Is this your bashful Niece. (become thee?)

Tef. What canst thou mean by this? dos this

Mil. Pray do not beat me o'my wedding night,
but tell me

How this and half a dozen chopping Children may
Become an old mans wife some five years hence.

Quic. O intollerable!

Tef. Is't possible thou canst do thus?

Mil. Let women judge. Tis very possible
That a young lusty wife may have six Children
By one at once in five years, Sir, and by
One Father too. Ile make him young enough
To Father mine.

Quic. Shee'll make a youth of me.

Mil. (She sings)

*There was a Lady lov'd a swine. Honey, quoth she ;
And wilt thou be true love mine. Hoogh, quoth he.*

Tef. Do you hear gentlewoman ; are you i' your wits ?

Mil. Yes, and my own house I hope. I pray
Shall we to bed, Sir, supperless ? you need (be civil,
No stirring meats, it seems. I'm glad on't.
Come, biddy, come away, will you see Uncle
How I will love him i' bed ? come away.

Quic. My edge is taken off : this impudence
Of hers, has outfaced my concupiscence.
Dashed all quite out o' Countenance ! what a beast
Was I to marry ? Rather, what a beast
Am I to be ? * How now ! O horrible. *A sowgelders*

Tef. What hideous noise is this. *horn blown.*

Buz. I cannot help it. *Ent.* Buzzard.
While I went forth for the half pint of Sack
To make your prodigal posset ; and the maid
(Watching the Milk, for running ore) forgot
To shut the door, they all rush'd in.

Quic. What they, what all ?

Buz. Vizarded people, Sir, and odly shap'd.
You'll see anon. Their tuning o' their pipes,
And swear they'll gi' ye a willy nilly dance
Before you go to bed, tho' you stole your Marriage.

Quic. Outragious Roysters.

Tef. Call and raise the street.

Mil. That were to let in violence indeed.
These are some merry harmless friends I warrant.
I knew I could not be so ill belov'd
Among the batchelers, but some would find
Way to congratulate our honoured Marriage.

Quic. What, with horn musick ?

Tef. A new kind of flourish.

Quic. 'Tis a flat conspiracy.
This is your bashful modest whimpering Niece.

Tef. Then let'em in. If they wrong us to night,
The

The Law tomorrow shall afford us right.
 Pray let's resolve to feet. Here comes their Prologue.
florish, Ent. Mercury.

Mer. At a late Parliment held by the Gods,
Cupid and *Hymen* fell at bitter ods
 Upon an argument ; wherein each did try
 T'advance his own 'bove tothers deity,
 Out of this question, which might happier prove
 Love without Marriage, or Marriage without love.
 By the effects the tryal must be made :
 So each from others Office drew his aid ;
Cupid no more of *Hymens* matches fram'd ;
 Nor *Hymen* married those that love inflam'd.

Now mark, the sad effects this strife begot,
Cupid his fiery darts and arrows shot
 As thick as ere he did ; and equal hearts
 He wounds with equal love. But *Hymen* parts
 Their forward hands (alas !) and joyneth none
 But those which his new match-Maker brings on,
 (Old greedy *Avarice*) who by his spells,
 In breasts of Parents and of guardians dwells,
 That force their tendelings to loathed beds ;
 Which uncouth Policie to sorrow leads
 Thoufands a thoufand wayes, of which the least
 Is this with which we celebrate your

(feast

Tef. A fpecial drove of horn beafts

Mer. These few are thought enough

(to shew how more

Would appear horrible, the town hath

(store.

The first's a Lawyer, who by strife

(prevail'd

To wed a wife, that was by love in-

(tail'd

Unto that Courtier, who had the hap

Soon after to adorn him with that cap.

Enter four
 Masquers
 with horns on
 their heads :
 a Stag, a
 Ram, a Goat,
 and an Ox fol-
 lowed by four
 persons, a
 Courtier, a
 Captain, a
 Schollar, and
 a Butcher.

The next a country cormorant, whose great wealth,
By a bad fathers will, obtain'd by stealth
That valiant Souldiers Mistrefs : for which matter
The Enginier his sconsfe with Rams did batter.

This an old Goatish Usurer, that must
Needs buy a wretches daughter to his lust ;
Doated, and married her without a groat,
That Herald gave this crest unto his coat.

And that's the Citizen, so broadly pated,
Which this mad Butcher, cuckold antidated.
Now by this dance let husband that doth wed
Bride from her proper love to loathed bed
Observe his fortune. Musick strike aloud
The cuckolds joy, with merry pipe and crowd.

They dance to musick of Cornets and Violins.

The Daunce. Ext. Masquers.

Tes. How now ! all vanisht ! The devil take the
hindmost.

Qui. The foremost I say ; and lay him a block
For all the rest to break their necks upon.

Tes. Who are they ? Can you guesse.

Mil. Truly, not I Sir.

Some of my husbands friends perhaps, that came
To warn him of his fortune.

Qui. Well consider'd.

Mil. Lock the doors after'em, and let us to bed ;
And lock our selves up, chick, safe from all danger.

Qui. We will to bed chick, since you'll have it so.
This key shall be your guard : And here's another
Shall secure me. My house has store of beds in't.
I bring you not to an unfurnisht dwelling.

Mil. Be not afraid to lie with me, good man,
Ileforestorethee'gainwith Cawdelsand Cock-broths,
So cuckold the up to-morrow. thou shalt see——

Quic. O immodestie.

Mil.

Mil. Thou hast good store of gold, and shalt not
In Cullises : in every broth Ile boil (want it
An angel at the least.

Qui. Ile hang first.

Tef. I am quite out of wits ; and yet I'll counsel
Thee, Nephew. Hark thee. *They whisper.*

Buz. Tis like to be mad counsel.

Mil. But will you not lie with me then ?

Tef. No marry shall he not.

Nephew, You shall not, till shee bride it modestly.
Tis now too late, but Ile so rattle her up to morrow.

Buz. Tis too late now, and yet he'll do't to morrow !

Tef. Will you to your lodging ? (good !

Mil. Where be my bride-maids ?

Tef. They wait you in your chamber.

Buz. The devil o'maid's i'this but my fellow *Madg*
the Kitching maid, and *Malkin* the Cat, or batchelor
but myself, and an old Fox, that my master has
kept a prentiship to palliate his palfie.

Mil. Where be the maids, I say ; and Batchelors
To disappoint my husband.

Qui. Mark you that ? (none.

Mil. I mean, to take your points. But you have
O thrifty age ! My Bridegroom is so wise,
In stead of points, to hazzard hooks and eyes.

Buz. Shee means the eyes in's head, Ile hang else.
My Master is like to make a blind match here.

Tef. Take up the lights, firrah.

Qui. I hope she talks so idly, but for want
Of sleep ; and sleep she shall for me to night.

Tef. And well said Nephew. Will you to your
chamber, Mistrefs ?——

Mil. Hey ho, to bed, to bed, to bed.
No Bride so glad—to keep her Maiden-head.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 2. SCENE 1.

Lucy. Phillis.

Lu. Y'are the first Maid that ere I entertain'd
Upon so small acquaintance. Yet y'are welcom,
I like your hand and carriage.

Phi. 'Tis your favour.

But love, they say sweet Mistrifs, is receiv'd
At the first sight, and why not service then,
Which often brings more absolute returns
Of the dear trust impos'd, and firmer faith
By Servants then by Lovers?

Lu. Stay there *Phillis.*

I may, by that, conjecture you have been
Deceiv'd by some false Lover.

Phi. Who, I Mistrifs?

I hope I look too merrily for such a one,
Somewhat too coursly too, to be belov'd;
If I were sad and handsome, then it might
Be thought I were a little love sick. Pray
How long has this disease affected you;
This melancholy, Mistrifs? Not ever since
You lost your father I hope.

Lu. For the most part.

Thou saidst, me thought, that love might be tane in
At the first sight.

Phi. There 'tis. I find her.

Love, Mistrifs? yes, a Maid may take in more
Love at one look, or at a little loop-hole,
Then all the Doddy-poles in Town can purge
Out of her while she lives; she smothering it,
And not make known her passion. There's the
mischief!

Lu. Suppose she love an enemy to her house.

Phi. An enemy! Put case the case were yours.

Lu.

Lu. But 'tis no case of mine ; put by I pray thee.

Phi. I'll put it to you though I miss your case.
Suppose it were your house, and Master *Arthur*,
Whose father was your fathers enemy,
Were your belov'd——

Lu. Pray thee no more.

Phi. Now I have struck the vein. Suppose I say,
All this were true ! would you confound your self
In smothering your love, which, in it self,
Is pure and innocent, until it grow
To a pernicious disease within you ;
And hide it in your bosom, till it work
Your kindled heart to ashes ?

Lu. Thou hast won
My patience to attention : Therefore tell me
If thou canst find or think it honourable
In me to take such affection ?

Phi. Yes, and religious ; most commendable,
Could you but win his love into a marriage,
To beget peace between your families.
How many, and what great examples have we,
From former ages, and of later times,
Of strong dissentions between furious factions,
That to their opposite houses have drawn in
Eithers Allies and Friends, whole Provinces,
Yea, Kingdoms into deadly opposition ;
Till the wide wounds on both sides have sent forth
Rivers of blood, which onely have been stop'd
By the soft bands of love in marriages
Of equal branches, sprung from the first roots
Of all those Hell-bred hatreds !

Lu. My good Maid——

Phi. Yes, I have been a good one to my grief.

Lu. Thou hast given me strength to tell thee, and
I hope
When it is told, I shall have yet more ease.

Phi. I warrant you Mistress. Therefore out with it.

Lu. I love that worthy Gentleman ; and am confident
That in the time of our two fathers friendship (dent
He affected me no less : But since that time
I have not seen him, nor dare mention him
To wrong my brothers patience, who is so passionate,
That could he but suspect I bred a thought
That favour'd him, I were for ever lost.
For this sad cause, as well as for the loss
Of my dear Father, I have sigh'd away
Twelve Moons in silent sorrow ; and have heard
That *Arthur* too (but for what cause I know not)
Has not been seen abroad ; but spends his time
In penfive solitude.

Phi. Perhaps he grieves
As much for the supposed loss of you,
As of his Father too.

Lu. The best construction,
I make of his retiredness, is the blest
Prevention (which I daily pray for) of
A fatal meeting 'twixt him and my Brother,
Which would be sure the death of one or both.
And now that fear invades me, as it does alwayes,
My Brother being abroad ; and such an absence
Has not been usual : I have not seen him
Since yesterday—— (your mind,

Phi. Fear nothing, Mistriss. Now you have eas'd
Let me alone to comfort you. And see your Brother.

The. How is it with you Sister? *Enter Theoph.*

Phi. Much better now than when you left me
If no ill accident has happend you (Brother,
Since your departure ; as I fear there has :
Why look you else so sadly ? speak, dear Brother.
I hope you did not meet the man you hate.
If you did, speak. If you have fought and slain him
I charge you tell, that I may know the worst
Of fortune can befall me : I shall gain

Per-

Perhaps a death by't.

The. You speak as if you lov'd the man I hate,
And that you fear I have kil'd him.

Phi. Not for love
Of him I assure you Sir ; but of your self.
Her fear in this case, Sir, is that the Law
May take from her the comfort of her life
In taking you from her, and so she were
But a dead woman. We were speaking
Of such a danger just as you came in ; (trembles,
And truly, Sir, my heart even tremble-tremble-
To think upon it yet. Pray, Sir, resolve her.

The. Then 'twas your frivolous fear that wrought
in her.

Good Sister be at peace : for, by my love to you,
(An oath I will not violate) I neither saw
Nor fought him, I. But other thoughts perplex me.

Lu. What, were you at the wedding, Brother ?

The. Whose wedding, Sister ?

Lu. Your lost love *Millicents*. Are you now sad
After your last leave taking ?

The. What do you mean ? (Brother——

Lu. There may be other matches, my good

The. You wrong me shamefully, to think that I
Can think of other then her memorie.

Though she be lost and dead to me, can you
Be so unnatural as to desire

The separation of a thought of mine
From her dear memorie ; which is all the comfort
My heart is married to, or I can live by.

Phi. Surely good Sir, in my opinion,
Sharp, eager stomachs may be better fed
With a'ery smell of meat, then the bare thought
Of the most curious dainties——

The. What piece of impudence have you receiv'd
Into my house ?

Lu. Pray Brother pardon me.

I took her, as I find her, for my comfort,
 She has by counsel and discourse wrought much
 Ease and delight into my troubled thoughts.

The. Good Maid forgive me; and my gentle Sister,
 I pray thee bear with my distractions. (flashes.

Phi. A good natur'd Gentleman for all his hasty

The. And now I'll tell you Sister (do not chide me)
 I have a new affliction.

Lu. What is it brother?

The. I am engag'd unto a Gentleman,
 (A noble valiant Gentleman) for my life,
 By hazarding his own, in my behalf.

Lu. It was then against *Arthur*.
 What villain was't durst take your cause in hand
 Against that man?

The. You wrong me beyond suffrance,
 And my dear fathers blood within your self,
 In seeming careful of that mans safety——

Phi. His safety Sir? Alas! she means, he is
 A villain that would take the honor of
 His death out of your hands, if he must fall
 By sword of man.

The. Again, I ask your pardon. But I had
 A quarrel yesterday, that drew strong odds
 Upon my single person; Three to one:
 When, at the instant, that brave Gentleman
 With his sword, sides me, puts'em all to flight——

Lu. But how can that afflict you?

The. How quick you are!

Lu. Good Brother I ha'done.

The. My affliction is,
 That I not know the man, to whom I am
 So much engag'd, to give him thanks at least. *Enter*
 O Sir y'are welcome, though we parted *Nath.*
 Abruptly yesterday. (somewhat

Nat. I thank you Sir.

The.

The. Pray thee *Nat.* tell me, for I hope thou know'st him ;

What Gentleman was that came in betwixt us ?

Nat. If the devil know him no better, he will lose A part of his due I think. But to the purpose, I knew your wonted nature would be friends With me before I could come at you. However, I Have news for you that might deserve your love, Were you my deadly enemy.

The. What is't pray thee ? (*Kiss.*)

Nat. Sweet Mistress *Lucy* so long unsaluted ?

Lu. My Brother attends your news Sir.

Nat. My Wench become her Chamber-maid ! very pretty !

How the Jade mumps for fear I should discover her.

The. Your news good *Nat.* ? what is it ready made, Or are you now but coining it ?

Nat. No, it was coin'd last night, o'the right stamp, And passes current for your good. Not know, That I, and *Mun*, and *Vince*, with divers others Of our Comrades, were last night at the Bride-house.

The. What mischief did you there ?

Nat. A Masque, a Masque lad, in which we present The miseries of enforced Marriages (sented) So lively——Zooks, lay by your captious countenance, And hear me handsomely. (ance,

Lu. Good brother do, it has a fine beginning.

Nat. But mark what follows ;

This morning, early up we got again,
And with our Fiddlers made a fresh assault
And battery 'gainst the bed-ridden bride-groom's window.
With an old song, a very wondrous old one,
Of all the cares, vexations, fears and torments,
That a decrepit, nasty, rotten Husband
Meets in a youthful, beauteous, sprightly wife :
So as the weak wretch will shortly be afraid,
That his own feeble shadow makes him Cuckold.

Our

Our Masque o'er night begat a separation
 Betwixt'em before bed time : for we found
 Him at one window, coughing and spitting at us ;
 She at another, laughing, and throwing money
 Down to the Fiddlers, while her Uncle *Telly*,
 From a third Port-hole raves, denouncing Law,
 And thundring statutes 'gainst their Minstralsie.

Lucy. Would he refuse his bride-bed the first night ?

Phi. Hang him.

Nat. Our Horn-masque put him off it, (bless my invention)

For which, I think, you'll Judge she'll forsake him
 All nights and dayes hereafter. Here's a blessing
 Prepar'd now for you, if you have grace to follow it.

The. Out of my house, that I may kill thee ; Go :
 For here it were inhospitable. Hence,
 Thou busie vaillain, that with sugard malice
 Hast poyson'd all my hopes ; ruin'd my comforts
 In that sweet soul for ever. Go, I say,
 That I may with the safety of my man-hood,
 Right me upon that mischievous head of thine.

Nat. Is this your way of thanks for courtesies ;
 Or is't our luck alwayes to meet good friends,
 And never part so ? yet before I go,
 I will demand your reason (if you have any)
 Wherein our friendly care can prejudice you ;
 Or poyson any hopes of yours in *Millicent* ?

Lu. Pray brother tell him.

The. Yes : that he may die
 Satisfied, that I did but Justice on him,
 In killing him. That villain, old in mischief,
 (Hell take him) that has married her, conceives
 It was my plot (I know he does) and, for
 A sure revenge, will either work her death
 By poyson, or some other cruelty,
 Or keep her lock'd up in such misery,
 That I shall never see her more.

Nat.

Nat. I answer——

The. Not in a word, let me intreat you, go.

Nat. Fair Mistrifs *Lucy*——

The. Neither shall she hear you.

Nat. Her Maid shall then: or I'll not out to night.

Phil. On what acquaintance Sir. *He takes*

Nat. Be not afraid: I take no notice o'thee, *her aside.*

I like thy course, Wench, and will keep thy counsel,
And come sometimes, and bring thee a bit and

Phi. I'll see you choak'd first. (th'wilt.

Nat. Thou art not the first

Cast Wench that has made a good Chamber-maid.

Phi. O you are base, and I could claw your eyes
out.

Nat. Pray tell your Master now: so fare you
well Sir. *Exit.*

Lu. I thank you, Brother, that you promise me
You will not follow him now, some other time
Will be more fit. What said he to you, Phillis?

Phi. Marry he said (help me good apron strings.)

The. What was it that he said?

Phi. I have it now.

It was in answer, Sir, of your objections.
First, that you fear'd the old man, wickedly,
Would make away his wife: to which he saies,
That is not to be fear'd, while she has so
Much fear of Heaven before her eyes. And next,
That he would lock her up from sight of man:
To which he answers, she is so indued
With wit of woman, that were she lock'd up,
Or had locks hung upon her, locks upon locks;
Locks of prevention, or security:
Yet being a woman, she would have her will;
And break those locks as easily as her Wedlock.
Lastly, for your access unto her sight;
If you have Land he saies to sell or Mortgage,
He'll undertake his doors, his wife and all,

Shall

Shall fly wide open to you.

The. He could not say so.

Lu. Troth, but tis like his wild way of expression.

Phi. Yes; I knew that: my wit else had been puzzl'd.

The. And now I find my self instructed by him; And friends with him again. Now, *Arnold*, any tidings. *Ent. Arn.*

Ar. Not of the gentleman that fought for you. But I have other newes thats worth your knowledge. Your enemy, young *Arthur*, that has not Been seen abroad this twel'moneth is got forth In a disguise I hear, and weapon'd well. I have it from most sure intelligence. Look to your self, sir.

Lu. My blood chills again. (sister.

The. Pseugh, Ile not think of him. To dinner

ACT 2. SCENE 2.

Quicksands. Tesly. Millicent.

Qui. Here was a good night, and good morrow to Given by a crew of Devils.

Tes. 'Twas her plot, And let her smart for't.

Mil. Smart, Sir, did you say? I think 'twas smart enough for a young Bride To be made lye alone, and gnaw the sheets Upon her wedding.

Tes. Rare impudence!

Mil. But for your satisfaction, as I hope To gain your favour as you are my Uncle, *Ent. Buz.* I know not any acter in this businefs. *with a paper.*

Buz. Sir, her's a letter thrown into the entry.

Quick. reads it.

Tes. It is some villanous libel then I warrant.

Sawft

Sawst thou not who convai'd it in ?

Buz. Not I. I onely found it, Sir. (from'em !

Qui. Pray read it you. Not my own house free
The devil ow'd me a spight ; and when he has plow'd
An old mans lust up, he sits grinning at him.

Nay, I that have so many gallant enemies

On fire, to do me mischief, or disgrace ;

That I must provide tinder for their sparks !

The very thought bears weight enough to sink me.

Mil. May I be worthy, Sir, to know your trouble ?

Qui. Do you know your self ?

Mil. Am I your trouble then ?

Qui. Tis sworn and written in that letter there
Thou shalt be wicked. Hundreds have tane oaths
To make thee false, and me a horned Monster.

Mil. And does that trouble you ?

Tef. Does it not you ? (your patience,

Mil. A dream has done much more. Pray, Sir,
And now I will be serious, and endeavour
To mend your faith in me. Is't in their power
To destroy vertue, think you ; or do you
Suppose me false already ; tis perhaps
Their plot to drive you into that opinion.
And so to make you cast me out amongst'em :
You may do so upon the words of strangers ;
And if they tell you all, your gold is counterfeit,
Throw that out after me.

Tef. Now shee speaks woman. ('em

Mil. But since these menpretend, and you suppose
To be my friends, that carry this presumption
Over my will, Ile take charge of my self,
And do fair justice, both on them and you :
My honour is my own ; and i'm no more
Yours yet, on whom my Uncle has bestowed me,
Then all the worlds (the ceremony off)
And will remain so, free from them and you ;
Who, by the false light of their wild-fire flashes

Have

Have flighted and deprav'd me and your bride bed ;
Till you recant your wilfull ignorance,
And they their petulant folly.

Tef. This founds well. (Honor ;

Mil. Both they and you trench on my Peace and
Dearer then beauty, pleasure wealth and fortune ;
I would stand under the fall of my estate
Most chearefully, and sing : For there be wayes
To raise up fortunes ruines, were her towers
Shattered in pieces, and the glorious ball
Shee stands on cleft asunder : But for Peace
Once ruin'd, there's no reparation ;
If Honour fall, which is the soul of life,
Tis like the damned, it nere lifts the head
Up to the light again.

Tef. Neece, thou hast won mee ;
And Nephew, she's too good for you. I charge you
Give her her will : Ile have her home again else.

Qui. I know not what I can deny her now.

Mil. I ask but this, that you will give me leave
To keep a vow I made, which was last night
Because you flighted me.

Tef. Stay there a little.
I'll lay the price of twenty Maidenheads
Now, as the market goes, you get not hers
This feav'night.

Mil. My vow is for a moneth ; and for so long
I crave your faithful promise not to attempt me.
In the meantime because I will be quit
With my trim, forward Gentlemen, and secure you
From their assaults ; let it be given out,
That you have sent me down into the countrey
Or back unto my Uncles ; whither you please.

Quic. Or, tarry, tarry——stay, stay here a while.

Mil. So I intend, Sir, Ile not leave your house,
But be lock'd up in some convenient room
Not to be seen by any, but your selfe :

Or

Or else to have the liberty of your house
In some disguise, (if it were possible)
Free from the least suspicion of your servants.

Tef. What needs all this?

Do we not live in a well govern'd City?
And have not I authority? Ile take
The care and guard of you and of your house
'Gainst all outrageous attempts; and clap
Those Goatish Roarers up, fast as they come.

Quic. I understand her drift, Sir, and applaud
Her quaint devise. Twill put 'em to more trouble,
And more expence in doubtful search of her,
The best way to undo'em is to foil'em
At their own weapons. Tis not to be thought
The'l seek, by violence to force her from me,
But wit; In which wee'l overcome'em. (friends.

Tef. Agree on't twixt your selves. I see y'are
I'll leave you to your selves.
Heark hither Neece—Now I dare trust you with him.
He is in yeares, tis true. But hear'ft thou girl
Old Foxes are best blades.

Mil. I'm sure they stink most. (again.

Tef. Good keeping makes him bright and young

Mil. But for how long.

Tef. A year or two perhaps.

Then, when he dies, his wealth makes thee a Countess.

Mil. You speak much comfort, Sir.

Tef. That's my good Girl.

And Nephew, Love her, I find she deserves it;
Be as benevolent to her as you can;
Shew your good will at least. You do not know
How the good will of an old man may work
In a young wife. I must now take my journey
Down to my countrey house. At your moneths end
Ile visit you again. No ceremony
Joy and content be with you.

Quic. Mil. And a good journey to you. *Exit Tef.*

Quic. You are content you say to be lock'd up
Or put in some disguise, and have it said
Y'are gone unto your Uncles. I have heard
Of some Bridegrooms, that shortly after Marriage
Have gone to see their Uncles, seldom Brides.
I have thought of another course.

Mil. Be't any way.

Quic. What if it were given out y'are run away
Out of a detestation of your match?

Mil. 'Twould pull a blot upon my reputation.

Quic. When they consider my unworthiness
'Twill give it credit. They'll commend you for it.

Mil. You speak well for your self.

Quic. I speak as they'll speak.

Mil. Well; let it be so then: I am content.

Quic. Wee'll put this instantly in act. The rest,
As for disguise, or privacy in my house,
You'll leave to me.

Mil. All, Sir, to your dispose,
Provided still you urge not to infringe
My vow concerning my virginity.

Quic. Tis the least thing I think on,
I will not offer at it till your time.

Mil. Why here's a happiness in a husband now.

Exeunt.

ACT 2. SCENE 3.

Dionysia. Rafe.

Dio. Thou tell'st me things, that truth never came
near.

Ra. Tis perfect truth: you may believe it, Lady.

Dio. Maintain't but in one fillable more, Ile tear
Thy mischievous tongue out.

Ra. Fit reward for Tell-troths.

Bnt that's not the reward you promis'd me.

For

For watching of your brothers actions ;
You said forsooth (if't please you to remember)
That you would love me for it.

Dio. Arrogant Rascal.

I bad thee bring account of what he did
Against his enemy ; and thou reportst.
He took his enemies danger on himself,
And help't to rescue him whose bloody father
Kild ours. Can truth or common reason claim
A part in this report ? My Brother doe't !
Or draw a sword to help *Theophilus*.

Ra. Tis not for any spight I ow my Master,
But for my itch at her that I do this.
I am strangely taken. Such brave spirited women
Have cherish'd strong back'd servingmen ere now.

Dio. Why dost not get thee from my sight, false
fellow ? (patience

Ra. Ile be believed first. Therefore pray have
To peruse that. *gives her a paper.*

Dio. My brothers charecter !
Theophilus sisters name——The brighter *Lucy*
So often written ? nothing but her name——
But change of attributes—one serves not twice.
Blessed, divine, Illustrious, all perfection ;
And (so heaven blefs me) powerful in one place.
The worst thing I read yet, heap of all vertues—
Bright shining, and all these ascrib'd to *Lucy*.
O I could curse thee now for being so just
Would thou had'st belied him still.

Ru. I nere belied him, I.

Dio. O mischief of affection ! Monstrous ! horrid.
It shall not pass so quietly. Nay stay.

Ra. Shee'l cut my throat I fear.

Dio. Thou art a faithful servant.

Ra. It may do yet.

To you I am sweet Lady, and to my master

In true construction : he is his friend I think
That finds his follies out to have them cur'd,
Which you have onely the true spirit to do.

Dio. How I do love thee now !

Ra. And your love Mistrefs,
(Brave sprightly Mistrefs) is the steeple top
Or rather Weathercock o'top of that
To which aspires my lifes ambition.

Dio. How didst thou get this paper.

Ra. Amongst many
Of his rare twelve-moneths melancholy works,
That lie in's study. Mistrefs tis apparent
His melancholy all this while has been
More for her Love, then for his fathers death.

Dio. Thou hast my love for ever.

Ra. Some small token

In earnest of it. Mistrefs, would be felt. *He offers to*

Dio. Take that in earnest then. *kiss her, she*

Ra. It is a sure one. *strikes him.*

And the most feeling pledge she could have given :
For she is a virago. And I have read
That your viragoes use to strike all those
They mean to lie with : And from thence tis taken
That your brave active women are call'd strikers.

Dio. Set me that chair.

Ra. The warm touch of my flesh
Already works in her. I shall be let
To better work immediately. I am prevented.

Dio. Away and be not seen. Be sure I love thee.

Enter Arthur.

Ra. A ha ! This clinches. Another time I'm
sure on't. *exit.*

Ar. Sister ! where are you ? How now ! not well
or sleepy. *(She sits.)*

Dio. Sick brother—sick at heart, oh—

Ar. Passion of heart ! where are our servants now
To run for doctors ? ho—

Dio.

Dio. Pray stay and hear me.

Her's no work for them. They'l find a master here
Too powerful for the strength of all their knowledge.

Ar. What at thy heart?

Dio. Yes, brother, at my heart.

Too scornful to be dispossess'd by them. (name it.

Ar. What may that proud grief be? good sister

Dio. It grieves me more to name it, then to suffer't.
Since I have endur'd the worst on't, and prov'd
constant

To sufferance and silence, twere a weakness

Now to betray a sorrow, by a name,

More fit to be severely felt then known.

Ar. Indeed I'll know it.

Dio. Rather let me die,

Then so afflict your understanding, Sir.

Ar. It shall not afflict me.

Dio. I know you'll chide me for't.

Ar. Indeed you wrong me now. Can I chide you?

Dio. If you be true and honest you must do't,
And hartily.

Ar. You tax me nearly there. (nothing.

Dio. And that's the physick must help me or

Ar. With grief I go about to cure a grief then.

Now speak it boldly, Sister.

Dio. Noble Physician—It is——

Ar. It is! what is it? If you love me, speak.

Dio. Tis—love and I beseech thee spare me not.

Ar. Alas dear sister, canst thou think that love
Deserves a chiding in a gentle breast?

Dio. Do you pitty me already. O faint man

That tremblest but at opening of a wound!

What hope is there of thee to search and dress it?

But I am in thy hands, and forc'd to try thee.

I love—*Theophilus*——

Ar. Ha!

Dio. *Theophilus*, brother;

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His

His son that slew our father. Ther's a love!
O more then time 'twere look'd, for fear it festers.

Ar. She has put me to't indeed. What must I do?
She has a violent spirit ; so has he ;
And though I wish most seriously the match,
Whereby to work mine own with his fair Sister,
The danger yet, in the negotiation
May quite destroy my course ; spoyle all my hopes.
Ile therefore put her off on't if I can.

Dio. Can you be tender now ?

Ar. What ! To undo you ?
I love you not so slightly. Pardon me.
A rough hand must be us'd : For here's a wound
Must not be gently touch'd ; you perish then,
Under a Brothers pitty. Pray sit quiet ;
For you must suffer all.

Dio. I'll strive to do it.

Ar. To love the Son of him that slew your
To say it shews unlovingness of nature ; (Father !
Forgetfulness in blood, were all but shallow
To the great depth of danger your fault stands in.
It rather justifies the act it self,
And commends that down to posterity
By your blood-cherishing embraces. Children,
Born of your body, will, instead of tears,
By your example, offer a thankful joy
To the sad memory of their Grandfathers slaughter.
Quite contrary ! How fearful 'tis to think on't !
What may the world say too ? There goes a
daughter,
Whose strange desire leap'd from her Fathers ruine ;
Death gave her to the Bride-groom ; and the
marriage

Knit fast and cemented with blood. O Sister——

Dio. O Brother.

Ar. How ! Well ? And so quickly cur'd ?

Dio. Diffempler : foul diffempler.

Ar.

Ar. This is plain.

Dio. Th'haſt play'd with fire ; and like a cunning
Bit in thy pain o'purpoſe to deceive (fellow
Anothers tender touch. I know thy heart weeps
For what't has ſpoke againſt. Thou that darſt love
The daughter of that Feind that ſlew thy Father,
And plead againſt thy cauſe ! unfeeling man,
Can not thy own words melt thee ? To that end
I wrought and rais'd'em : 'Twas to win thy health
That I was ſick ; I play'd thy diſeaſe to thee,
That thou mightſt ſee the loath'd complection on't,
Far truer in another than ones ſelf.
And, if thou canſt, after all this, tread wickedly,
Thou art a Rebel to all natural love,
And filial duty ; dead to all juſt council :
And every word thou mock'dſt with vehemence
Will riſe a wounded father in thy conſcience,
To ſcourgethy Judgment. There's thy Saintcroſt out,
And all thy memory with her. I'le nere truſt
Revenge again with thee (ſo falſe is manhood)

She tears and throws the paper to him.

But take it now into mine own power fully,
And ſee what I can do with my life's hazard ;
Your purpoſe ſhall nere thrive. There I'le make
ſure work.

Exit.

Ar. How wiſe and cunning is a womans malice ;
I never was ſo cozened.

Exit.

ACT 3. SCENE I.

Quickſands. Buzzard. Madge.

Quic. Out of my doors pernicious knave and
Avaunt I ſay.

(harlot ;

Buz. Good Maſter.

Mad. Pray your worſhip.

Quic. You have all the wages you are like to have.

Buz. Nay, I dare take your word for that : you'll
All moneys fast enough whose ere it be, (keep
If you but gripe it once.

Quic. I am undone,
And shan'd for ever by your negligence,
Or malice rather : for how can it be
She could depart my house without your knowledge.

Buz. That curst Mistris that ever she came here !
If I know of her flight, Sir, may these hands
Never be held up, but to curse you onely,
If you cathier me thus : because you have lost
Your wife before she was well found, must we
Poor innocents be guilty ?

Mad. For my part,
Or ought I know she may as well be gone
Out o'the chimney top as out o'door.

Quic. The door must be your way; and find her out,
Or never find my door again. Be gone.

Buz. Mad. O, you are a cruel Master. *Exit.*

Quic. So, so, so.
These cries are laughter to me : Ha, ha, ha.
I will be Master of my invention once,
And now be bold to see how rich I am
In my concealed wealth. Come, precious mark
Of beauty and perfection, at which envy

Enter Milicent.

And lust aim all their rankling poysonous arrowes.
But Ile provide they nere shall touch thy blood.

Mil. What are your servants gone ?

Quic. Turn'd, turn'd away
With blame enough for thy suppo'd escape :
Which they will rumor so to my disgrace
Abroad, that all my envious adversaries
Will, betwixt joy of my conceiv'd misfortune
In thy dear loss, and their vain hopes to find thee,
Run frantic thorow the streets, while we at home
Sit safe, and laugh at their defeated malice.

Mil.

Mil. But now for my disguise.

Quic. I, that, that, that.

Be but so good and gentle to thy self,
To hear me and be rul'd by me in that,
A Queens felicity falls short of thine.
Ile make thee Mistress of a Mine of treasure,
Give me but peace the way that I desire it——

Mil. Some horrible shape sure that he conjures so.

Quic. That I may fool iniquity, and Triumph
Over the lustful stallions of our time ;
Bed-bounders, and leap-Ladies (as they terme'em)
Mount-Mistresses, diseases shackle'em,
And spittles pick their bones. (pray you.

Mil. Come to the point. What's the disguise, I

Qui. First know, my sweet, it was the quaint
Of a *Venetian Merchant*, which I learnt (devise
In my young factorship.

Mil. That of the *Moor*?

The Blackamore you spake of? Would you make
An *Negro* of me.

Qui. You have past your word,
That if I urge not to infringe your vow
(For keeping this moneth your virginity)
You'll wear what shape I please. Now this shall both
Kill vain attempts in me, and guard you safe
From all that seek subversion of your honour.
Ile fear no powder'd spirits to haunt my house,
Rose-footed fiends, or fumigated Goblins
After this tincture's laid upon thy face,
'Twill cool their kidnies and allay their heats. *A box of*

Mil. Bless me! you fright me, Sir. *black painting.*
Can jealousy

Creep into such a shape? Would you blot out
Heaven's workmanship?

Qui. Why think'st thou, fearful Beauty,
Has heaven no part in *Ægypt*? Pray thee tell me,
Is not an *Ethiopes* face his workmanship

As

As well as the fair'st Ladies? nay, more too
 Then hers, that daubs and makes adulterate beauty?
 Some can be pleas'd to lye in oyles and paste,
 At fimsy appointment, which is thrice more wicked.
 This (which is sacred) is for fimsy prevention.
 Illustrious persons, nay, even Queens themselves
 Have, for the glory of a nights presentment,
 To grace the work, suffered as much as this.

Mil. Enough Sir, I am obedient.

Quic. Now I thank thee.

Be fearless love; this alters not thy beauty,
 Though, for a time obscures it from our eyes.
 Thou maist be, while at pleasure, like the Sun;
 Thou dost but case thy splendor in a cloud,
 To make the beam more precious in it shines.
 In stormy troubled weather no Sun's seen
 Sometimes a moneth together: 'Tis thy case now.
 But let the roaring tempest once be over,
 Shine out again and spare not.

Mil. There's some comfort. (fearlessly,

Quic. Take pleasure in the scent first; smell to't
 And taste my care in that, how comfortable
 'Tis to the nostril, and no foe to feature.

He begins to paint her.

Now red and white those two united houses,
 Whence beauty takes her fair name and descent,
 Like peaceful Sisters under one Roof dwelling
 For a small time; farewell. Oh let me kiss ye
 Before I part with you—Now Jewels up
 Into your Ebon Casket. And those eyes,
 Those sparkling eyes, that send forth modest anger
 To finge the hand of so unkind a Painter,
 And make me pull't away and spoyle my work,
 They will look streight like Diamonds, set in lead,
 That yet retain their vertue and their value.
 What murder have I done upon a cheek there!
 But there's no pittingy: 'Tis for peace and honour;
 And

And pleasure must give way. Hold, take the
Tincture,

And perfect what's amiss now by your glafs.

Mil. Some humbler habit must be thought on too.

Quic. Please your own fancy. Take my keys of all;
In my pawn Wardrobe you shall find to fit you.

Mil. And though I outwardly appear your Drudge,
'Tis fit I have a Maid for private service :
My breeding has not been to serve my self.

Quic. Trust to my care for that. One · *Exit Mil.*
knock. In; in.

Is it to me your business? Enter *Phillis* like

Phi. Yea, if you a Cook-maid.

Be Master *Quick-sands* Sir; the Masters worship
Here o'the house.

Quic. I am so. What's your business?

Phi. 'Tis upon that, Sir, I would speak Sir, hoping
That you will pardon my presumptuousness,
I am a Mother that do lack a service. (Mothers.

Quic. You have said enough. I'll entertain no
A good Maid servant, knew I where to find one.

Phi. He is a knave, and like your worship, that
Dares say I am no Maid; and for a servant
(It ill becomes poor folks to praise themselves,
But) I were held a tidy one at home.

Quic. O th'art a *Norfolk* woman (cry thee mercy)
Where Maids are Mothers, and Mothers are Maids.

Phi. I have friends i'th'City that will pass their
For my good bearing. (words

Quic. Hast thou?

Phi. Yes indeed, Sir.

I have a Cousen that is a Retorney
Of *Lyons-Inn*, that will not see me wrong'd;
And an old Aunt in *Muggle-street*, a Mid-wife,
That knows what's what as well's another woman.

Quic. But where about in *Norfolk* wert thou bred?

Phi. At *Thripperstown* Sir, near the City of *Nor-*
wich. *Quic.*

Quic. Where they live much by spinning with the

Phi. Thripping they call it, Sir. (Rocks ?

Quic. Dost thou not know one *Hulverhead* that
An Innocent in's house. (keeps

Phi. There are but few innocents i'the country Sir.
They are given too much to law for that : what
That *Hulverhead* be a counsellor, Sir. (should

Quic. No a husband man.

Phi. Truly I know none.

Quic. I am glad she do's not. How knew'st thou
A servant. (I wanted

Phi. At an old wives house in Bow-lane
That places servants, where a maid came in
You put away to day.

Quic. All, and what said she ?

Phi. Truly to speak the best and worst forsooth,
She said her fault deserv'd her punishment
For letting of her Mistress run away.

Quic. The newes goes current. I am glad o'that.

Phi. And that you were a very strict hard man,
But very just in all your promises.
And such a master would I serve to chuse.

Quic. This innocent country Mother takes me.
Her looks speak Wholesomeness ; and that old
That Bow-lane purveyor hath fitted me (woman
With serviceable ware these dozen years.

I'll keep her at the least this Gander moneth,
While my fair wife lies in of her black face,
And virgin vow ; in hope she's for my turn.
Lust, when it is restrained, the more twil burn.

Phi. May I make bold to crave your answer, Sir ?

Quic. Come in, I'll talk with you. *Exit.*

Phi. Prosper now my plot,
And hulk, thou art twixt wind and water shot.

Exit.

ACT 3.

ACT 3. SCENE 2.

Nathaniel. Vincent. Edmond. Buzzard.

Boy. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Nat. Let's ha'good wine, Boy, that must be our

Boy. You shall, you shall Sir. (welcome.

Within. Ambrose, Ambrose; (I come.

Boy. Here, here, anon, anon, by and by, I come, *Ex.*

Ferom, Ferom, draw a quart of the best Canary into the *Apollo*.

Buz. This is a language that I have not heard. You understand it, Gentlemen.

Vin. So shall you anon master *Buzzard*.

Buz. Your friend and *Jonathan Buzzard* kind gentlemen.

Nat. What excellent luck had we, friend *Buzzard*, to meet with thee, just as thy Master cast thee off.

Buz. Just Sir, as I was going I know not whither: And now I am arrived at just I know not where. 'Tis a rich room, this. Is it not Goldsmiths hall.

Nat. It is a Tavern man—And here comes the wine.

Fill boy—and her's to thee friend, a hearty draft to chear thee—fill again boy—There, drink it off.

Ed. Off with it man—hang sorrow, chear thy heart.

Buz. And truly ti's the best chear that ere I tasted.

Vin. Come tast it better, her's another to thee.

Buz. And truly this was better then the first.

Ed. Then try a third. That may be best of all.

Buz. And truly, so it is—how many sorts of wine May a vintner bring in one pot together? (question

Nat. By *Bacchus* Mr. *Buzzard*, that's a subtil

Buz. *Bacchus!* whose that I pray?

Vin. A great friend of the vintners, and master of their company indeed.

Buz.

Buz. I was never in all my life so far in a tavern
What comforts have I lost. (before.

Ed. Now he begins to talk.

Buz. Nor ever was in all my two and twenty
years under that *Babylonian* Tyrant *Quicksands*, so
far as a Vintners bar but thrice.

Nat. But thrice in all that time ?

Buz. Truly but thrice Sir. And the first time
was to fetch a jill of sack for my Master, to make a
friend of his drink, that joyned with him in a pur-
chase of sixteen thousand pound. (and a beer bowl.

Vin. I, there was thrift. More wine boy. A pottle

Buz. The second time was for a penny pot of
Muscadine, which he drank all himself with an egge
upon his wedding morning. (wives running away.

Nat. And to much purpose, it seem'd by his

Buz. The third and last time was for half a pint
of sack upon his wedding night, of later memory ;
and I shall nere forget it, that riotous wedding
night : when Hell broke loose, and all the devils
danced at our house, which made my Master mad,
whose raving made my mistribs run away, whose
running away was the cause of my turning away.
O me, poor masterless wretch that I am——O——

Nat. Hang thy master, here's a full bowl to his
confusion.

Buz. I thank you. Let it come Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Vin. Think no more of Masters, friends are
better then Masters.

Buz. And you are all my friends kind gentlemen,
I found it before in your money when my Master
(whose confusion I have drunk) took your Mort-
gages ; And now I find it in your wine. I thank
you kind gentlemen still. O how I love kind
gentlemen. (self, friend *Buzzard*.

Nat. That shewes thou art of gentle blood thy

Buz. Yes friend—Shall I call you friend ?

All.

All. By all means, all of us.

Buz. Why then, all friends, I am a gentleman, though spoild i'the breeding. The *Buzzards* are all gentlemen. We came in with the Conqueror. Our name (as the French has it) is *Beau-desert*; which signifies——Friends, what does it signifie?

Vin. It signifies that you deserv'd fairly at your masters hands, like a Gentleman, and a *Buzzard* as you were, and he turn'd you away most beastly like a swine as he is. And now here is a health to him, that first finds his wife, and sends her home with a bouncing boy in her belly for him to father.

Buz. Ha, ha, ha. Ile pledge that: and then Ile tell you a secret.

Nat. Well said friend; up with that, and then out with thy secret.

Buz. I will friend. And tother two friends, here's upon the same.

Ed. I hope he will shew us a way, out of the bottom of his bowl to find his Mistressse.

Vin. This fellow was happily found.

Buz. This was an excellent draught.

Nat. But the secret, friend, out with that, you must keep no secrets amongst friends.

Buz. It might prove a shrew'd matter against my mischievous Master as it may be handled.

Nat. Hang him cullion, that would turn thee away. Wee'll help thee to handle it, fear it not.

Buz. Hark you then all friends. Shall I out

Vin. What else? (with it?)

Buz. Ile first take tother cup, and then out with't altogether—And now it comes—If my Mistress do bring him home a bastard, she's but even with him.

Nat. He has one I warrant. Has he cadzooks?

Buz. That he has by this most delicate drink. But it is the Arisvarsiest Aufe that ever crept into the world. Sure some Goblin got it for him; or chang'd it in the neast, thats certain.

Nat.

Nat. I vow thou utterest brave things. Is't a boy?

Buz. It has gone for a boy in short coats and long coats this feaven and twenty years.

Ed. An Idiote is it.

Buz. Yes: A very natural; and goes a thiffen; and looks as old as I do too. And I think if my beard were off, I could be like him: I have taken great pains to practise his speech and action to make my self merry with him in the countrey.

Nat. Where is he kept, friend, where is he kept.

Buz. In the further side of *Norfolk*, where you must never see him. Tis now a dozen years since his father saw him, and then he compounded for a sum of mony with an old man, one *Hulverhead*, to keep him for his life time; and he never to hear of him. But I saw him within these three moneths. We hearken after him, as land-sick heirs do after their fathers, in hope to hear of his end at last.

Vin. But heark you, friend, if your beard were off, could you be like him think you? What if you cut it off, and to him for a father?

Nat. Pray thee hold thy peace.

Buz. My beard, friend, no: My beard's my honour. Hair is an ornament of honour upon man or woman.

Nat. Come, come; I know what we will do with him. Mun, knock him down with the other cup. We'll lay him to sleep; but yet watch and keep him betwixt hawk and buzzard as he is, till we make excellent sport with him.

Buz. Hey ho. I am very sleepy.

Nat. See he jooks already. Boy shew us a pri-

Boy. This way, Gentlemen. (vate room.

Buz. Down *Plumpton-park*, &c. *They lead Buz.*
out, and he sings.

ACT 3.

ACT 3. SCENE 3.

Lucy. Theophilus.

Lu. Indeed you were unkind to turn away
My maid (poor harmless maid) whose innocent
Was the best cheer your house afforded me. (mirth

The. I am sorry sister, trust me, truly sorry,
And knew I which way to recover her
With my best care I would. Yet, give me leave,
I saw her overbold; and overheard her
Say, she foresaw that *Arthur* my sole enemy
Should be your husband. Ile marry you to death

Lu. Now you fly out again. (first.

The. Your pardon again your sister,
And for your satisfaction I will strive *Ent.*
To overway my passion. How now *Arnold*, *Arn.*
Me thinks I read good newes upon thy face.

Ar. The best, Sir, I can tell is, the old *Jew*
Quicksands has lost his wife.

The. She is not dead.

Ar. Tis not so well for him: for if she were
He then might overtake her though she were
Gone to the devil. But she's run away:
But to what corner of the earth, or under
Whose bed to find her is not to be thought.
It has rais'd such a laughter in the town
Among the Gallants——!

The. And do you laugh too?

Ar. Yes; and if you do not out-laugh all men
That hear the joyful newes, tis too good for you.

The. I am too merciful, I kill thee not.
Out of my doors, thou villain, reprobate.

He beats Arnold.

Ar. Hold, Pray Sir, hold.

D

The

The. Never while I have power to lift a hand
Against thee, mischievous Villain.

Lucy. Is not this passion, brother?

The. Forbear, sister.

This is a cause turns patience into fury.

Lu. Arnold, forbear his fight.

The. And my house too.

Ext.

Or villain, look to die, oft as I see thee. *The. Lu.*

Arn. Turn'd out o'doors! A dainty frantick
humour

In a young Master! Good enough for me though;

Because tis proper to old serving-men

To be so serv'd. What course now must I take?

I am too old to seek out a new Master.

I will not beg, because Ile crosse the proverb

That runs upon old serving creatures; stealing

I have no minde to: Tis a hanging matter.

Wit and invention helpmewith someshift *He kneels.*

To help a cast-off now at a dead list.

Sweet fortune hear my suit. *Ent. Nat. Vin. Edm.*

Nat. Why how now, *Arnold!* What, at thy
devotion?

Nat. and Arnold whisper.

Ar. Ile tell you in your ear, fir, I dare trust you.

Vi. Could earthly man have dreamt this Rascal

Quicksands,

Whose Letchery, to all our thinking, was

Nothing but greedy Avarice and Cofonage,

Could have been all this while a conceal'd whore-

To have a Bastard of so many years (master,

Nursled i'th' Countrey?

Ed. Note the punishments

That haunt the Miscreant for his black misdeeds;

That his base off-spring proves a natural Ideot;

Next that his wife, by whom he might had comfort

In progeny, though of some others getting, (headed

Should with her light heels make him heavie-

By running of her Countrey! And lastly that

The

The blinded wretch should cast his servant off,
Who was the cover of his villany,
To shew us (that can have no mercy on him)
The way to plague him.

Vin. Ha, ha, ha— *Ed.* What do'st laugh at?

Vin. To think how mumble the poor *Buzzard* is
To bereveng'd on's Master; How he has Shap'd him-
Cut off his beard, and practis'd all the postures (self;
To act the Changeling bastard.

Ed. Could we light
Upon some quaint old fellow now, could match him
To play the clown that brings him up to town,
Our company were full, and we were ready
To put our project into present action.

Nat. Gentlemen, we are fitted: take this man w'ye
He is the onely man I would have fought,
To give our project life. I'll trust thee *Arnold*,
And trust thou me, thou shalt get pieces by't;
Besides, Ile piece thee to thy Master again.

Ar. That clinches Sir.

Nat. Go follow your directions.

Vin. Come away then. *Ex. Vin. Ed. Arn.*

Nat. Sweet mirth thou art my Mistress. I could
serve thee,

And shake the thought off of all woman kind
But that old wonts are hardly left. A man
That's enter'd in his youth, and thoroughly salted
In documents of women, hardly leaves
While reins or brains will last him: 'Tis my case.
Yet mirth, when women fail, brings sweet incounters
That tickle upon a man above their sphear:
They dull, but mirth revives a man: who's here,

En. Arn.

The solitary musing man, cal'd *Arthur*,
Posses'd with serious vanity; Mirth to me!
The world is full: I cannot peep my head forth
But I meet mirth in every corner: Ha!

Sure some old runt with a splay-foot has crost him !
 Hold up thy head man ; what dost seek ? thy grave ?
 I would scarce trust you with a piece of earth
 You would chuse to lye in though ; if some plump
 Or a deft Lafs were set before your search. (Mistrifs

Ar. How vainly this man talks !

Nat. Gid ye good den forsooth.

How vainly this man talks ! speak but truth now,
 Does not thy thought now run upon a Wench ?
 I never look'd so but mine stood that way.

Ar. 'Tis all your glory that ; and to make boast
 Of the variety that serves your lust :
 Yet not to know what woman you love best.

Nat. Not I cadzooks, but all alike to me,
 Since I put off my Wench I kept at Livory :
 But of their use I think I have had my share,
 And have lov'd every one best of living women ;
 A dead one I nere coveted, that's my comfort :
 But of all ages that are pressable ;
 From sixteen unto sixty, and of all complections
 From the white flaxen to the tawney-Moor ;
 And of all statures between Dwarf and Giants ;
 Of all conditions, from the Doxie to the Dowlabel.
 Of all opinions, I will not say Religious :
 (For what make they with any ?) and of all
 Features and shapes, from the huckle-back'd Bum-
 creeper,

To the streight spiny Shop-maid in St. *Martins*.
 Briefly, all forts and sizes I have tasted.

Ar. And thinkst thou hast done well in't ! (say't.

Nat. As well as I could with the worst of'em tho' I
 Few men come after me that mend my work.

Ar. But thou nere thinkst of punishments to come ;
 Thou dream'st not of diseases, poverty,
 The loss of sense or member, or the cross
 (Common to such loose livers) an ill marriage ;
 A hell on earth to scourge thy conscience.

Nat.

Nat. Yes, when I marry, let me have a wife
To have no mercy on me ; let the fate
Of a stale dovting Batchelor fall upon me.
Let me have *Quicksands* curse, to take a Wife
Will run away next day, and prostitute
Her self to all the world before her Husband.

Ar. Nay, that will be too good : If I foresee
Anything in thy marriage destiny,
'Twil be to take a thing that has been common
To th'world before, and live with thee perforce
To thy perpetual torment.

Nat. Close that point.
I cannot marry. Will you be merry, *Arthur* ?
I have such things to tell thee.

Ar. No, I cannot.

Nat. Pray thee come closer to me. What has crost
Is thy suppos'd slain father come again, (thee ?
To dispossess thee for another life time ?
Or has thy valiant sister beaten thee ? Tell me.
It shall go no further.

Ar. Let your valiant wit
And jocound humor be suppos'd no warrant
For you t'abuse your friends by.

Nat. Why didst tell me of marrying then ? But I
Have done. And now pray speak what troubles you.

Ar. I care not if I do : For 'twill be Town talk.
My Sister on a private discontent
Betwixt her self and me hath left my house.

Nat. Gone quite away ?

Ar. Yes, And I know not whither. (took

Nat. Beyond Sea sure to fight with th'Air, that
Her fathers last breath into't. Went she alone ?

Ar. No, No ; My man's gone with her.

Nat. Who, the fellow (Rascal ?
That brags on's back so ; the stiff strong chin'd

Ar. Even he.

Nat. The devil is in these young Tits,

And wildfire in their Cruppers.

Ar. Let me charm you,

By all our friendship, you nor speak nor hear
An ill construction of her act in this.

I know her thoughts are noble ; and my wo

Is swoln unto that fulness, that th'addition

But of word in scorn would blow me up

Into a cloud of wild distemper'd fury

Over the heads of all whose looser breath

Dare raise a wind to break me. Then I fall

A sodain storm of ruin on you all.

Exit.

Nat. I know not how to laugh at this : It comes
So near my pitty. But ile to my Griggs

Again ; And there will find new mirth to stretch

And laugh, like tickled wenches, hand ore head.

Exit.

ACT 4. SCENE I.

Dionysia, in mans habit, Rafe.

Dio. How does my habit and my arms become me ?

Ra. Too well to be a woman, manly Mistrifs.

Dio. Wher's the pistol you provided for me.

Ra. Here Mistrifs and a good one.

Dio. Tis too long.

Ra. No Lady would wish a shorter. If it were
'Twould bear no charge, or carry nothing home.

Dio. Ile try what I can do. Thou think'st me
I'm sure I have often felt it. (valiant.

Ra. All the virago's that are found in story,
Penthesilea and *Symaramis*

Were no such handy strikers as your self :

But they had another stroke, could you but find it,
Then you were excellent. I could teach it you.

Dio. I dare not understand thee yet. Be sure
As you respect my honour, or your life

That

That you continue constant to my trust,
And so thou canst not know how much I love thee.

Ra. There is a hope as good, now, as a promise.

Dio. Here at this Inn abide, and wait my coming.
Be careful of my guildings : Be not seen
Abroad for fear my brother may surprise you.
Ther's money for you ; and ere that be spent
Tis like I shall return. *Exit.*

Ra. Best stars attend you,
Mars arm thee all the day ; and *Venus* light
Thee home into these amorous arms at night. *Exit.*

ACT. 4. SCENE 2.

Quicksands. *Millicent, her face black.*

Quic. Be chear'd my love ; help to bear up the
That I conceive by thy concealed Beauty, (joy,
Thy rich imprison'd beauty, whose enfranchisement
Is now at hand, and shall shine forth again
In its admired glory. I am rapt
Above the sphere of common joy and wonder
In the effects of this our quaint complot.

Mil. In the mean time, though you take pleasure
My name has dearly suffered. (in't,

Quic. But thine honor
Shall, in the vindication of thy name,
When envy and detraction are struck dumb
Gain an eternal memory with virtue ;
When the discountenanc'd wits of all my jierers
Shall hang their heads, and fall like leaves in Autumn.
O how I laugh to hear the cozen'd people
As I pass on the streets abuse themselves
By idle questions and false reports.
As thus : good morrow Master *Quicksands* ; pray
How fares your beauteous bedfellow ? says another
I hear she's not at home. A third says no :

He saw her yesterday at the still-yard
 With such a Gallant, fowling their dry'd tongues
 In *Rhemish*, *Deal*, and *Back-rag*: Then a fourth
 Sayes he knowes all her haunts and Meetings
 At Bridgfoot, Bear, the Tunnes, the Cats, the
 (Squirrels ;

Where, when, and in what company to find her,
 But that he scornes to do poor me the favour :
 Because a light piece is too good for me.
 While a fifth youth with counterfeit shew of pity,
 Meets, and bewails my case, and saies he knowes
 A Lord that must be nameless keeps my wife
 In an enchanted Castle two miles West
 Upon the River side : but all conclude— (serve it.

Mil. That you are a monstrous cuckold, and de-

Quic. Knowing my safety, then, and their foul
 errors,

Have I not cause to laugh? Yes, in abundance.
 Now note my plot, the height of my invention.
 I have already given out to some,
 That I have certain knowledge you are dead,
 And have had private burial in the countrey ;
 At which my shame, not grief, forbad my presence :
 Yet some way to make known unto the world
 A husbands duty, I resolve to make
 A certain kind of feast, which shall advance
 My joy above the reach of spight or chance.

Mil. May I partake, Sir, of your rich conceit?

Quic. To morrow night expires your limited
 Of vow'd virginity; It shall be such a night ; (moneth
 In which I mean thy beauty shall break forth
 And dazel with amazement even to death
 Those my malicious enemies, that rejoyc'd
 In thy suppos'd escape, and my vexation.
 I will envite 'hem all to such a feast
 As shall fetch blushes from the boldest guest ;

I have the first course ready—

Mil. And if I

A side, one

Fail in the second, blame my housewifery. *knocks.*

Quic. Away, some body comes; I guess of them
That have jeer'd me, whom I must jeer again. *Ex. Mil.*

Gallantsy' are welcom. I was sending for ye. *En. Nat.*

Nat. To give us that we come for? *Vin. Ed.*

Qui. What may that be?

Vin. Trifles you have of ours.

Qui. Of yours, my Masters?

Ed. Yes, you have in mortgage
Three-score pound Land of mine inheritance.

Vin. And my Annuity of a hundred Marks.

Nat. And Jewels, Watches, Plate, and cloaths of
mine,

Pawn'd for four hundred pound. Will you restore all?

Qui. You know all these were forfeited long since,
Yet I'll come roundly to you, Gentlemen.

Ha' you brought my moneys, and my interest?

Nat. No surely. But we'll come as roundly to you
As moneyless Gentlemen can. You know
Good Offices are ready money Sir.

Qui. But have you Offices to sell, good Sirs.

Nat. We mean to do you Offices worth your

Qui. As how, I pray you. (money.

Nat. Marry, Sir, as thus;

We'll help you to a man that has a friend—

Vin. That knows a party, that can go to the
house— (Scholar

Ed. Where a Gentleman dwelt, that knew a

Nat. That was exceeding well acquainted with a
Traveler (the Seas.

Vi. That made report of a great Magician beyond

Ed. That might ha' been as likely as any man
in all the world.

Nat. To have helpt you to your wife again.

Qui.

Qui. You are the merriest mates that ere I cop'd
But to be serious Gentlemen, I am satisfied (withal.
Concerning my lost Wife. She has made even
With me and all the World.

Nat. What is she dead? (mourn

Qui. Dead, Dead: And therefore as men use to
For kind and loving wives, and call their friends
Their choicest friends unto a solemn banquet
Serv'd out with sighs and sadness, while the widowers
Blubber, and bath in tears (which they do seem
To wring out of their fingers ends and noses)
And after all the demure ceremony,
Are subject to be thought dissemblers, I
(To avoid the scandal of Hypocresie,
Because 'tis plain she lov'd me not) invite
You and your like that lov'd her and not me,
To see me in the pride of my rejoycings,
You shall find entertainment worth your company,
And that let me intreat to morrow night.

Nat. You shall ha'mine.

Vin. To morrow night say you.

Quic. Yes gallants: fail not, as you wish to view
Your mortgages and pawns again. Adieu. *Exit.*

Nat. We came to jear the *Jew*, and he jears us.

Vin. How glad the raschal is for his Wives death.

Nat. An honest man could not have had such luck.

Ed. He has some further end in't, could we
guesse it,

Then a meer merriment for his dead wives riddance.

Vin. Perhaps he has got a new Wife, and intends
To make a funeral and a Marriage feast
In one to hedge in charges.

Ed. He'll be hang'd rather then marry again.

Nat. Zooks, would he had some devilish jealous
'Twould be a rare addition to his mirth, (hilding,
For us to bring our antick in betwixt'em
Of his changling Bastard.

Vin

Vin. How ere we'll grace his feast with our pre-

Nat. Wher's the *Buzzard*? (scentment.

Vin. We left him with his foster father, *Arnold*,
 Busy at rehearsal practising their parts.

Ed. They shall be perfect by to morrow night.

Nat. If not unto our profit, our delight.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 4. SCENE 3.

Theophilus. Lucy.

Lu. Brother be comforted.

The. Let not the name

Or empty sound of comfort mix with th'air
 That must invade these ears : They are not capable,
 Or, if they be, they dare not, for themselves,
 Give the conveyance of a syllable
 Into my heart, that speak not grief or sorrow.

Lu. Be griev'd then, Ile grieve with you: For each
 You waste for *Millicents* untimely death (sigh
 Ile spend a tear for your as fruitless sorrow.

The. That's most unfutable ; y'are no company
 For me to grieve with if you grieve for me ;
 Take the same cause with me ; you are no friend
 Or sister else of mine. It is enough
 To set the world a weeping !

Lu. So it is ;
 All but the stony part of't.

The. Now you are right. Her husband's of that
 He cannot weep by nature : But Ile find (part ;
 A way by art in Chymistry to melt him.
 At least extract some drops. But do you weep
 Indeed for *Millicent*? What, all these tears ?

Lu. All for your love.

The. She is my love indeed ; and was my wife.
 But for the empty name of marriage onely,

But

But now she's yours for ever. You enjoy her.
In her fair blessed memory ; in her goodness,
And all that has prepar'd her way for glory.

The. Let me embrace thee sister. How I reverence
Any fair honour that is done to her, (comfort
Now thou shalt weep no more : Thou hast given me
In shewing me how she's mine. And tears indeed
Are all too weak a sacrifice for her
But such as the heart weeps. *Enter Page.*

Lu. Sit down brother.
Sing boy the mournful song I bad you practise.

Song.

The. Call you this mournful. 'Tis a wanton air.
Go y'are a naughty child indeed, Ile whip you
If you give voice unto such notes.

Lu. I know not brother how you like the air,
But in my mind the words are sad, Pray read'em.

The. They are sad indeed. How now my boy,
I am not angry now. (dost weep ?

Pa. I do not weep,
Sir, for my self. But ther's a youth without
(A handsome youth) whose sorrow works in me :
He sayes he wants a service, and seeks yours.

The. Dost thou not know him.

Pa. No : but I pity him.

The. O, good boy, that canst weep for a strangers
The sweetness of thy dear compassion (misery !
Even melts me too. What does he say he is.

Pa. 'Tis that Sir, that will grieve you when you
He is a poor kinsman to the gentlwoman (hear it.
Lately deceas'd that you so lov'd and mourn for.

The. And dost thou let him stay without so long ?
Merciless Villain ! run and fetch him quickly.

Lu. O brother—

The. Sister, can I be too zealous

In such a cause as this? For heark you, sister,

Enter Dionisia.

Dio. There was no way like this to get within'em,
Now courage keep true touch with me. Ile vex
Your cunning and unnatural purpose, brother,
If I do nothing else.

Pa. Sir, here's the youth.

The. A lovely one he is, and wondrous like her,
O let me run and clasp him; hang about him,
And yoak him to me with a thousand kisses!
I shall be troublesome and heavy to thee,
With the pleas'd waight of my incessant love.
Youth of a happy kindred, which foreruns
A happy fortune ever. Pray thee, sister,
Is he not very like her?

Lu. If I durst

I would now say, this were the better beauty,
For it resembles *Arthurs*.

The. I'st not her face? you do not mind me sister.

Lu. Hers was a good one once, and this is now.

The. Why sister, you were wont to take delight
In any comfort that belong'd to me;
And help to carry my joyes sweetly: now
You keep no constant course with me,

Dio. This man

Melts me—alas, Sir, I am a poor boy.

The. What, and allied to her? impossible!
Where ere thou liv'st her name's a fortune to thee.
Her memory amongst good men sets thee up;
It is a word that commands all in this house.

Dio. This snare was not well laid. I fear my self.

The. Live my companion; my especial sweet one,
My brother and my bedfellow thou shalt be.

Dio. By lakin but I must not, though I find
But weak matter against it.—This my courage!

The. She took from earth, how kind is heaven,
To send me yet, a joy so near in blood! (how good
Good

Good noble youth, if there be any more
 Distres'd of you, that claims aliance with her
 Though a far off; deal freely; let me know it,
 Give me their sad names; Ile seek'em out,
 And like a good great man, in memory humble
 Nere cease until I plant'em all in fortunes,
 And see'em grow about me.

Dio. I hear of none, my self excepted, Sir.

The. Thou shalt have all my care then, all my love.

Dio. What make I here? I shall undo my self.

The. Yet note him sister.

Dio. I ther's the mark my malice chiefly aims at;
 But then, he stands so near, I wound him too.

I feel that must not be. Art must be shewen here.

The. Come, you shall kiss him for me, and bid
 him welcome. (name

Lu. You are most welcome, Sir, and were her
 To which you are allied, a stranger here,
 Yet, Sir, believe me, you in those fair eyes
 Bring your own welcome with you.

Dio. Never came Malice 'mong so sweet a people.
 It knowes not how to look, nor I on them.

Lu. Let not your gentle modesty make you seem
 Ungentle to us, by turning so away.

The. That's well said sister, but he will and shall
 Be bolder with us, ere we part.

Dio. I shall too much I fear.—

The. Come gentle blessing,
 Let not a misery be thought on here,
 (If ever any were so rude to touch thee)
 Between us we'll divide the comfort of thee.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT 4. SCENE 4.

Millicent. Phillis.

Mil. I have heard thy story often, and with pitty
 As often thought upon't, and that the father

Of

Of my best lov'd *Theophilus*, together with
His, then, friend Master *Meantwell* (who have since
Become each others deathsmen as tis thought)
By suits in Law wrought the sad overthrow
Of thy poor Fathers fortune ; by which means,
Poor Gentleman he was enforc'd to leave
His native Country to seek forrain meanes
To maintain life.

Phi. Or rather to meet death.

For since his traval, which is now six years,
I never heard of him.

Mil. Much pittiful!

Phi. So is your story, Mistrifs unto me.

But let us dry our eyes ; and know we must not
Stick in the mire of pitty ; but with labour
Work our delivery : yours is now at hand
If you set will and brain to't. But my honor
(If a poor wench may speak so) is so crack'd
Within the ring, as 'twill be hardly folder'd
By any art. If on that wicked fellow,
That struck me into such a desperate hazard.

Mil. He will be here to night, and all the crew
And this must be the night of my delivery,
I am prevented else for ever, wench.

Phi. Be sure, among the guests, that you make
Of the most civil one to be your convoy, (choise
And then let me alone to act your *Mores* part.

Mil. Peace, he comes.

Enter Quic.

Phi. Ile to my shift then.

Exit. Phi.

Quic. Wher's my hidden beauty ?
That shall this night be glorious.

Mil. I but wait the good hour
For my deliverance out of this obscurity.

Quic. Tis at hand.

So are my guests. See some of'em are enter'd.

Enter Nat. Arthur.

O my my blith friend, Master *Nathaniel*, welcome
And

And Master *Arthur Meanwell* as I take it.

Nat. Yes, Sir, a Gentleman late posses'd with
Whom I had much a do to draw along (sadnes,
To be partaker more of your mirth then chear.
You say here shall be mirth. How now, what's that?
Ha'you a black coney-berry in your house?

Quic. Stay *Catelina*. Nay, she may be seen.
For know, Sirs, I am mortified to beauty
Since my wives death. I will not keep a face
Better then this under my roof I ha' sworn.

Ar. You were too rash, Sir, in that oath, if I
May be allowed to speak.

Quic. Tis done and past, Sir.

Nat. If I be not taken with yon'd funeral face,
And her two eyes the scutcheons, would I were
whipt now. (match

Art. Suppose your friends should wish you to a
Prosperous in wealth and honour.

Quic. Ile hear of none, nor you if you speak so.

Art. Sir, I ha'done.

Nat. It is the handsom'st Rogue
I have ere seen yet of a deed of darkness;
Tawney and russet faces I have dealt with,
But never came so deep in blackness yet.

Quic. Come hither *Catelyna*. You shall see, Sir,
What a brave wench she shall be made anon
And when she dances how you shall admire her.

Art. Will you have dancing here to night.

Quic. Yes I have borrowed other *Moors* of
Merchants
That trade in *Barbary*, whence I had mineownhere,
And you shall see their way and skill in dancing.

Nat. He keeps this Rie-loaf for his own white
tooth
With confidence none will cheat him of a bit;
Ile have a sliver though I lose my whittle.

Quic. Here take this key, 'twill lead thee to those
ornaments That

That deck'd thy Miftrefs lately. Ufe her casket,
And with the sparklingft of her jewels fhine ;
Flame like a midnight beacon with that face,
Or a pitch'd fhip a fire ; the ftreamers glowing
And the keel mourning, (how I fhall rejoyce
At thefe prepoftrous splendours) get thee glorious ;
Be like a running fire-work in my houfe.

Nat. He fets me more a fire at her. Well old
ftick breech
If I do chance to clap your *Barbary* buttock
In all her bravery, and get a fnatch
In an odd corner, or the dark to night
To mend your chear, and you hereafter hear on't,
Say there are as good ftomacks as your own.
Hift, *Negro*, hift.

Mil. No fee, O no, I darea notta.

Nat. Why, why—pifh—pox I love thee.

Mil. O no de fine white Zentilmanna
Cannot a love a the black a thing a.

Nat. Cadzooks the beft of all wench.

Mill. O take—a heed—a my mafta fee—a.

Nat. When we are alone, then wilt thou.

Mil. Then I fhall fpeak a more a.

Nat. And Ile not lofe the Moor-a for more then I
Will fpeak-a.

Quic. I mufe the reft of my invited Gallants
Come not away.

Nat. Zooks the old angry juftice. *Enter Tefy.*

Tef. How comes it Sir, to pafs, that fuch a newes
Is fpread about the town ? is my Neece dead,
And you prepar'd to mirth Sir, hah ?
Is this the entertainment I muft find
To welcome me to town ?

Quic. She is not dead, Sir. But take you no notice.
You fhall have instantly an entertainment, that
Shall fill you all with wonder. *Exit.*

Tef. Sure he is mad ;

E

Or

Or do you understand his meaning sirs?
Or how or where his wife died?

Nat. I know nothing;
But give me leave to fear, by his wild humor,
He's guilty of her death; therefore I hope
Hee'll hang himself anon before us all
To raise the mirth he speaks of.

Art. Fie upon you.
Yet trust me, sir, there have been large constructions,
And strong presumptions, that the ill made match
Betwixt her youthful beauty and his covetous age;
Between her sweetness and his frowardness
Was the unhappy means of her destruction;
And you that gave strength to that ill tied knot
Do suffer sharply in the world's opinion,
While she, sweet virgin, has its general pity.

Tcf. Pray what have you been to her? I nere
Appear a suiter to her. (found you

Art. I nere saw her,
Nor ever should have fought her, Sir; For she
Was onely love to my sworn enemy,
On whom yet (were she living and in my gift)
Rather a thousand times I would bestow her
Then on that man that had, and could not know her.

Tcf. I have done ill; and wish I could redeem
This act with half my estate.

Nat. This Devils bird,
This *Moor* runs more and more still in my mind.

Enter Vin. and Edm.

O you are come? And ha'you brought your scene
Of Mirth along with you?

Vin. Yes, and our actors
Are here at hand: But we perceive much business
First to be set a foot. Here's Revels towards.

Ed. A daunce of furies or of Blackamores
Is practising within;

Vin. But first there is to be some odd collation
In stead of supper. *Nat.*

Nat. Cheap enough I warrant,
But saw you not a Moor-hen there amongst'em.

Ed. A pretty little Rogue, most richly deck'd
With pearls, chains and jewels. She is queen
Of the Nights triumph.

Nat. If you chance to spy me
Take her aside, say nothing.

Ed. Thou wilt filch
Some of her jewels perhaps.

Nat. Ile draw a lot *Enter Quicksands.*
For the best jewel she wears. But mum my Masters.

Quic. Enter the house pray Gentlemen: I am ready
Now with your entertainment. *Exit.*

Tef. Wee'll follow you.

Nat. Now for six pennycustards, a pipkin of bak'd
Pears, three sawcers of stew'd prunes, a groats worth
Of strong ale, and two peniworth of Gingerbread.

Ext. 3.

Tef. If she does live (as he bears me in hand
She is not dead) Ile tell you briefly, Sir,
If all the law bodily and ghostly,
And all the conscience too, that I can purchase
With all the wealth I have can take her from him,
I will recover her, and then bestow her
(If you refuse her) on your so you speak of,
(whose right she is indeed) rather than he
Shall hold her longer. Now mine eyes are open'd.
Will you walk in.

Exit. Enter

Ar. I pray excuse me, Sir, *Mili.* white-
I cannot fit my self to mirth. *fac'd & in her*

Tef. Your pleasure. *own habit.*

Mil. Have I with patience waited for this hour,
And does fear check me now? I'll breakthrough all,
And trust my self with yon'd milde Gentleman.
He cannot but be noble.

Art. A goodly creature!
The Rooms illumin'd with her; yet her look

(c)

E 2

Sad

Sad, and cheek pale, as if a sorrow suck'd it.
 How came she in ? What is she ? I am fear-struck.
 Tis some unresting shaddow. Or, if not,
 What makes a thing so glorious in this house,
 The master being an enemy to beauty ?
 She modestly makes to me.

Mil. Noble Sir,—

Art. Speaks too.

Mil. If ever you durst own a goodness,
 Now crown it by an act of honour and mercy.

Art. Speak quickly ; lose no time then : say,
 what are you ?

You look like one that should not be delay'd.

Mil. I am th' unfortunate woman of this house,
 To all mens thoughts at rest. This is the face
 On which the Hell of jealousy abus'd
 The hand of Heaven, to fright the world withall.

Art. Were you the seeming Moor was here ?

Mil. The same ;

And onely to your secrecie and pitty
 I have ventur'd to appear myself again. (perform'd.

Art. What's to be done ? Pray speak, and tis

Mil. In trust and Manhood Sir, I would commit
 A great charge to you, even my life and honor
 To free me from this den of misery. (Lady—

Art. A blessed tasque ! But when you are freed

Mil. I would desire Sir, then to be convey'd.—

Art. Whither ? to whom ? speak quickly : why do
 you stoop ?

Mil. Pray let that rest. I will relieve your trouble
 When I am freed from hence, and use some others.

Art. Nay, that were cruelty. As you love good-
 ness tell me.

Mil. Why dare you bear me Sir, to one you hate.

Art. What's that, if you love ? Tis your peace I
 I look upon your service, not mine own. (wait on.
 Were he the mortall'st enemy flesh bred up

To

To you I must be noble.

Mil. You profess—

Ar. By all that's good and gracious, I will die
Ere I forsake you, and not set you safe
Within those walls you seek.

Mil. Then, as we pass

Ile tell you where they stand, Sir.

Ar. You shall grace me.

Exit.

ACT 4. SCENE 5.

Quicksands. Testy. Nath. Vincent. Edmond.

Qui. Now to our Revels. Sit ye, sit ye gallants
Whilst, Uncle, you shall see how I'll requite
The masque they lent me on my wedding night.
Twas but lent Gentlemen, your masque of horns,
And all the private jeers and publick scorns
Y'have cast upon me since. Now you shall see
How Ile return them; and remarried be.

Vin. I hope he'll marry his Moor to anger us.

Nat. Ile give her something with her, if I catch
her,

And't be but in the cole-house.

Flourish enter

Tes. Attend Gentlemen.

Inductor

Ind. The Queen of *Ethiop* dreamt like a Moor
upon a night leading Phil-

Her black womb should bring forth a lis (black

Ed. Black womb! (virgin white. and) gorge-

Ind. She told her king; he told ously deck't
thereof his Peeres. with jewels.

Till this white dream fil'd their black heads with

Nat. A whorson blockheads. (fears.

Ind. Blackheads I sai'd. Ile come to you anon.

Tes. He puts the blockheads on'hem grossly.

Quic. Brave impudent rogue. He made the
speeches last year

Before my Lord Marquefs of *Fleet Conduit.*

Ind. Till this white dream fil'd their blackheads
 For tis no better than a Prodegy (with fear,
 To have white children in a black countrey.
 So 'twas decreed that if the child prov'd white,
 It should be made away. O cruel spight!
 The Queen cry'd out, and was delivered
 Of child black as you see: Yet Wizards fed
 That if this damsel liv'd married to be
 To a white man, she should be white as he.

Vin. The moral is, If *Quickfands* marry her,
 Her face shall be white as his conscience.

Ind. The careful Queen, conclusion for to try,
 Sent her to merry *England* charily
 (The fairest Nation man yet ever saw)
 To take a husband; such as I shall draw,
 Being an *Ægyptian* Prophet.

Ed. Draw me, and ile hang thee.

Ind. Now I come to you, Gentlemen. *He looks in*

Qui. Now mark my Jeeres. *Edmonds hand.*

Ind. You must not have her: For I find by your
 You have forfeited the mortgage of your land. (hand

Ed. Pox o'your Palmistrie.

Vin. Now me.

Ind. Nor you: For here I plainly see *In Vin. his*
 You have sold and spent your lifes Annuity. *hand*

Vin. The devil take him, made thee a soothsayer.

Nat. I find from whence your skill comes. Yet
 For thy little Princess of darknesse, and if (take me
 I rub her not as white as another can
 Let me be hung up with her for a new
 Sign of the labour in vain.

Ind. Nor you, sir: For *In Nats hand.*
 The onely fute you wear smels of the chest
 That holds in Limbo Lavender all your rest.

Nat. Would his brains were in thy belly that
 keeps the key on't.

Ind. This is the worthy man, whose wealth and
 wit, To

To make a white one, must the black mark hit.

In Quic. hand

Qui. Your jeers are answer'd, gallants. Now
your dance.

*Enter the rest of the Moors. They Dance an Antique
in which they use action of Mockery and
derision to the three Gentlemen.*

Nat. We applaud your devise, and you'll give me
leave

To take your black bride here, forth in a daunce.

Quic. With all my heart, sir.

Nat. Musick, play a Galliard,

You know what you promised me, *Bullis.*

Phi. But howa can ita be donea. (*nostrils.*)

Nat. How I am taken with the elevation of her

Nat. Play a little quicker—Heark you—if I lead
you

A dance to a couch or a bedside, will you follow me?

Phi. I will doa my besta. *Nat. daunces*

Nat. So, so ; quick Musick, quick. *vily. Quicks.*

Qui. Oougly! call you this dauncing; & *Tes. laughs*
(ha, ha, ha. *& looks off.*)

Nat. Do you laugh at me. *Enter Arnold like a*

Arn. By your leave Gentlefolks. *Countrayman, and*

Buz. O brave, o brave. *Buz. like a changling,*

Qui. How now. *and as they enter, exit*

Tes. What are these? *Nat. with Phil. the*

Buz. Hack ye there, hack ye *Musick still playing.*
(there, *He sings and dances*

O brave pipes. Hack ye there. *and spins with*

Hay toodle loodle loodle loo. *a Rock & spindle.*

Qui. What are you men or devils?

Arn. You are advis'd enough: Sir, if

(you please

But to be short, Ile shew you I am a *Norfolk* man

And my name is *John Hulverhead*.

Quic. Hold thy peace.

Softly.

Arn. You cannot hear o'that side it seems.

Quic. I know thee not, not I. *(verhead)*

Arn. But you know my brother *Matthew Hul-*
Deceas'd, with whom you plac'd this simple child of
yours. *(any)*

Qui. I plac't no childe in *Norfolk*, nor *Suffolk* nor
Folk I—say thou mistookst me: Ile reward thee. Go.

Arn. I cannot hear o'that ear neither, fir.

Vin. What's the matter, Mr. *Quicksands*?

Ed. Ha'you any more jecres to put upon us? what

Buz. Hay toodle loodle loodle loo *(are these?)*

Qui. Get you out of my house. *(and)*

Arn. I may not till I be righted. I come for right,
I will have right, or the best of the Citie shall
Hear on't.

Vin. I swear the Rascals act it handsomly.

Tef. What art thou fellow? What dost thou seek?

Vin. Tell that Gentleman: He is an upright
And will see thee righted. *(Majestrate)*

Arn. I am a poor *Norfolk* man, fir. And I come
to ease my self of a charge, by putting off a childe
nat'ral to the natural father here. *(speak it.)*

Quic. My child! Am I his father? Darst thou

Arn. Be not asham'd on't, fir: You are not the first
Grave and wise Citizen that has got an ideot.

Tef. Here's good stuff towards. *(loo.)*

Buz. Ha, ha, ha—with a Hay toodle loodle loodle

Qui. How should I get him. I was never married
till this moneth. *(children?)*

Arn. How does other bawdy Batchelors get

Buz. With a hay toodle loodle loodle loo, &c.

Tef. Have you been a bastard-getter and marry

Vin. Now it works. *(my Neece.)*

Tef. Ile teach you to get a bastard, firrah.

Arn. He needs none o'your skill it seems.

Buz.

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Qui. Well, Gentlemen, to take your wonder off,
I will lay truth before you.

For a poor servant that I had, I undertook and paid
For keeping of an ideot.

Ed. Who, your man *Buzzard*?

Qui. Even he.

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c. (sum

Qui. 'Tis like this is the child. But for a certain
Which I did pay, 'twas articed, that I should nere be
Troubled with it more.

Tef. Now what say you to that Sir?

Arn. 'Tis not denied Sir, There was such agree-
But now he is another kind of charge. (ment,

Vin. Why, he gets something towards *Buzzard*
his living me thinks. *spinn.*

Ar. Yes, he has learn'd to thrip among the
Mothers;

But Sir, withal, to do more harm then good by't,
And that's the charge I speak of: we are not bound
To keep your child, and your childes children too.

Tef. How's that?

Arn. Sir, by his cunning at the Rock,
And twirling of his spindle on the Thrip-skins,
He has fetch'd up the bellies of sixteen
Of his Thrip-sisters.

Buz. Hay toodle, loodle, loodle, &c.

Tef. Is't possible. (seems.

Arn. So well he takes after his father here it

Ed. Take heed o'that friend: you heard him say
it was his mans child.

Arn. He sha'not fright me with that, though it be
A great mans part to turn over his bastards
To his servants. I am none of his hirelings, nor
His Tenants I. But I know what I say; and I know
What I come about; and not without advise; And
you

May

May know, that *Norfolk* is not without as knavish Council, as another County may be. Let his man Be brought forth, and see what he will say to't. (*Buz.*

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Qui. Wretch that I was to put away that fellow ! But stay ! where is my wife ? my wife, my wife—

Vin. What say you, Sir ? (Moor ?

Qui. My Moor I would say. Which way went my

Vin. Your *Ethopian* Princess. *Nat.* is gone to dance with her in private, because you laught him out of countenance here.

Qui. Mischief on mischief ! worse and worse I fear.

Tef. What do you fear, why stare you ? Are you frantick ? (fegaries.

Qui. I must have wits and fits, my fancies and

Ed. Your jeers upon poor Gallants.

Vin. How do you feel your self.

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Arn. Ask your father blessing *Timfy.*

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Arn. Upon your knees man. (loodle.

Buz. Upon all my knees. A——ah. Hay toodle.

Nat. What was't to you, you slaves ? Enter *Nat.* Must you be peeping. & *Phillis*

Tef. What's the matter now ? pul'd in by

Nat. What was't to you, ye Rascals ? the *Moors.*

Moor. It is to us Sir, We were hir'd to dance and to speak speeches ; and to do the Gentleman true service in his house : And we will not see his house made a bawdy house, and make no speech o'that.

Tef. What is the business ?

Moor. Marry Sir a naughty business. This Gentleman has committed a deed of darkness with your Moor, Sir ; We all saw it.

Tef. What deed of darkness ? speak it plainly.

Moor. Darkness or lightness ; call it which you will.

will. They have lyen together ; made this same a bawdy house ; How will you have it ?

Qui. Undone, most wretched. O, I am confounded. I see no art can keep a woman honest.

Nat. I love her, and will justify my Act.

Phi. And I the best of any man on earth.

Nat. Thou speakest good English now.

Qui. O Ruine, ruine, ruine——

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Vin. Why take you on so, for an ugly feind ?

Qui. She is my wife, Gentlemen.

All. How Sir, your wife.

Ed. In conceit you mean.

Qui. I say my lawful wife ; your Neece ; and so By me on purpose. (disguis'd

Tes. I said he was mad before, ha, ha, ha.

Nat. Now I applaud my act, 'twas sweet and brave.

Qui. I'll be divorc'd before a Court in publique.

Tes. Now will I use authority and skill.

Friends, guard the doors. None shall depart the

Nat. Mun. Vin. Content, content. (house.

Arn. Shall I, Sir, and my charge stay too ?

Qui. Oh——

Tes. Marry Sir, shall you.

Buz. I fear we shall be smok'd then.

Arn. No, no, fear nothing. (o' your Master

Tes. You know your Chamber hufwife. I'll wait To night. We will not part until to morrow day, Justice and Law lights every one his way.

Vin. Is this your merry night, Sir ?

Qui. Oh—oh—oh—o—

Ed. Why roar you so ? (about the City.

Nat. It is the Cuckolds howle. A common cry

Qui. Oh o——*Buz.* Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT

ACT 5. SCENE I.

*Meanwell. Rashly. Winloffe. Host.**Mea.* Now my good Host, since you have been our friend

And onely counsell keeper in our absence,
 To you, before we visit our own houses
 We'll render a relation of our journey,
 And what the motive was that drew us forth.
 'Tis true, we did pretend a deadly quarrel
 At a great bowling match upon *Black-heath* ;
 Went off ; took horse ; and several wayes, forecast
 To meet at *Dover*, where we met good friends,
 And in one Barque past over into *France* ;
 Here 'twas suppos'd to fight, like fashion followers
 That thither flie, as if no sand but theirs
 Could dry up English blood.

Host. Now, by the way,
 Suppose that supposition had been true,
 And the supposed deaths of you, and you
 Had mov'd your sons to combate in earnest,
 And both been kil'd indeed, as you in jest,
 Where had been then your witty subtilty,
 My noble *Meanwell*, and my brave *Rashly* ?
 Ha ! have I twight ye there ? (*Host.*

Rash. Thou keepst thy humor still my running

Host. My humor was, nor is, nor must be lost :
 But, to the question, was it wisely done,
 When each of you might so have lost a son ?

Rash. We had no fear of that, Sir, by the Rule,
 The common Rule o'th'world. Where do you find
 Sons that have lives and Lands, will venture both
 For their dead Fathers that are gone and car'd for ?

Nor was it onely to make tryal of
 What husbands they would be ; how spend, or save ;
How

How mannage, or destroy ; how one or both
Might play the Tyrants over their poor Tenants,
Yet fall by Prodigality into th'Compters :
And then the dead by pulling off a Beard,
After a little chiding and some whyning,
To set the living on their legs again,
And take 'em into favour ; pish, old play-plots.
No Sir, our business runs another course ;
Know you this Gentleman yet ?

Hof. Nor yet, nor yet ;
Best wits may have bad memories ; I forget.

Win. It is my part to speak. Mine *Hof*, y'have known
My name is *Winlofs* ; a poor Gentleman, (me,
Yet richer, by my liberty, then I was
For six years space, till these good Gentlemen
In charity redeem'd me.

Hof. Master *Winlofs* !
I thought I could as soon forget my Chrifs-Crofs,
Yet (pardon me) you have been six years gone,
And all of them in prison saving one,
In *Dunker* as I weene.

Win. It is most true ;
And that from thence these Gentlemen redeem'd me
At their own charge, by paying five hundred pound,
Which was my Ransom.

Hof. 'Tis a rare example.

Win. Worthy brags tables, and a pen of steel.

Mea. No more good neighbour *Winlofs*. What
we did

Was to discharge our conscience of a burden
Got (and 'twas all we got) by your undoing,
In a sad suit at Law.

Hof. I do remember ;
And, without ruine I'll tell you, That sad cause,
In which you join'd against him, overthrew him
And all his Family : But this worthy act
Of yours in his enlargement, crowns your piety,
And

And puts him in a way of better Fortune,
Then his first tottering estate could promise.

Rafh. Shut up that point. You have heard no ill,
you say,

Among our fons and daughters in our absence.

Hofl. Not any, Sir at all. But, Mr. *Winlofs*,
You that have paſt ſo many forrows, can

(I make no doubt) here one with manly patience.

Win. Tis of my daughter *Phillis*! Is ſhe dead?

Hofl. Tis well and't be no worſe with her: I fear
She's gone the t'other way of all fleſh, do you hear?

Rafh. Why doſt thou tell him this?

Hofl. To have him right

His daughters wrong upon that wicked beaſt
That has ſeduced her.

Rafh. Who is't? canſt thou tell?

Hofl. Even the Ranck-rider of the town, Sir, one
Maſter *Nathaniel Banelaffe*, if you know him.

Mea. He has my fons acquaintance.

Rafh. And mine's too. (doctrin.

Hofl. You may be proud on't, if they ſcape his

Win. But does he keep my daughter to his luſt?

Hofl. No, Sir, tis worſe then ſo. He has caſt
To the common, as tis fear'd. (her off

Win. O wretchedneſs!

Rafh. How canſt thou by this knowledge.

Hofl. Sir, Ile tell you.

I have, i'th'houſe, a gueſt, was once your man,
And ſerv'd your ſon, ſince you went ore I'm ſure on't,
Though now he has got a young ſpark to his Maſter,
That has a brace of gueldings in my ſtable;
And luſty ones they are. That's by the way.

Rafh. But to the point, I pray thee.

Hofl. Sir, the young gallant is abroad, the man
Sculſts cloſs i'th'houſe here, and has done theſe two
Spending his time with me in drink and talk. (dayes
Moſt of his talk runs upon wenches mainly;

And

And who loves who, and who keeps home, and so
And he told me the tale that I tell you (forth ;
Twixt *Banclasse* and your done and undone
daughter.

Ra. Mine host—cry mercy Gentlemen——

Enter Rafe.

Mea. Nay, nay, come on.

Host. I told you he was very shy to be seen.

Ra. My old master alive again ? and he that he
kil'd too ?

Mea. Whom do you serve ? was I so ill a master,
That, in my absence, you forsook my children ?
Or how have they misus'd you ? Why dost look
So like an apprehended thief ? I fear
Thou serv'st some robber, or some murderer,
Or art become thy self one. If the Devil
Have so possess'd thee, strive to turn him out :
Ile add my prayers to help thee. Whats the matter ?

Ra. O honor'd master ! Ile keep nothing from you.
There is an act of horror now on foot,
Upon revenge of your supposed murder,
Of which to stand and tell the circumstance,
Would wast the time and hinder the prevention
Of your sons murder, and your daughters ruin.

All. O fearful !

Ra. Let not your amazement drown
Your reason in delay ; your sudden haſt
Was never so requir'd as now. Stay not
To ask me why, or whither. As ye go
I shall inform ye.

Rafe. Go, we follow thee.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 5. SCENE 2.

Dionysia as before in mans habit, sword and pistol.

What a fierce conflict twixt revenge and love,
Like an unnatural civil war, now rages

(c)

In

In my perplexed breast. There, fight it out ;
 To it Pel-mel my thoughts. The battel's hot.
 Now for the day ! revenge begins to stagger,
 And her distracted Army at an instant
 Routed and put to flight. All conquering love,
 Thou hast got the victory ; and now I sue
 (Like a rent kingdom by self-opposite thoughts)
 Unto thy sovereignty, to be the liege-right.
 Take me to thy protection, kingly love,
 And having captivated my revenge,
 O, play not now the Tyrant. A firm hope
 Perswades me no : But when I shall
 Reveal my self I shall obtain *Theophilus* love.
 Which now is ten times sweeter in my thought
 Then my revenge was, when 'twas first begot.

Enter The. & Lucy.

The. What, still alone ? we have been seeking thee.

Dio. O 'tis the service that I ow you Sir.

Lu. Indeed you are too penfive: two whole dayes
 And nights among us, and no more familiar ?

Ent. Ar. in his false beard, leading in Mil. veil'd.

Pages they stand aloofe.

Pa. May I crave your name, Sir ?

Ar. That's to little purpose,
 My business is the thing—yonder's the star !
 What young Gentleman is that your Mistress arm
 Appears so courteous too ?

Pa. One she thinks well on Sir,
 No matter for his name, as you said, neither.

Ar. He seems some well grac'd suitor. 'Tis my
 If he should now—I must be just however. (fear,

Pa. Sir, a Gentleman desires to speak with you.

The. Dost thou not know his name ?

Pa. He will not tell it Sir. (know not whom ?

The. You treacherous boy, do you bring you
 O 'tis the Gentleman I was so bound to, Sister :
 The welcom't man alive ; Thanks my good boy.

What's

What's she brings in veil'd, and this way leads?

Ar. Sir, though I am still a stranger in my visit,
To works of gentleness, I am partly known.
There (if you chance t'enquire of me hereafter
(When I shall more deserve your inquisition)
I may be found, if not exact in service,
At least a poor pretender in my wishes :
And so presenting this white gift, (more modest
Than the most secret duty of mans friendship
Can ever be) I take my leave—

The. This man
Would breed, at every time he's seen, a wonder !
Sir, leave me not thus lost : let me once know you,
And what this mystery means ? This bears a shape
I may not entertain : I have set my vow
Against all woman kinde, since Heaven was married
To my first love ; and must not willingly
Discover a temptation with mine own hand.

Ar. How shie and nice we are to meet our happy-
Like dying wretches, 'fraid to go to rest. (ness !
Because you shall be guilty of no breach
I'll ope the Casket for you. *He unveils her, &*

The. Bless me, it is— *slips away.*
Warm, so Love cherish me and comfortable.

Dio. O death my hopes are blasted.

Lu. How is it with you, sir.

The. Might a man credit his own senses now
This were my *Millicent*. How think you, sister ?

Mil. Indeed I am so, my *Theophilus*.

Dio. She lives, and he is lost to me for ever,
I shall be straight discover'd too. False Love
Thou hast dealt loosely with me ; And Revenge
I re-invoke thy nobler spirit : Now
Possesse me wholly ; let it not be thought
I came and went off idly. (woman

Lu. Sir, something troubles you. See your kins-
My brother stands intranc'd too ; Brother, brother—
Noble Lady, speak to him. *Mil.*

Mil. I was in my discovery too sudden.
 Strong rapture of his joy transmutes him—Sir,
 Be not so wonder-struck ; or, if you be,
 Let me conjure you by the love you bore me,
 Return unto your self again. Let not
 A wandring thought fly from you, to examine
 From whence, or how I came : If I be welcome
 I am your own and *Millicent*.

The. And in that
 So blest a treasure, that the wealth and strength
 Of all the world shall never purchase from me.
 Heaven may be pleas'd again to take thee, but
 Ile hold so fast, that wee'll go hand in hand ;
 Besides, I hope his mercy will not part us.
 But wher's the man now more desir'd then ever
 That brought you hither ?

Mil. You ask in vain for him.
 I can resolve you all ; but for the present
 He will be known to none.

The. This is a cruel goodness: To put thankfulness
 Out of all action. Sirah, how went he ?

Pa. I know not, Sir, he vanish'd sodainly.

The. Vanish'd ! good *Lucy* help to hold her fast
 She may not vanish too. Spirits are subtle.

Mil. This was my fear. Will you have patience,
 And sit within this chair while I relate my story.

The. Ile be as calm in my extreamest deeps
 As is the couch where a sweet conscience sleeps.

Dio. Tis now determinate as fate ; and so

As Dionisia presents her pistol. Enter

Rash. Mean. Win. Rafe. Arthur.

At the whole cluster of'em. Bless me ha !
 My father living ! Then the cause is dead
 Of my revenge.

Rash. What is he kill'd out right.
 Or els but hurt ? *Theophilus* ! my boy !
 Dead, past recovery. Stay the Murdres there.

Look

Look you, Sir, to her. I suspect your son too
Is not without a hand in't by the haſt
We met him in.

Lu. He is not hurt at all
My honour'd father, as I deſire your bleſſing,
But ſtricken with an extaſie of joy.

Raſh. Look up my boy. How doſt ? here's none
but friends.

The. Sure, ſure w'are all then in *Elifum*
Where all are friends and fill'd with equal joy.
Earth can have no felicity like this.
If this be any thing.

Raſh. Thou canſt not ſee nothing,
Look well about thee man.

The. I ſee, I feel, I hear and know ye all :
But who knowes what he knowes, fees, feels, or
Tis not an age for man to know himſelf in. (hears ?

Raſh. He is not mad I know by that.

The. If I know any thing, you are my father.—

Raſh. Thou art a wiſe child.

The. And I beſeech your bleſſing. (ſtory,

Raſh. Thou haſt it. *Millicent*, I have heard your
And *Lucy*, you betwixt you ſooth his fancy,
He will be well anon. Keep'em company *Arthur*,
And *Lucy*, bid him welcome.

Lu. More then life, Sir.

Raſh. You *Dionyſia* would be chid a little ;
But, Sir, let me intreat her pardon.

Mea. Dry your eyes : you have it.
Go inſtantly reſume your ſexes habit,
And with the reſt be ready, if we call ye
To *Quickſands* houſe. The rumour of our coming
Already calls us thither to be aſſiſtant
To juſtice *Teſty* in a ponderous difference.

Raſh. How does he now ?

Ar. He's fallen into a ſlumber.

Raſh. In with him all I pray.

Ar. &c. He shall have all our cares. *Exit with The.*

Rash. Come my friend *Meanwell.* *in the chair.*

Now to *Quick sands* cause,

To keep it out of wrangling lawyers jaws.

The face of danger is almost made clean

And may conclude all in a comick scene. *Exit.*

ACT 5. SCENE 3.

Vincent. Edmond. Testy. Rashly. Meanwell.

Vin. Come, we will hear this cause try'd.

Ed. See the Judges *(dence.*

Have tane their seats, while we stand here for evi-

Tes. My worthy friends, y'are come unto a cause
As rare, as was your expected coming

From the supposed grave—

Rash. To th'point I pray.

Tes. How quick you are! Good Mr. *Rashly*, know
(Though I crav'd your assistance) onely I

Supply the chief place in Authority *(business—*

Rash. And much good do't you. I have other
Your Neece Sir was too good for my poor son.

Tes. How's that?

Mea. Nay Gentlemen, we came to end
A business: Pray begin no new one first.

Rash. Well Sir, I ha'done.

Mea. Pray Sir fall to the question.

Test. Bring in the parties. *Ent. Quic.*

The first branch of the question rises here *Nat. Phil.*

If *Quick sands* wife, my Neece, be dead or living

Speak Gentlemen. What can you say to this?

Vin. *Quick sands* affirm'd to us, that she was dead.

Edm. Though, since in a distracted passion
He sayes she lives.

Qui. She lives, and is that strumpet,
From whom I sue to be divorc'd.

Mea.

Mea. That Moor, there ?

Did you wed her since your fair wives decease ?

Qui. That same is she, and all the wives I had.
That black is but an artificial tincture
Laid by my jealousy upon her face.

Rash. This is most strange.

Nat. Braver and braver still,
I aim'd but at a cloud and clasp'd a *Juno*,
Will you be only mine ?

Phi. I have sworn it ever.

Nat. Then I am made for ever.

Tesf. Remove her, and let instant trial be made
To take the blackness off.

Qui. Then if her shame,
And my firm truth appear not, punish me.

Tesf. However, your consent to be divorc'd
From *Millicent* is irrecoverable.

Qui. Before you all, Ile forfeit my estate
If ere I re-accept her.

Rash. Then she's free.

Tesf. Now *Mr. Banelafs*——

Nat. Now for the honour of Wenchers.

Tesf. Your fact is manifested and confest.

Nat. In fewest words it is.

Tesf. Are you content
To take this woman now in question,
If she be found no Moor to be your Wife,
In holy marriage to restore her honour ?

Nat. Or else, before you all, let me be torn
To pieces ; having first those dearest members,
In which I have most delighted, daub'd with honey.

Tesf. This protestation
Is clear, without respect of portion, now,
Or that she is my Niece : For you must know
She is no Niece of mine that could transgress
In that leane kind : Nor must she ever look
For favour at my hands.

Nat. I am content, to take her as she is,
Not as your Neece, but as his counterfeit servant,
Hoping he'll give me with her all about her.

Qui. My chains, and Jewels, worth a thousand
I'll pay it for my folly. (pounds,

Nat. 'Twill be twice
The price of my pawn'd goods. I'll put the rest
Up for your jeers past on my friends and me.

Mea. You are agreed.

Nat. To take her with all faults. *Enter Phi-*

Phi. I take you at your word. *lis white.*

Qui. Hah——

Nat. Hell and her changes.

Phi. Lead by the hope of justice, I am bold
To fix here fast, here to repair my ruins.

Nat. The devil looks ten times worse with a
Give me it black again. (white face,

Phi. Are we not one, you know from the begin-

Nat. Get thee from me. (ning?

Tes. Sirrah you have your suit and your desert,
'Tis your best part to pass it patiently. (error.

Rash. 'Tis *Winlofs* daughter; we have found the

Qui. I am confounded here. Where is my Wife?

Tes. I, that's the point must now be urg'd. The
Law

Asks her at your hands. Answer me, where is she?

Qui. I am at my joys end, and my wits together.

Mea. You have brought her fame in question:
'Tis reveng'd

Now you are in both for her life and honour.

Tes. Speak villain, Murderer, where is my Neece?

Qui. I have snar'd my self exceeding cunningly;
That quean there knows.

Nat. Take heed, Sir, what you say,
If she must be my wife. Hands off, I pray,
These are my goods she wears. Give me'em, *Phil.*
For fear he snatch, Ile put'em in my pockets.

Phi.

Phi. Sweet heart, my own will hold'em.

Nat. Sweet heart already ! we are foon familiar.

Phi. You know we are no strangers. (answer

Rafh. Well Mr. *Quickfands* : because you cannot
(To put you by the fear of halter-ftretching)

Since y'have ingag'd your word and whole eftate

To be divorc'd : And you good Mr. *Tefty*,

If you'll be willing yet that my poor fon

To wed your Neece, as I fhall find it lawful,

Ile undertake her fafe recovery.

Tef. I have in heart given her your fon already.

Rafh. And he has her already. Ent. *The. Mil.*

As for example, fee Sir. *Ar. Lu. Dio.*

Qui. See, fee, the heaven that I am juftly *Winlofs.*

O may I yet find favour. (fallen from,

Mil. Never here.

Hadft thou not given thy faith to a divorce,

On forfeiture of thine eftate, which thou

Doft hold more precious ; or couldft now redeem

That great ingagement ; and then multiply

Thy paft eftate into a tenfold fum,

Make me inheritrix of all ; and laft affure me

To die within a week, Ile not re-marry thee :

Adulterate beaft, that brok'ft thy former wedlock

In thy bafe luft with that thy fervant there.

Nat. What a pox no, I tro—My wife that muft be?

Phi. 'Twas your own doing, to put me to my fhifts.

Nat. The devil fhift you, then you will be fure
Of change enough.

Win. O fhame unto my blood.

Nat. I will henceforward council all my friends
To wed their whores at firft, before they go
Out o'their hands.

Tef. How can you answer this?

Qui. I utterly deny't upon my oath.

Phi. So do I, and fafely for any act.

Nat. That's well agen.

Phi.

Phi. It was but in attempt, I told my Mistrifs,
Had it been done, sure I should nere have spoke on't.

Nat. Those are the counsels women can onely

Phi. Nothing in act I assure you. (keep.

Mil. In him 'twas foul enough though.

Mea. O hateful vice in age.

Tef. 'Tis an old vice grown in him from his youth,
Of which bring forth for proof his bastard there.

Ent. Buz. Arn.

Buz. I fear we shall be whipt for counterfeits;
My long coats have a grudging of the lash.

Arn. I see my old Masters face again, and I will
Fear nothing.

Buz. Then Ile bear up again——
Hay diddy daddy, come play with thy Baby.
Dindle dandle on thy knee, and give him a penny,
And a new coat, o ho——

Qui. My grief and shame is endlefs.

Vin. Let not grief master you, Mr. *Quicksands*.

Ed. We are your friends, and pitty your afflictions.
What will you give us now and we'll release you
For ever of this changling charge of yours?

Vin. And prove he's not your bastard. Speak
now roundly.

Qui. I'll cancel both your mortgages.

Vin. A match. Now look you Sir, your quandam
All but the beard he wore; for loss of which (servant,
We'll recompence him.

Qui. O *Buzzard, Buzzard, Buzzard.*

Buz. O Master, Master, Master. Your servant and
Nor father of your Ideot in *Norfolk*, (no bastard,
He's there, and well Sir, I heard lately of him.

Qui. How couldst thou use me thus?

Buz. How could you turn me away so?

Tef. Ha, ha, ha. Come hither *Buzzard*. Thou
shalt not want a Master.

Arn. Nor I, I hope, while my old Master lives.
Y'are

Y'are welcome home Sir. (Arnold.

Rafh. And thou to me my good old fervant

Qui. Well fare a misery of a man's own seeking ;
A tough one too will hold him tack to's end,
This comes with wiving at threescore and three ;
Would doating fools were all serv'd so for me.

Tef. To shut up all : *Theophilus*, take my Neece,
We'll shortly find a Lawfull course to marry ye.

Rafh. I will take care for't. *Arthur*, take my
With a glad fathers blessing. (daughter

Mea. And mine with it, wishing my daughter
were as well bestow'd.

Dio. Sir take no thought for me, till my strict life
(By making man, and the world meer strangers to me,
In expiation of my late transgression
Gainst maiden modesty) shall render me
Some way deserving th'honour of a husband.

Rafh. Spoke like a good new woman. (tune,

Tef. How now ! do you look squemish on your for-
Sir her's a Gentleman shall maintain her blood
As worthy as your own till you defile it,
Tis best you cleanse it again.

Nat. Cadzooks I will—

Forgiv'me for swearing, and turn Precisian, and pray
I'the nose that all my brethren whoremasters spend

Phi. My father— (no worse.

Win. O my child.

Nat. Though Mr. *Quicksands* made a *Mock-*
marriage with his *English Moor*,

Ile not mock thee.

Tef. Enough, enough. I hope all pleas'd at last
But Master *Quick-sands* here.

Qui. I yeeld to fortune with an humble knee,
If you be pleas'd, your pleasure shall please me.

EPILOGUE.

Now let me be a modest undertaker
 For us the players, the play and the play-maker :
 If we have faild in speech or action, we
 Must crave a pardon ; If the Commedy
 Either in mirth, or matter be not right,
 As 'twas intended unto your delight,
 The Poet in hope of favour doth submit
 Unto your censure both himself and it,
 Wishing that as y'are judges in the cause
 You judge but by the antient Comick Lawes.
 Not by their course who in this latter age
 Have sown such pleasing errors on the stage,
 Which he no more will chuse to imitate
 Then they to fly from truth, and run the State.
 But whether I avail, you have seen the play,
 And all that in defence the Poet can say
 Is, that he cannot mend it by a jest
 I'th Epilogue exceeding all the rest ;
 To send you off upon a champing bit,
 More then the scenes afforded of his wit :
 Nor studies he the Art to have it said
 He sculks behind the hangings as affraid
 Of a hard censure, or pretend to brag
 Here's all your money again brought in i'th bag
 If you applaud not, when before the word
 'Twas parcel'd out upon the shearing-board.
 Such are fine helps ; but are not practised yet
 By our plain Poet who cannot forget
 His wonted modesty, and humble way
 For him and us, and his yet doubtful play,
 Which, if receiv'd or but allow'd by you,
 We and the play are yours, the Poet too.

T H E

T H E
LOVE-SICK COURT.

O R T H E

Ambitious Politique.

A

COMEDY

Written by *Richard Brome*:

*Nil mea, ceu mos est, commendes carmina curo
Se nisi comendent carmina dispereant.*



LONDON,

Printed by J. T. for A. C. and are to be sold by
Henry Broom, at the *Gun* in *Ivie-lane*, 1658.



P R O L O G U E.

*A little wit, lesse learning, no Poetry
 This Play-maker dares boast: Tis his modesty.
 For though his labours have not found least grace,
 It puffs not him up or in minde or face,
 Which makes him rather in the Art disclame
 Bold License, then to arrogate a Name;
 Yet to the wit, the scholler, and the Poet,
 Such as the Play is, we must dare to show it
 Our judgements to but too: And without fear
 Of giving least offence to any ear.
 If you finde pleasure in't, we boasting none,
 Nor you nor we lose by expectation.
 Sometimes at poor mens boards the curious finde
 'Mongst homely fare, some unexpected dish,
 Which at great Tables they may want and wish:
 If in this slight Collation you will binde
 Us to believe you have pleasd your pallats here,
 Pray bring your friends w'you next, you know
 (your cheer.*

Drammatis.



Drammatis Personæ.

King of Theffaly.

Philargus, the Prince, supposed Son of the
late slain General.

Disanius } Two Lords.
Iustinus }

Stratocles a Politician.

Philocles, A young Nobleman son of the late
General, and twin with *Philargus*.

Euphalus, A Gentleman belonging to the
King.

Geron, A curious Coxcomb and a Schollar.

Matho, A villain, servant to *Stratocles*.

Terfulus, A Taylor, servant to *Philargus*.

Varillus, A Barbar, servant to *Philocles*.

Eudina, The Princeffe.

Themile, *Philocles* Mother.

Placilla, Her Daughter.

Garula, An old Midwife.

Doris, *Themilis* Waiting-woman.

4. *Rusticks.*

The Scene THESSELY.

T H E

T H E
L O V E--S I C K
C O U R T.
O R T H E
Ambitious Politique.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Disanius. Fustinius. Meeting.

D *If.* Good morrow my good Lord. How
fares the King? (th'opinion,
Fus. More sick in mind then body, by
(Not onely of the skilful Doctors, but) of all
That come about him.

Dis. I that have not seen him
Since he was sick, can guesse then at the cause,
Of his distemper. He is sick o'th'subject;
Th'unquiet Commons fill his head and breast
With their impertinent discontents and strife.
The peace that his good care has kept 'hem in
For many years, still feeding them with plenty,
Hath, like ore pampered steeds that throw their
Masters,
Set them at war with him. O misery of kings!
His vertue breeds their vices; and his goodness
Pulls all their ills upon him. He has been

Too

Too long too lenitive : A thousand heads
 (Or say a hundred, or but ten) cut off
 Of the most gross ones, the prime, leading heads
 Of theirs a moneth since, had preserv'd him better
 Then all his doctors pills can purge him now.

Jus. You are too sharp *Disanius*. There's a
 As milde as other of the Kings clear Acts, (means,
 In agitation now, shall reconcile
 All to a common peace no doubt.

Dis. What's that *Justinus*?

Jus. Stay : Here comes *Stratocles*. *Ent.* *Strat.*

Dis. I fear, in that

Ambitious pate lies the combustible stuff
 Of all this late commotion.

*They con-
fer aside.*

Str. Why is man
 Prescrib'd on earth to imitate the Gods,
 But to come nearest them in power and action ?
 That is to be a King ! That onely thought
 Fills this capacious breast. A King or nothing !

Jus. He's deep in meditation.

Dis. On no good.

It is some divellish waking dream affects him.
 I'll put him out—And as I was about
 To say my Lord.

Str. What ? when *Disanius* ?

Dis. About a moneth since,
 It stick still in my jaws. Be not ambitious,
 Affect not popularity. 'Tis the most
 Notable break-neck in a kingdom.

Str. In whom ?

Dis. I know to whom I speak ; would *Stratocles*
 As well knew who he is, and what he does :
 It would be better for him. Thank me not,
 I wish it for the King and kingdoms good,
 Not yours I do assure you, my great Lord ;
 Yet mine own Peer, if you forget me not.

Str.

Str. You take your time Sir to make me your
A time may come—— (mirth.

Dis. When you may be my King,
And then up goes *Disanius*. Is't not so?

Str. Yes, up to Court, to be king *Stratocles* fool.

Dis. The Court now priviledges thee, or I would
change (greatness

A cuffe with your great Souldier-ship and popular
With clowns and Citizens, and Gentry, sprung
By their late peaceful wealth, out of their dongue.
But let'em thank our pious King, not you
That claim (as merit for your service done)
Their loves and voices.

Juf. Cease my Lords this strife.
The King may hear on't, whose perplexities
Already are too grievous. Pray be silent,
The king approaches. Enter king

Dis. Wee'll attend his entrance. & *Eupathus*.

King. Upon those terms they are come then,
Eupathus?

Eu. Four of the chief in the commotion,
Upon the ingagement of my faith, that you
Had past your kingly word for their return
In safety, I have brought to Court, who wait
Your present will and pleasure.

King. Bring'em in.

Disanius, welcome. I thought well to send for you
To take a Councillors part of my late cares
Into your consideration.

Dis. I attend
Your Highness pleasure.

King. Nearer good *Disanius*. They talk privately.

Str. Do you deal in secret king? The Commons
To their examination, and this old (sent for
Antagonist of mine cal'd to confront me,
And I prepar'd by no intelligence
To fit me for th'incounter? Let'em come.

I must not be deny'd to stand as fair
 In competition for the Crown as any man
 The King himself elects for his successor ;
 The people are mine own thro' all his parts :
 He may command their knees, but I their hearts.

King. *Stratocles, Justinus, Disanius* sit.

My Lords, altho' our Lawes of *Theffaly*
 To you, as well as to our self, are known,
 And all our customs, yet for orders sake
 I shall lay open one to you. That is, when
 A king deceaseth without issue male
 (As I unfortunately must) the Commons
 Are to elect their King, provided that
 He be of noble blood, a souldier, and one
 That has done publick service for the Crown——

Str. That makes for me.

King. Or else the son of some
 Great General slain in battel for his countrey
 (As my *Adraustus* was.)

Dis. O my brave brother !

King. Twenty years sorrow for that Souldiers loss
 Has not worn out his memory.

Str. Your grace
 Forgets not then Souldiers of fresher fame.

King. Some other time to boast good *Stratocles*.

Dis. Twere good you'd hear the king—A general,
 Or a Generals son may be elected. There
 Your Majesty left.

King. Or if the sonless King
 Yet has a daughter, and he match her in
 His life time to a husband that is noble,
 He stands immediate heir unto the Crown
 Against all contradiction.

Str. Now think upon my service, Royal Sir.

Dis. Now think upon my Nephewes, Royal Master,
 The sons of brave *Adraustus*, who was slain
 Twenty years since in fighting of your battel.

Str.

Str. Twere good you would hear the king. The husband of

Your daughter must be elected. There you left, sir.

King. It rests now that a speedy choice be made Of a fit husband, one that may acquire *Eudynas* love, and peoples approbation, The people, (for whose noise I must not rest Till my successor be appointed to them) Are wild till this election be made :

They have, in arms, made their demand, and wait My present answer. Enter *Eupathus* 4 *Rustiks*.

Dis. O here they come. These be the principals The heads, the heads, forsooth they call themselves. Head-carpenter, head-smith, head-plowman, and head-shepherd. (abash'd

Kin. Nay, pray approach ; and seem no more Here then amongst your giddy-headed rowts, *they all kneel.*

Where every man's a King, and wage your powers Gainst mine in foul defiance. Freely speak, Your grievance, and your full demand.

1. *Ruf.* Tis humbly all exprest in this petition.

2. *Ruf.* By all means have a care that, to any question, we give the King good words to his face ; He is another manner of man here then we took him for at home.

3. *Ruf.* I sweat for't. I am sure I have scarce a dry thred in my leather lynings.

4. *Ruf.* They made us heads i' the countrey : But if our head-ships now, with all our countrey care should be hang'd up at court for displeasing of this good King, for the next Kings good our necks will not be set right again in the next Kings reign I take it.

1. *Ruf.* My head itches to be at home again.

2. *Ruf.* My head itches to be at home again.

3. *Ruf.* My head and heart both akes with fear.

Would I were honestly hang'd out o'the way to be
rid on't. (before

King. There you may read my Lords what we
Found would be their demand. Tis for a King
That must succeed me.

Dis. And because you have
Govern'd them long in peace, by which they thrive
Their wisdom would have you intail that piece
On them for after times ; and so they nominate
Ambitious *Stratocles* to be your heir.

Str. Envious *Disanius*, my merit is
Their motive. (inclin'd

King. Cease your strife.—You have stood more
To lay your choise on *Philocles*, or *Philargus*
The Twin-born sons of long since slain *Adraftus*.

1. *Ruf.* May't please your Majesty we are inform'd
That in their travails unto *Delphos*, both
Of them are dead.

Dis. That information
Was meerly by suggestion (I dare speak it)
Insinuated by *Stratocles*. They both live
And are upon return.

1. *Ruf.* Would we knew that.
Lord *Stratocles* then should pardon us. Hee's a man
Gracious amongst us. But——

2. *Ruf.* *Philargus* ! O——
Philargus, be he living.

3. *Ruf.* I say *Philocles*.
Brave *Philocles* is the man.

Str. False, empty weathercocks.

4. *Ruf.* I say Lord *Stratocles* is the man we know
And ought to honour.

Str. There lives yet some hope.

Jus. What strange confusions this ? Or whither
You run by several wayes ? *Philargus* one, (will
Another *Philocles* ; a third cries *Stratocles*.
In this you say you'll have no king at all.

This

This must be reconcil'd, or you pull ruine
Upon your selves. He, whom the king is pleas'd
To give his daughter to must be your King.

I. Ruf. All that we crave (and that upon our
Is, that the king will graciously be pleas'd (knees)
To make a speedy choice, and give us leave
With pardon to depart, and signifie
His Royal pleasure to the doubtful countreys.

King. Tell'em they shall expect, then, but a
In which short time my daughters marriage (moneth,
Shall be consummate.

All Ruf. The Gods protect your Majesty. *Ex. Ruf.*

King. And now, my Lords, the commons being
at peace,
Let me prevail your private jarrs to cease.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Eudyna. Thymele weeping.

Eud. Madam, the cause is mine; tis mine to
mourn

In chief, if they be dead. They were your sons,
Tis true, and though they were your onely comforts
Upon this earth, you but resign to heaven
The blessings that it lent you. But to me
They were a pair of equal lovers; and
By me so equally belov'd; and by
The king my father so'bove all men respected
That I by either had been made a Queen.
Which title I for ever will disclaim
If they be dead.

Thy. O my *Philargus*. O my *Philocles*!
Ye Gods I know they did not seek your Counsels
Nor dare to approach your altars, but with all
Due reverence and required ceremony.
And could your *Delphian* Oracle, when they

Were friendly competitioners for love,
Answer them but with death ?

Eud. The rumor, Madam,
Carries so little shew of truth, that you
Do ill to take so deep a sence of it ;
Much worse t'expostulate, as if you had
An injury done you by the Gods. Have you
Been from mine infancy my governess,
And careful counsel-giver ; and must I
Find cause to chide you now ? come dry these tears.

Enter Garrula.

Gar. Where's my sweet princess ?
Where's my Lady governess ?

Eud. O *Garrula*, welcome. I could never wish
Thy company more usefully : For thou bring'st
Some recreation on thy countenance alwayes.

Gar. I am glad my countenance pleases you. It
For I have on it now (could you discern'em) (may :
A thousand joyes dancing within these wrinkles
More then my feeble failing tongue can utter.
And that's a grief to me 'mong all my joyes ;
The failing of the tongue, the tongue, the tongue
Is a great grief to any woman. But
To one in years, and well in years, as I am,
It is a grief indeed, more then the los
Of any other member.

Eud. But I pray thee
Let not that grief deprive us of the hearing
Of, at least, one of thy whole thousand joyes.

Gar. Tis a report of joy and wonder, princess ;
Enough to make not onely you, and you,
But King and kingdom glad, could I but utter't.

Eud. Thou dost speak well enough, and enough
I pray thee tell it. (too,

Thy. Tis some faign'd stufte
She hopes to palliate our sorrowes with.

Gar. 'Tis a report, worth more then all the stories
That

That I my self have told in child-bed chambers,
To restore spirit to the pallid flesh.

And I have been a woman as good at it
(Without vain boast bee't spoke) as any she
In *Theffaly*, that ere durst undertake
The office of a midwife: And that the queen
Your Mother knew, when I delivered her
Of the sweet babe (your self.) She is in blisse
Now in *Elifum*: But you, Madam Governesse,
Can yet remember good old *Garrula*,
That took into the light your twin-born sons,
And thereby hangs a tale——

Thy. What means this woman? (story?

End. Good *Garrula*, thy newes? thy present

Gar. 'Tis such a story, that could I but utter't
With volubility of tongue!——But O
This tongue, that fails me now; for all the helps
Of Syrups, and sweet sippings. I still go *She sips oft*
Provided, as you see, to cherish it. *of a bottle at*
And yet it falters with me. *her girdle.*

End. We shall ha't

Anon I hope. *Placilla*, what's your news? *Ent.* *Placilla*.

Pla. 'Tis excellent Madam. And I was ambitious
To bring you the first taste of it. But if
Garrula has in that prevented me,
I can with no lesse joy relate it yet.

My brothers are return'd, and safe, from *Delphos*.

Thy. Be thou as true as th'Oracle.

End. Now, Madam.

Pla. Mother, tis true.

Gar. 'Tis that I would ha'told you
Had not my tongue fail'd me i'th'utterance.

End. Thy tongue ran fast enough, but lost its way.

Pla. Three minutes, Madam, brings'em to your
presence.

End. How is it with you, Madam? Let not joy
G 4 Beget

Beget a worse effect then did your fears.

Help, *Garrula*.

Thym fwounds.

Gar. Ods pity, what dee mean.

Madam, look up, and speak up too you were best,
Do you know who talks to you? Speak; and
speak well too.

I shall speak that will be worse for you else.

Madam, you know, that I know what I know.

Thy. I am well I thank you, *Garrula*.

Gar. O are you so?

Eud. I have observ'd that often in her language,
This chattering Midwife glanceth at the knowledge
Of some strange hidden thing, which like as with
A Charm, she keeps my Governess in aw with.
I guess it but some trifle: For I know
The Lady is right vertuous; yet it may
Be worth my inquisition at fit time.

Thy. You have felt the comforts of my friendship
Garrula,

And had you common charity, you'd forbear me.

Gar. I—done Madam. Be secure. But yet,
Though I forbear to speak, I not forget.

Eud. You have not yet, *Placilla*, told the means
Of your rich knowledge.

A shout and crying *Philar.* and *Philocles*, &c.

Pla. Nor shall I need now Madam
These shouts of joy that follow'd them to Court
Attend them to your presence.

Eud. O let us meet'em. Madam, come away.

Thy. O ye Gods, I thank ye. *Ex. omnes pret.* *Gar.*

Gar. I have a son there too, as dear to me
As any Mothers onely born can be,
Whose name's not voic'd with theirs. Yet by your
Great Madam Governess, he has discharg'd (favour
The office of a Governor ore your sons,
As well as you have over the Kings daughter.
And they have suck'd more of his Helycon

Then

Then she has of your doctrine : which their breeding
sips the bottle.

Together with their Travels through his care
 Will testify (I doubt not) to my honor
 That have brought forth a son of such performance.
Ent. Dis. Fus. Phila. Philo. End. Thy. Pla. Geron.

Dis. Did not I say, 'twas *Stratocles* that rais'd
 That hideous rumor of their deaths, among
 His wilde idolators, in hope to gain
 Election by their ignorance and rudeness?

Fus. 'Twas well those factious heads were wrought
 Before the King to finde his clemencie, (to come
 And probabily that these were living. (*Stratocles* !

Dis. And how they then shrunk in their necks from
 It has so laid the flames of his ambition,
 That these may safely now tread out the fire.

Phila. Welcom again my princely Nephews,
 welcom.

Phil. Thanks, courteous Uncle.

Thy. You interrupt me, brother. (such things !

Dis. Good woman, cry thee mercy. Mothers are

Gar. Why, what things are we mothers?

Dis. O the old night-piece with her dark
 lanthorne by her

Gar. You'll give us leave to take
 The comforts due unto us in our age,
 For which we suffer'd sorrow in our youth !
 Our children are our children young or old.

Dis. So is my horse my horse.

Gar. You have repli'd,
 As *Whilome* did a Councillour at Law,
 Who said his adverse Advocate had pleaded
 To as much purpose as a hen i'th'forehead. (humor,

Dis. *Geron*, th'art welcom. Thou still keepst thy
 Thy travels ha'not chang'd thee. Thou camest home
 As wise as thou wentst out.

Ger. So *Whilome* said,

A miser, having much increas'd his store,
He had as much still as he had before.

Dis. Enough, I'll give thee over.

Thy. O my dear off-spring ; every sight of you
Is a new recompence, and satisfaction
For all the pain and travel of your birth.
In you your fathers memory shall live
Beyond the malice of the grave and death :
And I, when my rejoycing shall be full,
And cannot take addition, freely yeelding
My flesh to dust, shall yet be blest by those
Who shall give testimony to your vertue.

Philar. 'Twere a sufficient spur to noble actions
To be rewarded but with your content,
Which to procure we make our businesse.

Thy. Philocles,
Your brow is clouded. Has the Oracle
Adjudg'd against you. Pray let us partake
The knowledgè of the *Delphian* decree ;
And which of you stands highest in the favour
Of wise *Apollo*, to be husband to
Princess *Eudyna* here the Kingdoms heir.
What speaks the Oracle ?

Philoc. Such a Verdict, Madam,
Requires an *OEdipus* to construe it.
I neither know't, nor am solicitous
After the meaning,

Gar. Wisely spoken, Pupil.
So *Whilome* answered an *Ægyptian* Porter
To one demanding what he bore conceal'd ?

'Tis therefore cover'd that thou shouldst not know.
The cases are alike.

Eud. Pray let us hear it.
Cannot your Tutor *Geron* play the *Hermes*
T'interpret it ?

Gar. I am not *Ænigmatical*.
But all for *Apothegmes*. Besides, I say

(As *Whilome Aristippus* of a Riddle)

It is not safe to loose what being bound
Doth trouble us so much.

Gar. Let me come to't.

Dis. Yes by all means : For as one *Whilome* said
The blinde are best i'th'dark.

Gar. My Lord, your trumps
Are ever shot at me. Blinde as I am,
I perceive that. And make much of your Riddle,
I know both what it can and will come to,
Better without the sight of it, then all
You can, with all your wise constructions.
And so I leave you.

Thy. Not in anger, *Garrula*.

Gar. Madam, you know I know. I must take leave
To take a nap. *Exit.*

Dis. And Governour *Geron*, wait upon your
Trust our cares with your charge. (mother,

Ger. So *Whilome* said
A School boy, when another rais'd his top,
Let me alone, my self can keep it up. *Exit.*

Eud. And now let me entreat that we may hear
The hidden sentence. Happily so many
May guesse at the intent.

Dis. She longs to hear
Which of the two is prick't to be her husband.

Phi. Here it is. If there be any thing.

Dis. Let me be Clerk. I hope at least to read it.

Contend not for the Jewel, which

Ere long shall both of you enrich.

Pursue your Fortune : For tis she

Shall make you what you seem to be.

Apollo, thy great wisdom hath quite fool'd mine.

Philo. Nothing but contradictions.

Thy. As how, *Philocles*.

Philo. He commands here.

Contend not for the Jewel—we agree,

Eudyna

Eudyna is the Jewel—*which shall both of you enrich.*
How shall she enrich us both? Can she be wife to
Then here he bids. (us both?)

Pursue your Fortune.—And we both agree
Eudyna is that Fortune too: she's both
The Jewel we must not contend for; and
The Fortune we must both pursue. Then here
He says tis she shall make us what we seem to be.
What do we seem? we are no Hypocrites
In flesh or spirit; no phantastick bodies
Or shadows of humanity.

Philar. No, *Delphos* is but a den of jugglers which
Abuse divinity, and pretend a God (profanely
Their Patron to authorize their delusions.

Dis. Nephews, the Gods had need be cautious
For what they speak if you may be their Judges.

Thy. What thinks good *Justinus*?

Jus. My Lords, here's two commands;
One, that you not contend to gain the jewel;
The other, that you both pursue your fortune.
Both these commands are thus to be obey'd;
Contend not for her as to violate
Your unexampled friendship, which you are
Renown'd for ore all *Grecce*; And both pursue
Your fortune in her without either's grudge,
At tothers happiness in her choice.

Philar. Noble *Justinus*, thanks.

Philoc. This we can do. (aspire to

Philar. And for the happiness which we both
We here confirm the friendship long since plighted,
Which never shall be broken by *Philargus*.

Eud. Noble *Philargus*.

Philoc. So vows *Philocles*,
'Tis not the cloudy language of the Gods
Shall make our breasts tempestuous or stormy;
But with the same serenity and quiet,
As heretofore our hearts shall mingle still,

And

And fortifie their truce. Let the event
Expound their Ridle. If good, it is our merit ;
If bad, we know our vertue can correct it.
Mean time *Philargus* take the word of *Philocles*,
That though there be no happinefs on earth
I can esteem above *Philargus* friendship,
But fair *Eudyna*'s love, which onely is
The treasure I can covet from *Philargus* ;
And cannot look to live but to enjoy it
Rather then juttle with his friendship, I
Will die to lose it.

Eud. Noble *Philocles*. (*Philocles*,

Philar. You have made my vow, my brother
And friend, which is above it. I will seek
And rather die then fail to gain her love :
But that, and the whole kingdom in addition
Must divide our friendship or affection.
As we are Twins in birth, we'le be in mind
Unto our latest breath. Let *Greece* hereafter
Forget to mention the *Tyndarides*
With their alternate Deities, and tell
Of two *Theffalian* brothers could refuse
A happinefs (which onely is not Heaven)
In detestation of priority ;
Would not be happy, 'cause they might not share
An individual, both Time and Thing.

Eud. Love, and ambition (I have heard men say)
Admit no fellowship ; It holds not here.
These will have neither wife nor crown alone.
They each desire my love ; but neither can
Enjoy't unless he were the other man.
My love is doubly tane, yet must gain neither,
Unless I could enjoy them both together. O, ye
Gods !

Why made ye them two persons, and assign'd
To both but one inseparable mind ?
Or, Why was I mark'd out to be that one,

That

That loves and must embrace, or two, or none ;
O my perplexity. *Sinks.*

Dis. Look to the Princess.

Philar. Madam. How fares the life of goodness.

Philoc. She sinks. Dear Mother, Sister, bring
your aids. *(ance.*

Philar. To keep the world alive give your assist-

Jus. Ye Gods be now auspicious.

Dis. A love-qualm.

To bed with her and call for *Cupid's* aid,
He best can cure the wound that he has made.

Exeunt omnes.

Explicit Actus primus.

ACT 2. SCENE I.

Doris reading a Letter.

Do. My *Lesbia*, my *Cinthia*, my *Licoris* (that's I.
Or (which is best of names) my lovely *Doris*—
I still am thine and cannot commutate,
I am as certain to thee as thy fate.
Tis not my study, or my travails can
Make me to thee appear another man :
Thou may'st affirm of me as *Whilom* did
Xantippe of her husband whom she chid,
Grave *Socrates* regardless of his worth
He still return'd the same that he went forth.
Before I visit thee, thus may'st thou hear on
Thine in the tribulation of love—*Geron.* (again ?
Ha, ha, ha. Old *Whilom Geron*! art thou come
Could *Delphos* not detain, nor the Sea-swallow thee
But I must be in danger to be punish'd (En. *Pla*-
With the porcupine bristles ? Fate deliver me. *cilla.*

Pla. *Doris*, you must be vigilant in attendance,
And see that no man pass this lobby, towards
Her graces lodging. Tis your charge : look to't.

Dor.

Dor. Mistress you know your Mother laid that charge

On me before, and I am ready here
To answer every commer in his kind
Had you forgot it?

Pla. Pardon me, I had; (*Doris.*

But my care hurts not. One thing more good
If my dear brother *Philocles* come to visit,
Prithe call me. Speak, wilt thou.

Do.—help your head.

I must not stir from hence, yet I must come
To call you forth. Away, some body comes.

Pla. I trust unto thee *Doris.* *Exit.*

Dor. What a sick Court is here? Shee's love-
struck too.

I can with half a sense find her disease;
But cannot guess the object of her love.
She keeps the fire so close up in her bosom,
That she will sooner perish by't, then suffer
A spark of it flie out to make discovery.
The Princess she's love-sick for two; and her
Despair of gaining either's her consumption.
But what think I of their loves, when mine own
Is trouble enough? Now the visitants;
My great Lords Howdies are upon the entry,
And the unwelcom'st first *Ent.* Matho.

Ma. Good morrow Lady.

May I crave admittance to the Lady Governess?

Dor. Yes, you may crave it Sir, But not obtain it:
Her nearness to the Princess at this time
Is by so strict necessity requir'd.

Ma. May I prevail then, to impart the duty
I have in charge, unto the Ladies daughter?

Dor. That is the Mistress whom I wait upon,
Though now at remote distance: She attends
Her Mother at this instant, and her Mother
The Princess in much privacy. If I

May

May be thought worthy to receive the knowledge
Of what you have in trust unto the Princess.
It shall be orderly convey'd unto her Grace.

Ma. Lord *Stratocles*, solicitous for glad tydings,
(Beseeching that her Grace be pleas'd to take
The tender of his service ; and affirming
Upon his honour that no rest affects him
Until he shall receive a perfect knowledge
Of her recovery) prayes to be advertis'd
In what condition of health she fares ;
Or to gain leave to visit her himself. (have said

Dor. Sir, you have lost much time : you might
How does the Princess ? And I answer thus,
She is most dangerously sick ; not to be seen
By him or any man.

Ma. Yet let her know
My Lords obsequious care for her recovery.

Dor. I'll tell my Mistress, who shall certify
Unto my Lady, who shall intimate
Unto the Princess what you have left in trust
With me, her Graces hand-maid thrice remov'd.

Ma. I will acquaint my Lord ; who for your care
Shall upon his advancement to the Crown
Give me command, who will give present order
Unto my man for your promotion.
Your diligence deserves it.

Exit.

Dor. My great Lords especially parasite. I am
beholden to you.

Here comes another ; an importunate, *Ent. Tur-*
Though impertinent suitor of mine own. *fulus.*

Ter. My beauteous *Doris*, first my love presented
Unto your self, my Lord *Philargus* craves
To know how fares the Princess.

Dor. This comes nearer
To my regard then tother ; and deserves
A comfortabler answer. She's not well Sir,
But much amended in her health. 'Tis like,

Your

Your Lord (would he approach to visit her)
Shall find a fair admission to her Grace.

Ter. I dare not (to delay my Lord a minute
Of these glad tidings) stay to prosecute
My love-suit to your self.

Dor. No, no; away.

Away good *Terfulus*; and hazard not .
Your Lords, for your own fortunes.

Ter. Yet my *Doris*—— (me.

Dor. Yet again man. *Ter.* Be pleas'd to think of

Dor. I shall, and better of you when you are gone.

Ter. Wing'd with that hope, I fly. *Exit.*

Dor. A pretty nimble fellow and a Taylor. *Ent.*
I could almost affect him, did not this *Varill.*
More supple handed Barber put him by.

Var. Sweet *Doris*! thus, by me Lord *Philocles*
Salutes the Princess. *Kiss.*

Dor. This requires an answer
Of health indeed.

Var. How fares her highness? (Lord.

Dor. Well. Exceeding well, and longs to see your

Var. I'll hast to tell him so.

Dor. Nay, good *Varillus*,
I have not gain'd a conference with you
Since your return from *Delphos*.

Var. At more leisure
I'll tell thee wonders, *Doris*.

Dor. Something now.

Var. Ha'you seen your lover *Geron*, the old tutor,
Since our arrival?

Dor. Here is an Epistle (him.
Came from him to my hands this morning. Hang

Var. Well: he has been the whole mirth of our
journey

In the discovery of his love to you.

His meat, his drink, his talk, his sleep, has all
Been *Doris*, *Doris*, nothing but your remembrance

H

Has

Has been thee trouble of his company ;
 Ile tell the at large hereafter. The fair Princess
 Is well you say.

Dor. She was well when I left her,
 But subject to much passion : She is well
 And ill, and well again all in three minutes.
 Great Ladies may be so. But if I should
 Be sick and well, and sick again and well
 Again as oft as she ; the world would say
 I had it—And had been a courtier, to some purpose.

Var. They would say the Handmaid had been
 handled

Would they ? (talk'd on so.

Dor. Like enough, but great ones must not be

Var. You have detain'd me to my undoing.

See, my Lord !

Enter Philocles.

Dor. Ile send his sister to appease him. *Exit,*

Philo. You have done ill *Varillus* to neglect

A duty of that consequence, that I

Expected in your quick return, was this

A time to loyter ?

Var. My good Lord, the Princess
 Is well again ; restor'd to absolute health.

Philoc. Tis happy news. But why was I delay'd
 In this accompt ? was it too precious for me ?

Redeem your fault by some insuing service,
 Or you may lose a master, that has lov'd you. *Ex.*

I must proceed to gain *Eudinas* love *Var.*

From my *Philargus* or I loose my self.

And gaining it, I must forgo *Philargus*,

And equally be lost. O sister, welcome. *Enter*

I must request your aid. *Placilla.*

Pla. In any thing

Wherein I may be useful, best of brothers.

Philoc. I would intreat you be my advocate
 In love unto *Eudina*—O, but hold,
 Shall I be treacherous unto my brother ?

A brother! What's a brother? A meer name;
 A title which we give to those that lodg'd
 In the same womb; so bedfellowes are brothers;
 So men, inhabiting one town, or countrey
 Are brothers too: for though the place containing
 Be greater, the relation is the same.
 A friend! I that's the thing I violate, (sacred,
 Then which, nor earth nor heaven hath ought more
 Tis my *Philargus*, nay my self I injure,
 If I content my self.

Pla. Why, brother *Philocles*—

Did I say brother? How my tongue conspires
 To torture me! If Brother be a naked
 Title or name (as he suggests) I would
 It had nor being, name, nor title. *Philocles*
 Y'are passionate.

Philoc. Fond reason I disclaim thee,
 Love is a strain beyond thee, and approaches
 The Gods estate: Friendship's a moral vertue
 Fitter for disputation, then observance.

Eudina. O *Eudina*! In what price
 Art thou with me, for whom I cast away
 The Souls whole treasury Reason and Vertue?

Placilla, you must wo *Eudina* for me;
 Do you startle at it? Pray do't, as you love me.

Pla. If I were she you should not need an advocate.

Philoc. I charge you by this kifs.—

Pla. Your wages

Corrupts your agent to be false. O whither;
 Into what Sands will the rash Pilot, Love?
 Drive this weak vessel? did I call it Love?
 Tis footy, hellish fire; unlawful flame:
 Yet such as we may easier tax, then tame.

Philoc. What troubles you *Placilla*? O you are
 Already entertain'd to mediate
 For him you better love, *Philargus*, do:
 He best deserves her; Ile wo for him too. *Enter Doris.*

Dor. Madam, my Lady calls for you? My Lord The Princess has tane notice of your visit. *Exit Plac.* And wishes you draw nearer if you please. (seet.

Philoc. I meet that wish with swift, but fearful My joyes are bitter, and my woes are sweet. *Exit.*

Dor. I have heard men say when they on gamesters look

(Though equally affected to both parties,
Or both were strangers to'em yet) they'l yeeld
A secret inclination which should win.

I am for *Philocles*, now, against *Philargus*,
Who is as noble, and as free to me,

As ever *Philocles* was. But tarry *Doris*;

You have a bett upon the game I take it,

Your love unto *Varillus*. If his Lord

Rise to a Kingdom, you may hope to climbe

The ladder of a Ladyship by the man.

But not too fast: Here's one pursues the game

That is as like to win. Why if he does?

Enter Philargus.

His follower *Terfulus* loves me past *Varillus*,

And may as much advance me. But I love not

Him, And the love of honour above husbands

Has been so common among Ladies, that

The fashions stale and ougly.

Philar. So't must be.

And so by transposition of my love

I shall be quiet, and *Philocles* double happy

Doris, go seek my mother, and perceive

If I may see the Princess.

Dor. Yes my Lord.

Exit.

Philar. Love, thou art well compar'd to fire,
which where

It doth obey and serve being commanded

By higher powers of the soul, it fares

Like to the stone or jewel of a ring,

Which joyns the orb, and gives it price and luster:

So

So glorious is that love, so necessary.
 But, where it rules and is predominant,
 It tiranizeth ; Reason is imprison'd ;
 The will confined ; and the memory
 (The treasury of notions) clean exhausted ;
 And all the senses slavishly chain'd up
 To act th'injunctions of insulting love,
 Pearch'd on the beauty of a woman. Thou
 Masculine love, known by the name of friendship
 Art peaceful and morigerous : But that
 Of woman, is imperious and cruel.
 Why should I then lose *Philocles* for *Eudina* ?

Ent. Eudina. Thymile Eudi. reading a letter

Why ? Can I look on her and ask a Reason ?
 O the divinity of woman ! sure
 There is no heaven without'em. If the Gods
 Should thrust out *Jove* as he depos'd his Father
 And elect me to be their thonderer
 I'd not drink Nectar to forgo *Eudina*.

Thy. Fie, fie *Philargus*, y'are a slugish Lover.
 I have been careful for you, yea and partial
 Against your brother *Philocles*, to prefer
 Your love to his : And you to suffer him
 A whole hour opportunity before you !

Philar. Has he been here ?

Thy. And is. Onely for you
 I have beguil'd him of her pefence, that
 Till you have made first presentation
 Of love to her he fhall have no accefs.

Philar. Now *Philocles*, I fuffer in thy injury ;
 And to proceed in it were treachery.
 I would retire—But that magnetique beauty
 To which are chain'd thousands of hearts and eyes
 Has captiv'd mine : nor muft I feem to flight
 A mothers care. She's not the first (tis known)
 That of two fons hath beft affected one. (*Princeffe.*)

Thy. Why move you not *Philargus* towards the

Philar. Madam, you see she's busy. *Eud. throws*

Eud. Stratocles—— *away the Let-*

May thy ambition hoist thee into air ; *ter.*

And thy loose wings, like thy licentious paper,

There failing thee, let fall thy vicious body

To earth, as here thy name lies to be trod on.

Philargus, you are welcome.

Philar. Princely Madam,

That language from you gracious lips is powerful

To save him from the grave, that onely lives

By your free favours.

Eud. Nay, my dear *Philargus*,

I thought me nearer to you, then that you

Should rove at me with Courtship. *Stratocles*

(The emblem of whose pride lies there in paper)

Shot from afar indeed ; yet, like a Jove

(A self-conceited one) presum'd to strike

Love by command into me by his Letters.

Philar. I cannot flatter pride, nor undervalue

Abilities. 'Tis true that *Stratocles*

Has been a useful servant to the State ;

But, doubtless he would make as ill a Master.

Eud. No more of him.

Philar. Nor more be thought of him.

And therefore Madam, by your fair command,

To avoid all Court-circumlocutions,

I tender thus my service, and crave hearing.

Eud. You have it freely.

Thy. To avoid all lets,

I will withdraw my self.

Exit.

Philar. The King has graciously been pleas'd
in lieu

Of my slain fathers services ; and for love

To us his sons, (by us much undeserv'd)

To recommend unto your noble choice

My brother and my self. You standing doubtful

Whether to chuse, we to avoid dispute

Of

Of violating friendship, did implore
The Council of the Oracle to direct
You in th' election. But the hidden fence
In the dark sentence hath perplext both you
And us with more anxiety.

Eud. It is too true. (is free

Philar. Yet you are not prescrib'd ; your choice
To take your lot in *Philocles* or me.
We both, by strong injunction must pursue
Your sacred Love, yet keep our friendship true.
Then thus illustrious Madam.

Eud. Not so low.

Philar. As low as future duty must compel me,
When you shall be my Queen, let me beseech
The favour that I seek and would obtain,
Equal with heavenly blifs, to shine on *Philocles*.

Eud. That he may be your King ?

Philar. May he prove so.

Eud. Be all example lost.

Philar. Friendship, with favour, may
Hold between King and Subject : But one throne
Cannot estate two Kings ; Love's number's one.

Eud. O my *Philargus*, you have open'd now
The meaning of the Oracle. I have the fence
Most perfectly. You have beyond example
Preserv'd your friendship with your brother ; and
In wooing for him have won me to your self.
I am your own. *She kisses him.*

Philar. I am amidst the Gods.

The wealth o'th'world, the beauty of the Heavens,
And powers of both shall not redeem my interest.
—Provided that I lose not *Philocles*.

Enter Philo. Thy. Pla.

Eud. In that your constancy you win me more.

Thy. Your importunity hath prevail'd. See

Philocles,

The Princess, and *Philargus*.

Philoc. O, you are partial. *He sinks.*

Pla. O help, my brother ; speak, dear *Philocles.*

Philar. Ye Gods, how comes this? Let me
raise him up,

Brother, and friend ; speak, 'tis *Philargus* calls thee.

Philoc. *Philargus*, let me go. 'Tis your advantage. (bance,

Eud. Let me request the cause of your disturbance
Good *Philocles.*

Philo. No other but my self.

Honour'd *Eudyna* : For, who feeds to danger

Upon a dish he loves, ought not to blame

The meat, but his unbridled appetite.

Pla. How do you now? What a cold moisture
Spreads ore his temples here.

Eud. Let me come to him.

Thy. I can read his grief.

Eud. What's that to the redress? (knowes

Thy. The *Delphian* God, medicines inventor
That and not I.

Eud. His grief's a jealous passion

Upon my suppos'd favour to *Philargus*.

Shake it off *Philocles*, I am thine, as much

As ere I was, or his.

Philoc. It is no jealousy

Onely a fear *Philargus* had broke friendship :

So my souls better part exited, left

The other languishing.

Philar. Had you expir'd

In that belief, and I had understood it,

My shadow should have posted after yours

Unto the *Elisian* fields to vindicate

So causeless imputation.

Thy. And because

You charg'd my son with partiality

Let us remove, *Philargus*, come *Placilla.* *gus.*

Eud. You will not take him from me. Stay *Philar-*
Thy.

Thy. What would you do with both ?

Philar. I may not stir,

When she, whose power above me countermands
The precepts of the Gods requires my stay.

Thy. What not to give your brother *Philocles*
An opportunity for equal hearing ?
Your grace will not deny't him.

Eud. True, I may not. (above,

Philar. That spell convinces all. Friendships
And must controul obedience, and love. *Exit with*
Tis not to injure thee my dear *Philargus*, *Thym.* &
That here I linger, to oppose thy love ; *Placil.*
But to prefer it.

Eud. What sayes *Philocles* ?

Philoc. To say I love you, Madam, with a zeal
That dares to meet the tryal of Martyrdom,
And suffer't for your sake, might get a name,
A glorious one, and an immortal Crown :
Yet so I should forgo (in leaving you
On earth, a heaven on it) the blifs,
Which, grieving, I should in *Elisium* miss.
No, I will love you better then to die,
And be mine own chief mourner ; yet must crave,
Under your gracious favour, leave to suffer
More then a thousand deaths, that is, to live
And part with my fair hopes in you for ever.

Eud. What means my *Philocles* ?

Philoc. Princely Madam,
Consider the necessity, which now
By further search I gather from the hidden
Oraculous perduit ; by which I am tied
Not to contend for you, that is, I must not
Wound friendship in *Philargus* : But pursue
My fortune, which is to gain love from you.
For whom it sayes not, but the meanings plain,
I for *Philargus* should your love obtain.
The Gods deal after as they please with me,

(c)

My fate is that you take *Philargus*.

Eud. O—

Philocles you have made a double conquest

For you have got the victory of me

Which was before assign'd unto *Philargus*.

Your fortune thus embraces you. *She kisses him.*

Philoc. This now,

And with *Philargus* friendship were to me

A fortune 'bove the envy of the Gods.

Eud. He cannot disallow't. He woo'd me for you,
And won me to himself, as you have now
Suing for him.

Philoc. I must not hold you then.

His title, as his friendship precedes mine.

Eud. Yet still the choice is mine. I may take you
Without offence to him. But now he comes,

Ent. Philar. Thy. Pla.

And has again an equal interest,

Strange love! In others absence I took either

And lov'd each best; Now both at once appear,

Neither is mine. Fate, let me die to one

Rather than live in this confusion.

Thy. Now madam, whethers love do you approve.

Eud. Confound me not with question. They are each
Wedded to others friendship: Either is
More studious for the other than himself.

Philar. And ever must.

Philoc. And will be.

Eud. So will I

For both of you then for my self.

Thy. Alas.

Eud. Then let's continue thus with Maiden love,
With modest freedom, unsuspected joyes,
As we had all been formed in one womb,
Till Heaven determine of us.

Ent. King and

King. To determine

Eupathus.

Of you *Eudyna*, is by heaven committed

In

In present unto me. On you depends
The future glory and prosperity,
Both of my house and Kingdom. 'Tis besides,
Exacted of me by my near Allies,
And by my Subjects (whom I must secure)
To constitute a Successor : And no longer
Will I expect your answer, then five dayes.
By then you must declare who is your husband ;
Or else expect one from my self ; the man
Whose name I am as loth to mention
As you to hear, even *Stratocles*.

Eud. Nay, death first.

King. Be you obedient ; and by the way,
Take my approvement of Lord *Philocles*,
Not that I slight *Philargus*.

Eud. Here's a mystery too,
As dark as that from *Delphos*. He approves
My choice of *Philocles*, slighting not *Philargus*. (to

King. Come both you equal brothers ; leave her
Her thoughts awhile.

Ambo. In all obedience. *Ex. King, &c.*

Thy. What strange amazement hath surpriz'd
you Madam ?

No study, nor no strife can alter fate
Or the decrees, the Gods determinate.
A husband you shall have, be confident.
Be, as you were ; secure of the event,
Till time produce it.

Pla. Madam, be your self. (I have

Eud. Yet five dayes for love's war. *Jove* grant
By then, to end the strife, a peaceful grave.

Explicit Actus secundus.

ACT 3. SCENE I.

Garrula. Geron.

Gar. Would you thus offer, by your own disease
To

To shorten your Mothers dayes ? Or can you pine
And I not grieve ? or cannot grief kill me
Do you think ?

Ger. A wise Philosopher *Whilome* did affirm,
That women who have past the fire of love (move.
Have hearts, which grief can neither pierce, ne

Gar. Son, your Philosophy fails you, as your love
Blinds you : For *Cupids* fire I know may be
Quench'd by old age : But grief's unquenchable.

Sips her bottle.

My tongue still falters with me (there's my grief)
And there are not so many fadoms 'twixt

A womans tongue and heart, but grief may find
The bottom, but for care to keep it up

By sending down an Antidote before it. *Sips again.*

Ger. But *Whilom* did the love-sick Poet prove,
No antidote against the power of Love. (saws,

Gar. Forbear your *Whiloms*, and your old said
And since you are in love, and by that love
Grown sick with the concealment.

Ger. As *Whilom*

Th' *Athenian* boy who stole a fox did hide
Under his coat his theft from being descried
Until it tore his Gentals—his intrals
I should have said.

Gar. No more I say
Of your disease, but to the cure, which is
The love of *Doris*. How ha'you try'd her, son.

Ger. By oratory, Epistles, and by gifts
Which *Whilome Ovid* said were best of shifts.

Gar. Yes, such a gift it might be, and so fastened.

Ger. But she, as *Whilom* said *Anominus*
Retorteth all with scorn injurious. (seek

Gar. Yet will you leave your *Whiloms* ? And go
My Lady Governess ? say I would speak with her.

Ger. But *Whilome* said *Diogenes* (tis true)
To one that would, I will not speak with you.

Car.

Gar. Will you say as I say ; and do as y'are bidden ?

It is not her great Lady-ships daughters hand-maid
Shall scorn my son while I know what I know.
If you love *Doris*, run and tell her so.

Ger. For *Doris* love, as *Whilome Dædalus*,
I will take wing. But see I am prevented.

Ent. Thymile.

Thy. O *Garrula* ! well found, I was in quest of you.

Gar. And I was eene a sending for you, Madam.

Thy. What an imperious beldam's this. But I
Must humour her. Sending for me do you say ?
For what, good *Garrula*.

Gar. Sending for you ? Yes Madam, so I said,
And sai't again. What, what, I know what I know.
You know I do ; and that there is no such
Distinction 'twixt the honours of your birth
And place ; and mine of age and knowledge, but
You might vouchsafe the summons when I send.

Thy. What needs this *Garrula* ? I am here you see.

Gar. You know I know, and have deserv'd some
I do not boist for what. You know. (favors,

Thy. O me !

Who trust those secrets whereon honour rests
To custody in Mercenary breasts
Do slave nobility ; and though they pay
A daily ransom, nere redem't away.
Pray let us be more private, though indeed
I love your son for his great care of mine.

Gar. O, do you so ? Go forth son *Geron*, till
I call. All shall go well Ile warrant thee.

Ger. *Whilom*, so

Said a Physitian, meaning to restore,
And kill'd the Patient was but sick before. *Exit.*

Thy. Why *Garrula* do you maintain a strife
Still in my grieved mind 'twixt hope and fear ?
Cannot so many years of my known kindness

Win

Win yet a confidence of secreſie.

You are as deeply bound by oath too as my ſelf.

Gar. I do confeſs my oath, and would not break
Yet, Madam, as you are a woman, you (it ;
May know a broken oath, is no ſuch burthen
As a great ſecret is ; beſides the tickling
A woman has to in and out with't. Oh
The tongue itche is intollerable ! And were I
A woman of tongue, as moſt are of my calling
(Though Midwives ha'been held the beſt at ſecret
Council keeping) it had been out I fear.

Thy. But ſtill take heed dear *Garrula*.

Gar. Yes Madam.

Yet there are kindneſſes requir'd on your part.

Thy. Have I not ſtill been kind ? (tongue

Gar. My memory ſerves me ; and but that my
Now falters with me—I could recount *Sips.*
All the rewards I have had from time to time,
Since you tranſlated me from a Country houſwife,
Into the Midwife Royal ; what in Gowns,
In Gold, in Jewels, Chains and Rings ; and (which
I prize 'bove all) my ſyrrops and my ſippings. *Sips*

Thy. Your place of honour in the Court—

Gar. What, what ?

I hope I had that before i'the Kings favour,
As his Queens Midwife. She is in *Elifium*. *Sips.*

Thy. Then *Garrula* your learned ſons preferment,
Tutor and Governour to my Sons.

Gar. Thereby

Hangs a tale, Madam. Now I come to th'point ;
My ſon affects your daughters hand-maid *Doris*,
Who flights his love. I muſt now by your power
Obtain her for my Son.

Thy. Be confident,

Though I confeſs I hold her worthleſs of him.

Gar. I tell him ſo ; But love has blinded him.
Ho *Geron*, I fay *Geron*, come and hear. *Ent. Geron.*
Ger.

Ger. So *Whilome* prisoners have been cal'd to
come

From dungeon deep to hear a blacker doom.

Thy. *Geron*, be comforted. By all my power,
Doris shall be your own.

Ger. Then *Whilome*, as

Ovid by his *Corynna* sweet, said o— *Ent. Doris.*
She comes, she comes. My joyes do overflow.

Thy. Now *Doris*, what portends your hast? Speak
Maid,

Is it to *Geron*, or to me, your business?

Dor. His ill looks, had almost made me miscarry't.
Madam, the Princess instantly desires
Your company.

Thy. But by her Graces favour,
And your leave, *Doris*, I will trench so far
On both your patiences, and for your good,
As to be witness of an interchange
Of some few words twixt *Geron* and your self.
Why look you from him so? he loves you, *Doris*.

Dor. That's more then I ere knew, or read, by all
He speaks or writes to me. He cloaths his words
In furies and hoods, so, that I cannot find
The naked meaning of his business, Madam.

Thy. Speak plainly to her, *Geron*.

Ger. To her Son.

Ger. My business is the same, that *Whilome* drew
Demosthenes to *Corinth*, some repentance,
So I pay not too dear.

Dor. Lo you there, Madam.

Ger. You must speak plainer, Son.

Thy. And be you kinder, *Doris*.

Dor. But not so kind, good Madam, as to grant
I know not what.

Ger. O forfeit not the praise
That *Whilome Aristotle* gave your Sex,
To be enrich'd with piety and pitty.

Dor. I know not what to pitty, but your want
Of utterance. It is some horrid thing
That you desire, and are asham'd to speak it.

Ger. No, gentle *Doris*, nothing but the thing,
Whereby great *Alexander Whilome* said,
He knew himself a mortal, and no God,
Coition—

Dor. Be it what it will ; I cannot
Give what I understand not. Y'are too aloof.

Gar. There's comfort, Son. And I'll give thee in—
To come more close to her. (instructions)

Thy. I'll ease your care,
And be my self his Agent. Hee's too learned,
Geron, you speak too learnedly, as if
You woo'd a Muse : And *Doris* understands not,
But by your posture, what you'd have. I'll put
Your meaning into womans words ; and such
As shall be sure to speed. But first I'll wait
Upon the Princess. *Garrula*, will you go ? (know.)

Gar. And thank you for my Son : But still—I

Thy. Nay, I will do't *Geron*, be confident.

Ger. I thank your Ladyship as much as they
Who *Whilome*—— *Whilome*——

Dor. Knew not what to say.

Gar. He's overjoy'd.

Thy. Go *Geron*, lead the way *Exeunt. omnes.*

ACT 3. SCENE 2.

King. Stratocles. Disanius. Justinus.

King. Pray trouble me no further. I have said,
That if in five dayes space she make not choice
Of one of those whom (I must tell you *Stratocles*)
She loves, and I prefer before you, then
I'll weigh your suit and reasons ; and till then
I say't again, you are a trouble to me. (me,

Str. A trouble Sir ? That were a time that knew
A trouble to your enemies, not you,
When this same lump of earth (which now's a
trouble) Stood

Stood a sole Bulwark of your Realm ; repelling
Arms of foes ; throwding your fearful Subjects
Under my shield ; guarding your fields and Vine-
yards

From desolation ; your Palaces from ruine ;
And am I now a trouble ?

Dis. Stratocles,

You lose the glory of your deeds by blazing
Your own renown. He that commends himself,
Speaks upon trust, and is his hearers slave.

Str. Peace, envy, and be thankful for thy life
Which thy tongue forfeits.

Just. Let my mildness tell you,
You are irreverent before the King,
Who has not been forgetful of your worth,
Nor slow in your reward. Then moderate
Your heat with counsel ; and be first assistant
Unto the publick good : So shall you merit
The first regard in honours and affairs
Of private nature.

Sar. So.

King. This Oracle

Troubles me not a little. I had thought
Thereby to have declin'd this weighty care
From my declining shoulders, and have given
My countrey satisfaction, and my self,
In chusing of a son and successor.
But I am prisoner in the Labyrinth
Of the God's verdict.

Just. Their sublimity

In matters of the future seldom stoops
To humane apprehension ; yet vouchsafes
To answer our demands : but chides withall
Our too much incense with obscurity.
Your grace however may presume, where they
Shal deign to spend a word, and take an offering.
It is a certain augury of good.

King. Thou hast allay'd my fear. *Justinus* come,
Lead me thy brains assistance. For in thee
I find a temper that accords with me.

Exit King Just.

Dis. Souldier, I dare yet tell thee thou art rash ;
Foolish as valliant ; and as easily may'ft
For all thy loftiness be undermin'd
As the base bramble : Boasting weaknes, thee
And promising Ambition leads thee up
An earthly exhalation into th'air ;
Where with a little borrow'd light, one moment,
Thou shin'ft the mark and wonder of all eyes ;
But soon consum'd and darted to the Center,
Becom'ft the scorn of men and sport of Children.

Str. You are oth sect of Cinicks, and have learn'd
To bark Philosophy.

Dis. Then shall you hear
Your now adorning multitude upbraid
Your insolence and pride, and gain the name
Of Prophets by your downfall, while one swears
He had foretold it long ; Another dreamt it ;
All joyntly cry we never could indure him ;
See what a look he has ; what brawny lips ;
What poysonous eyes ; and what an impudent front !

Str. You will out-run your priviledge of prating
And suffer for't.

Dis. I am too prodigal
Of feed upon so flinty soyl as thou.
Be as thou art, and perish.

Str. Ignorant wretch,
That out of all thy bookish *Theory*
Knowes not the foul to be Aerial
And of a soaring nature ; not unlike
The noble Falcon that will never cease
To work 'bove all that tops her. The supream
Estate on earth, and next unto the Gods
Is majesty ; and that's my present gain,

Though

Though I have all but that, yet wanting that
 All is as none to me : And since my way
 Must be upon the Ruins (sowre *Difanius*)
 Of thee, and of thy glories in thy Nephews
 The Kings dear darlings, for whose pretious fakes
 I must attend five dayes (yet be a trouble)
 I'll travail through your bloods : Thy self has
 The quicker motion by thy timely envy. (gi'n me
 Thou hast set spurs to the pale horse of death,
 That into dust shall trample all those lets
 Which stand twixt me and the *Theffalian* Crown,
 Upon whose back I'll set this Rider. *Enter*

Mat. My soveraign Lord. *Matho.*

Str. I like that compellation :
 Thou stil'st me as thou wishest me, on whom
 Depends thy consequent advancement, *Matho.*
 But we but dream of soveraignty and sleep
 To the Atchievement : something must be done
 With waekful eyes and ready hands my *Matho.*

Mat. Now my King speaks himself. Let but
 your eye
 Find out the way these ready hands shall act
 The strength of your designs. I can perceive
 That now the labour of your *Jove*-like brain
 Is bringing forth the *Pallas*, shall inspire
 Me, to perform the work of my advancement.

Str. Tis not yet ripe for the delivery,
 But thou shalt quickly have it. Follow me. *Exit.*

ACT 3. SCENE 3.

Eudina. Thymele. Placilla.

Eud. Good Madam, let me be excus'd. The mirth
 You offer'd to allay or quench my sorrows
 Might have been well receiv'd at former times :
 But now it is unseasonable.

Thy. Yet think on't, Madam,

How gravely *Geron* goes, and with what scorn
The wanton Girl recoyles.

End. Good, speak no more on't. (*Doris,*

Thy. Then Beldame *Garrula's* reasons urging
Shewing how either of his pupils grace
In your electing *Philocles* or *Philargus*,
Though to them doubtful, is a sure advancement
To her by *Geron*.

End. Still you move like those
That do in merry tales mis-spend their breath
To those that are that day mark'd out for death.

Thy. You may not say so (Madam) tis in you
By taking one, to give new life to two ;
Your self, and if you'll give me leave to name
The other, be it *Philargus* : or if chance
Shall favour better, *Philocles* or him,
Let it be him that gives you the first visit.

End. That were to fancy in our selves an Oracle ;
Or to give fortune power, to execute
The judgement of the *Delphian* God.

Thy. Who knowes
But that his Oracle would have it so.

Pla. Was it for that you now sent for *Philargus*.
Aside.

Thy. Say, shall it be so Madam ; or suppose so ?

End. This pleases better yet then *Geron's* wooing.
Praythee *Placilla* sing And may thy voice
Attract him that may prove the happier choice.

Pla. Ile try my best in notes, and what they want
Ile strive to make effectual in my wishes. (weights

End. Thanks kind *Placilla*.—But the leaden
Of sleep oppresses mine eye-lids, and I shall not hear
thee. (better.

Thy. Yet sit, and let her sing : you'll sleep the
Placilla Sings. After a strain or two, *Eudina*
sleeps, and enters, as a vision at the several doors,
Philargus and *Philocles* ; They meet and embrace
affectionately :

affectionately: then whisper awhile: Then suddenly start off, and draw their swords: menace each other, and severally depart. The song ended, Eudina affrightedly starts up.

Eud. Stay *Philocles*, stay *Philargus*. Let not
fury

Lead you to end that difference with your swords,
Which onely fits my life to satisfie.

Thy. What means your Grace.

Eud. Pursu'em, with prevention,
Before they meet again, or one or both
Must perish; did you not observe their challenge,
And eithers daring other to the field?

Thy. Who Madam, where? and when?

Eud. Now; here; your sons.

How can you ask?

Thy. Because we were awake
And saw nothing.

Pla. Collect your spirits Madam; you slept.

Eud. It was an omenous dream then.

Thy. And of good,

I dare divine it Madam. And now see *Enter Philar-*
Whom fortune first hath sent to be your choice. *gus.*
Philargus, you have won the glorious prize.

Philar. But dos the glory of the world, *Eudina*,
grant it.

Eud. My affrightment shakes me still—

O my *Philargus*, I am now inspir'd
Sure by a vision from the Gods, with knowledge,
That, in my choice of you, or *Philocles*,
I shall become the ruin of you both. (friendship

Philar. Tis not in fate to wound our common

Eud. Tis better in my self to kill the danger.

Philar. The Gods avert such purposes. If you
Deprive the world of your fair self, then we
Both fall by necessary consequence.

But what are we? This *Theffaly* must suffer.

The King must yield, to see a new and strange
 Succession appointed to his Crown ;
 And by his subjects, not himself.

End. Tis that

Deters me : yet let me prevail *Philargus*
 (To quit me of my fears) that ere I passe
 My faith unto a husband, your and *Philocles*,
 Before the Gods, your Mother, and my self,
 Once more, do celebrate your vow of Friendship.
 And let me be excus'd in this : for I
 Must tell you, dear *Philargus*, that tho' now
 My love be fixt on one of you (albeit
 I name not which) I will not take him with
 Least scruple of a fear of losing him
 Again by th'others spight ; nor leave that other
 Lesse lov'd by me, then now he is, for ever ;
 And tho but one can be possess'd of me
 One friendship, yet, must marry us all three.

Philar. The Gods have spoke it in you ; it is their
 Divine injunction ; Madam, I obey it,
 And dare engage as much for *Philocles*.

Thy. This is most fair : now, till you meet, tis fit
 You fall on lighter purposes for your health.
 Son, here was mirth to day ; although the Princessse
 Relish'd it not.

Philar. I heard of *Gerons* love
 To his fair *Doris*. We are now become
 His Tutors, Madam, to be amorous.

Thy. *Placilla*, come you hither. I observe
 A change in you of late ; and do suspect
 The Reason. What ! Do you blush at my suspicion ?
 Nay then you mak't my knowledge. You are in
 Love.

I'll yet come nearer you. I guesse with whom :
 And at fit time I'll school you for't.

End. Come Madam ;
 Now if you please wee'l take some ayr. *Philargus*
Craves

Craves leave to seek his brother.

Philar. Yes Madam. (displeas'd :

Thy. I wait o'your Grace. Nay, do not look
I tell you Girl, there is danger in it. *Exit Eud.*

Philar. Stay *Placilla.* *Thym.*

What ! has my Mother chid you. I'll not question
Her Reason, nor your fault ; but pray thee sister
If *Philocles* approach to see the Princeffe
Ere my return, tell him I stay at's lodging,
First, to confer with him.

Pla. I will my brother.

Philar. Introth thou weepst. Therefore to com-
fort you,

Because I know by some infallible signes,
You are more tender of his Love then mine.

He stands in equal competition yet
With me for fair *Eudina*. And if Fortune
Allots her me, I'll be as kind a brother
And stil the same to you as *Philocles*.

I pray thee dry thine eyes.

Ent. Matho disguised with a letter.

Mat. If a disguis'd face and a counterfeit hand
Ever prevail'd, may these in this plot speed.

My Lord, I had this in charge to render to you.

Philarg. reads. Ex. Matho.

Pla. I am discover'd in my lawlesse love.

Remember, *Cupid*, whom thou makest thy Anvil ;
A poor weak virgin. If thou art a God,
Be just and reasonable. It favours not
Of justice, to provoke incestuous flames,
Nor Reason to enforce an Ardency
Of things impossible. Let me not burn
With neighbouring fire, which, to enjoy, I must
Therefore dispair because it is so near.

Philar. Ha ! where's this fellow ? is he gone ?

Pla. Yes, brother. (lence !

Philar. Tis *Philocles* his hand ! An eager chal-

A challenge, and to me, his friend and Brother.
 Now *Oracle*, where's your Riddle? Answer me,
Apollo's fiddle-stick. O ye *Delphian* Priests,
 You hang religion up, like painted cloaths
 Before unseemly walls, to cloak their filth
 And palliate their wicked misteries.

Pla. How do you brother?

Philar. Sick in *Philocles*.

You'll hear more of his kindness to you shortly. *Exit.*

Pla. He suspects too, with much displeasure, my
 Unreasonable Love to *Philocles*.

But why should we be Reasons followers
 With loss of liberty? which of the Creatures
 Allayes his heat toward any of his kind,
 'Cause the same belly gave them being? They
 Observe no difference of Sire, or Dam,
 Brother, or Sister, being mature for love.
 Ah, whither am I going? Bestial thoughts
 Forth of my bosom; Leave me not my Soul,
 Or my soules better part, my reason. Oh
 It was returning but a flaming shaft *Enter Philocles*.
 Of love has set it's Mansion afire
 And frights it back again.

Philoc. Placilla. Sister.

Pla. That name of Sister, like a violent cold
 Upon an extream heat, feavers my blood
 To death.

Philoc. Me thinks you are sad and troubled sister.
 Why thus alone? Or have you entertain'd
 That troublesome companion, Love? Come tell me,
 I can advise you very learnedly:
 For *Cupids* Scholars are more exquisite
 In giving counsel then in using it.

Pla. How shall I answer him? I dare not look on.

Philoc. Why are you sad.

Pla. Out of conformity
 Unto the present garb: I have assum'd

Onely

Onely a veil of fadness.

Philoc. Thou art onely happy,
Whose sorrow is but outward, as a stranger
Call'd to be present at a funeral
Clads himself like the rest, is serious,
And silent with a countenance dejected,
And *Testudineous* pace ; but has not tears,
Nor groanings for a loss to him unknown :
The Obsequies performed uncloaths himself
Of griefe and weeds together. But my sister,
You are not pleas'd to talk upon this subject.
Where is the Princess ? (nests.

Pla. He's given me now a Colour for my sad-
The Princess is retir'd ; She has been troubled
With a most fearful dream of a Duello
Betwixt you and *Philargus* to be fought.

Philoc. With friendly Courtesies ?

Pla. Nay, with swords she said.

Philoc. Ha, ha, ha.

Pla. *Philargus* hath been with her, and to him
She told her fears, enjoyning him, that both
Of you should come, and jointly before her
Declare your constant friendship.

Philoc. That's soon done.

Pla. But trust me Sir, I fear *Philargus* took not
All as she meant it ; for at his departing,
He look'd displeas'dly ; and, when I demanded
His healths condition, he said he was sick
In *Philocles*.

Philoc. In *Philocles* his absence,
As I am in his. That was his meaning sister.

Pla. Pardon my fear ; which is, that hee's not
friends w'ye.

Philoc. Away, your fear has made you idle.

Pla. No.

It is my love, in that black horror clad,
Which will, before it leaves me, make me mad. *Exit.*

Philoc.

Philoc. Ile seek him out. *Enter Matho disguis'd,*

Math. My Lord, I was commanded *a Letter.*

To convey these into your Lordships hands.

Philoc. By whom were you imploy'd ?

Math. My Lord 'twas not

The man that mov'd me. For I know him not ;

But the reward. I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*

Philoc. My brother write. Ha ! Are we at such distance ?

Thou art no Prophetefs, *Placilla*, art thou ?

He Reads.

Brother Philocles, we are the laughing stock of the Nation ; and injurious both to the King, our Country, the divine Eudina, and our selves, by our childish love. The time is short, meet me, (I conjure you by our Friendship) within three hours, in the North vale of Tempe ; where it shall be the Gods election to take one of us, and leave the other for Eudina. Expostulate not with your self, much less with me otherwise then by weapon, or never expect to see your Brother Philargus.

O Gods and men ! where shall we go to find

Friendship and truth ? Bee't so : For in th'event

We may be happy both : But with this ods ;

One with *Eudina*, tother with the Gods. *Exit.*

Explicit Actus Tertius.

ACT 4. SCENE I.

Varillus. Tersulus.

Var. We should love one another, brother *Tersulus*,
More inwardly, and be in friendship true (*sulus*,
As our Lords are. Prithee let their example
Piece up all difference betwixt us.

Ter. Piece up,

I know your meaning and your jear *Varillus*,

In

In your piece up. (Taylor,

Var. Fie on thy jealousy. 'Cause thou art a
How ere a Gentleman by place, thou think'st
I fear thy quality.

Ter. You should not. For
Look back unto the worlds beginning ; there
You'll find a Taylor was before a Barber.

Var. Nay if you go to rip up old Antiquity.

Ter. Rippe ! there he is again.

Var. You may as well
Collect, that the first man (who you suggest
Was his own Taylor) was his own Barber first.

Ter. As how ?

Var. Do you think he did not scratch his head
In casting how to fashion out his breeches ?
And that's in part, you know, the Barbers office.

Ter. The scratching of the head.

Var. And still
In use 'mongst Taylors on themselves. But note
The foul corruptions brought in by Time ;
Of old they did but rub invention up,
How to contrive their work : But now their heads
Wrists, fingers, all have got an itch by't, which
Nothing but stealing can allay ; though that
Can never cure it.

Ter. Lying and stealing went
Of old together : now they are shar'd it seems
Between the Barber and the Taylor.

Var. Sharp. (Barber,

Ter. Your instruments are sharp as mine, Sir
And you can pick more out of your Lords ears
Then I take from his Garments with my sheers.

Var. Agree good brother, or would we had *Doris*
To stickle twixt us.

Ter. There y'are afore me too. (in most things,

Var. But come, Lords followers are their Apes
Why should not we be as friendly Rivals, now

In

In *Doris* Love, as are our Lords in the
Princess *Eudinas*. We will take up a fashion. *Enter*

Dor. *Varillus*, where's your Lord? *Doris.*

Var. I know not *Doris*.

Dor. *Terfulus*, where's yours?

Var. I know not *Doris*.

Dor. You Eccho one another. Y'are commanded
Both by the Princess and the Governess
To seek'em out.

Both. Your love commands our stay.

Dor. Coupled together? Go yet one of you.
You I can spare best.

Var. Why him?

Dor. You then.

Ter. Why him?

Dor. Do you conspire? I will return your care.

Ter. Nay gentle *Doris* stay. For, tis in vain
To seek our Lords. They are both rod singly forth
To take the Air. Mine an hour since.

Var. Mine even now. I came but since to call
My brother *Terfulus*.

Dor. Your brother *Terfulus*? (are.

Ter. As deeply vow'd in friendship as our Lords

Var. It is with us as tis with them: we both
Are brothers, friends; yet Rivals in your love.
Can you now, as the Princess is to them,
Be equally affected to us both?

Dor. Do you stay me to abuse me.

Var. Nay, dear *Doris*.

We love our Lords? and as you love the Princess,
Who loves them, love you us. You are *Eudina*,
I *Philocles*, and he *Philargus* is.

Dor. Are the men mad.

Ter. Suppose so Gentle *Doris*. (choice

Var. The King commands you to make present
Of one of us, or else ambitious *Stratocles*
(That's *Geron*) must enjoy you. Now sweet Princess
Be

Be speedy in your choice. The kingdoms good
Depends upon it. And in your Election,
O make *Philargus* blest : He best deserves you.

Ter. Admired friend, and brother *Philocles*,
Your courtesie ore-comes me : I must sue,
Though my heart akes the while as much for you.

Dor. This is fine fooling—

Good Barber *Philocles*, and Taylor *Philargus*,
You shall not need to trim up his Affection,
Nor you to stich up his with your forc'd courtesies.
I know, in this, each wooes but for himself,
And my affection runs as even betwixt you,
As nothing but your fizers, or your sheares
Had parted.

Var. See *Stratocles* alias *Geron*. Enter *Geron*.

Ger. So *Whilome* did contend two warlike Princes
For a fair Iland, till a powerful King
Subdu'd them both and it. *Doris*, take heed,
Be wary in your conversation
(As *Whilom* *Tully* warn'd his tender son)
With such *Plebeians*, least their vulgar breeding
Corrupt your education.

Var. Must she be
Your pupil learned *Geron*.

Ger. And my self
Her onely study ; such as *Whilome* was
Ulysses to *Penelope*.

Var. Take heed *Doris*
How you become his wife : For he will love you
So by the book, as he will never lie with you
Without an Authour for't.

Ger. Sir, she shall be
More precious to me then *Homers Iliads*,
Whilome to *Alexander*, which he made
His mighty bed-fellow : But why stand I
To render this account ? The Princessse sent you,
Doris, to call their Lords to walk with her,

(c)

And

And take the air of *Tempe*.

Ter. They are gone to take the air already, fir.

Ger. Come you with me then, *Doris*.

Dor. And why with you

Antiquity? I have heard you all this while,
And though you boast you have an interest in me,
We are not yet one volume, both bound up
And clasp'd together.

Var. She speaks in his Element.

Dor. No, I am yet loose paper; and 'twere good
To keep me so; for when I'm bound I must
Obey, be search'd, examin'd and corrected.
Yet this I'll do, and now be serious,
If you will all obey my rule; and try
Your fortunes who shall have me.

Var. Ter. We agree.

Ger. Their merits bear no æquability
With mine.

Var. A very *Stratocles*. (confidence

Dor. You boast your worth, and stand on
In powerful advocates: But what are all
Unto my Love, and (which is more) my will?
If you will hear my proposition, hear it.

Var. Ter. We are agree'd. Pray hear't.

Gre. Lets hear it then.

The Gods, in Love, *Whilome* have stoop'd with men.

Dor. That you all love me, I believe; and am
Content that every one of you do think
Himself prime man in my Affection:
And one of you I'll take. But yet my choice
Must wait upon *Eudina's*. Therefore mark
If your Lord wins the Princeesse, and becomes
The Kings immediate Heir, I will be yours;
If your Lord, yours.

Ger. Therein the oddes is mine,
For they are both my Lords. (else.

Dor. Then if both have her, I'll be yours: not
Ger.

Ger. As *Whilome* said, None of the wisest Clerks,
When the Sky falls we shall have store.

Dor. Of *Whilomes* : Ha, ha, ha.

Var. Ter. Ha, ha, ha. (Mother

Ger. Your Mistressse, Lady, Princessse, and my
Shall know your—

Dor. Away, old *Whilome*.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Your Lords too I'll acquaint.

Dor. Away, old child,

Go tell it Mother, do.

If you had spent, in the Philosophers school
Your time no better, then in *Cupids* Lectures,
What a strange dunce you had been. Tell her, Love
shows

In you, as *Whilome*—she knows what she knows.

Ger. Your Love I will forget; your scorn remember
In black revenge, and so—

Dor. Farewel *December*.

Var. Hee'l to his Mother now. But tell me, *Doris*,
What means that Beldame in *she knows, she knows* :
She's often up with't to the Governesse.

Dor. It has relation to some uncouth passage
Betwixt them, in my Ladies youth I guesse.

Var. Tis some smock-secreet I believe. But Gen-
tlemen,

You know how I have laid my self out to you.

Ter. That, as the Princessse shall bestow her self
On eithers Lord; you will embrace his man.

Dor. Right.

Var. And to that you'll hold?

Dor. Yes and hold you

This for a Creed, That heaven must make its choice
Of one of them, before she takes the other.

You understand me, and now cease your strife :
When th'ones Lord's dead, I'll be the others wife.
So farewell Gentlemen. I have staid too long.

Var.

Var. She has given us both a hint now, would we take it.

Dor. You did not hear me say, Kill you his Lord,
Nor you kill his. *Exit.*

Var. But she has laid a ground
To end a strife, that I should nere ha'found.

Ter. *Varillus*, come, our Lords may be return'd :
And we be shent for loytering.

Var. I must think on't. *Exit.*

ACT 4. SCENE 2.

Matho in his disguise.

Mat. Now for my Combitants. Th'appointed
ground
Is here ; the time draws on ; and the event
Foreseen in my imaginary light
Of every passe projected in their fight.
In the first passage, each shall wound the other ;
Then shall they give, lend, pay, change wound for
wound,
Till both of them lie fainting on the ground.
Holding between their teeth their doubtful lives :
When I, to end the question, friendly come in,
And with an equal hand dispatcht'em both.

Ent. *Philarg.*
And so into my ambush. One approaches. *Exit.*

Philar. This is the place. What is't that urges
me
So promptly to deed, which being acted,
Will be th'astonishment of Heaven and earth ?
Applauded no where but in Hell. Fair *Tempe*,
Let it not be deriv'd to after Ages,
By any uncouth mark upon thy face,
Let not thy grassy locks, that shall receive
The drops of blood, wither and die, condemning
The place that bore them to continual baldness ;
Let

Let not the impres of our labouring feet
Hold it's proportion ; nor that part of earth,
Whereon the slain shall measure out his length,
Reserve the stamp, and make it monumental,
By a perpetual spring of more procere
And bigger bladed grafs : And, when my soul
Hath found an *Exit* (which my purpose is
My Brothers sword shall open) let the valley
(When hee's departed) sink and undermine
The bordering hills that they may cover me.

Ent. Philoc.

Philoc. He hath prevented me in haſt : In death
I ſhall prevent his happily expected
Labour and toy'l, who for no other end
Am here arriv'd but to be ſacrific'd
For expiation of his diſcontent. (onely

Philar. Let all the eyes of heaven be hooded,
One ſtar to guid his point unto my heart,
Which inſtantly ſhall fall, and be extinct
In my diſtilled blood ; that ſo the Gods
May not behold him. May ſome magick ſpell
Inſtruct his arm and weapon how to ſlay
My name and memory, that of me, there be not
Any deſire ; on him no Imputation. (ſwallow

Philoc. My cure is onely how my breaſt may
His point, without revealing mine intent.

Philar. I ſo't ſhall be : a violent affay
For provocation ; and then ſpit my ſelf
Upon his ſteel.

*They eſpie one another draw, and paſs at each
other, inſtantly both ſpread their arms to receive
the wound.*

Philoc. Philargus. What ! ſo quick,

Philar. What's meant by this ?

Philoc. That ſhould be my demand.

Philar. Are you ſo changeable ?

Philoc. Not I *Philargus.*

K

Philar.

Philar. This was my resolution ;
Will you stain
The reputation rais'd of your high valour.

Philoc. I came to make experiment of none
But what consists in suffering.

Philar. That's my part.

Philoc. My self

If you deny me that last friendly office.

Philar. Brother you dally with me. Therefore

I conjure you

By faire *Eudina* let your anger loose ;
Break up this cask of blood, and give the earth
A draught unto her health.

Philoc. By the same Beauty
(Then which no greater subject of an oath)
I swear to be your nuptials sacrifice,
Be you the Priest. I'll suffer without noise
In my displayed bowels you shall read
An augury of bliss upon you both.

Philar. This is hard measure, *Philocles*, to mock
Ere you destroy.

Philoc. I'll mock no more. Adieu.

Philar. Hold, hold, and be not prodigal He offers to
kill himself,
(of that blood, *Philargus* clos-
es with him.
They struggle,
and both fall
down, still stri-
ving to hold
each others
sword. &c.
More precious then *Paëtolus* golden
(streams.

Philoc. Was then your challenge but
(to try me onely ?

Philar. Yours was, it seems ; but none
(went out from me.

Philoc. Then are we both ensnar'd *Enter Matho*
(by treachery. (lordings.

Matho. This I foresaw't would come to. 'Save ye
And whither travail ye ? Do you not want a guide
To help ye on your way ? *Matho draws.*

Philar. This is the villane *they start up*
That summon'd me. *and disarm him.*

Philoc.

Philoc. And me. Villane, what art thou ?

Math. Unhappily gues'd. I pray inquire no further.

Philar. What monster art thou ?

Philoc. Unworthy on thy face to bear mans ensign.
Who has stubborn'd thee ? See tis *Stratocles* man.

He unbeards him.

Philar. Die villane, die. And were thy master
in thee,

The thirst of whose ambition fought our bloods ;
His flesh with thine should here become a prey
Unto the Ravens.

Math. O, be pitiful

And spare my life, my Lords, and I'll reveal
Matters of weight and wonder ; which, conceal'd,
Will yet cost both your lives, and make the Princesses,
If she not answer my Lords fierce desires,
Subject to rape and murder.

Philoc. How can she
So fall into his power.

Philar. We shall abuse
The trust the Gods have put into our hands
If we neglect to execute justice on thee.

Math. Let me but warn ye of *Eudina's* danger,
Whereby her virgin Innocence may not suffer,
And then inflict your furies on me.

Philoc. That charms our ready hands and steel.
Speak quickly.

Math. This very hour she's to be surpriz'd
By my Lord *Stratocles*, here, on *Tempe* plains,
Where she is come to walk, slenderly guarded
To take the air. He with a strength will seize her
And hurry her hence unto his Mansion house,
To yield to his desire, or death, if suddenly
Prevention be not made.

Philar. Tis worth our care.

Math. Preserve me from his vengeance, and I'll
Unto his enterprize.

(bring you
Philoc.

Philoc. We must not trust him,
He may have laid an Ambuscado for us.

Enter 6 Rust. with Weapons.

Philar. See brother, stand upon our guard.

Math. Help, help, aid me good people, help.

Philoc. What means the villan now.

1. *Ruf.* What's the complaint?

2. *Ruf.* What is your grievance, speak?

Math. I am a servant to Lord *Stratocles*

Who has preserv'd your Countrey and your lives.

1. *Ruf.* We are the more beholding to him; on.

2. *Ruf.* 'Twas more his gentleness then our
deserving, on.

Math. These two are his malignant enemies;

And finding that my Lord is in these parts

Together with the Princess, fair *Eudina*

(Who has made him her choice) they lie in wait

To murder him, as they had me, had not

The Gods sent you to rescue me. (deserving, on.

1. *Ruf.* 'Twas more their Gentleness, then your

Math. I have no more to say, but that you take'em

On your allegiance to safe custody,

And let me pass.

1. *Ruf.* Un'ch, That would be more

Our gentleness then your deserving too; on, on.

Philar. Dear friends— (order.

1. *Ruf.* Good, interrupt us not we'll hear ye in

On you, Sir, ere you go; and come not back

For any thing unspoke you left behind.

Math. I thank you, Sir, I had like to ha'left my
sword

Behind, which they disarm'd me of. (deserving

1. *Ruf.* That was their Gentleness more then your
(They having three swords, and you none to guard
you)

They kill'd you not in deed, yet on again.

What further do you charge'em with.

Math.

Math. No more, nor you, lefs you detain me longer.

1. *Ruf.* Now you grow bold, and faucy I muft tell you. (Traytor,

2. *Ruf.* Now y'are a knave, a villane and a Left you no more behind you but a fword ?
I faw a ftabberd on your face of late,
A falfe one : Seek it out.

3. *Ruf.* O here it is. *Takes up the falfe beard.*

1. *Ruf.* Put it him on again. On with it, on.
Refift and we will hang thee. Now my Lords,
My Princes I may fay : For one of you
Muft be our King. We know you though you know
Not us ; you may perhaps hereafter know us
More by your Gentlenefs then our deferving.

Phil. Philar. O worthy Countrey men.

1. *Ruf.* We are the heads of *Tempe* ; and the chief
Swain heads of *Theffaly* (the King has known us)
And here we came to lay our heads together
For good of common wealth. Here at the verge
Of this adjoyning Thicket is our Bower
Of confultation ; and from thence (regardful
Ever with eye and ear for common good)
We faw a beard pull'd off ; and heard that mouth,
(Which now is dumb) open a plot, unlike
The pittiful complaint he made to us.

Philar. But faw you not fome paffages before ?
Of his attempt upon our lives ?

1. *Ruf.* Good Gods. (enough

2. *Ruf.* No we came in but then. Thofe are
To hang the man, and turn his Lord out of
Our Countrey favour : If we find he has
That plot upon the body of the Princefs
Of Rape and Murder. He can be no King
For us : for, firrah, we have wives and daughters.

En. Stra. End. Soul.

1. *Ruf.* Stand clofe. See who comes here.

12 VOL. II. (c) K3 *Stra.*

Stra. So, now go back my friends. There's some
reward. *gives a purs*

Sol. Thanks to the noble bounteous *Stratocles.*

Exit

Stra. Lady your tears are bootless. *Souldiers*

Eud. Help ye Gods.

Str. Your cries as unavailable. The Gods
(To whom your friendly foolish lovers
Have sacrific'd each other) have given you up
To me the onely worthy of you.

Eud. No they are both sublim'd into one star,
Yet of a double influence, that shall
Strike death into thy purposes, and give
Me light by which t'ascend with them to live
After my present death.

She offers

Str. Your hast to death shall not prevent *to kill her*
(my lust. *self with*

Philoc. She must outlive thy Lust and *a knife, he*
(thee false Traytor. *holds her.*

Ruf. Hold, hold, disarm, but kill him not.

2. *Ruf.* Wee'll keep him tame.

Str. You have ods o'me.

Eud. I am in heaven already. (earth

Philar. Live wonder of the heavens, a star on
Out shining theirs.

Eud. What a short journey 'tis
For heavenly minds to reach unto the Gods!

Str. Betray'd! (my Lord,

1. *Ruf.* No not betray'd. Y'are but well met
But that's our Gentleness more then your deserving.

Str. Am I become the shame and scorn of
pefants.

1. *Ruf.* Or if you'll ha't betray'd, then blame your
Overmuch policy and want of Beasts (own
To carry it to Market. We nere lay
More burthen on a Ass, then he can bear
Here in the countrey : what is done at court

We

We know not. Here perhaps is one can tell,
Know you this bearded *Satyre*? *Pull off Ma-*

Str. Coward, flave, *thos beard.*

Thy faintness hath betray'd me.

Math. No, 'twas ods,

Such as men meet that fight against the Gods.

1. *Ruf.* The fellow has some Grace; he weeps:
But come

Princes and Princes, what is now your pleasure
We do unto these men?

Eud. For me, I have learn'd

By my own sufferings in my afflictions

To be compassionate. I wish their pardon.

Str. That mercy wounds me deeper with remorse
Then all my lost designs, and their derision
Have done with indignation.

1. *Ruf.* There is some hope these yet may prove

Eud. Lord *Stratocles*, (new men.

Those wounds that pierce the heart with true
contrition

Do bring the precious balm in'em that cures it.

Philar. We wish yours may be such.

Philoc. And that this shame

May guard you innocent of future blame.

2. *Ruf.* Here's sweetness upon sweetness.

1. *Ruf.* Now it remains, that we advise our selves,
Brethren of *Tempe*, that since these delinquents
Are fallen into our hands, that we discharge
Our Countrey loyalty with discretion,
And not release him from our power, but by
The power above us. (that's the kings) we'll wait
On you to court. On you for your new loves,
And you for old acquaintance.

Eud. I'll acquaint my father with your care,
He shall be witness of our bringing in
The ambitious Politick trap in his own gin.

ACT

ACT 4. SCENE 3.

King. Disanius. Justinus.

King. Bereft of all my joyes and hopes at once !
 Is there no comfort, nor no counsell left me ?
 Why stand you gazing thus with sealed lips ?
 Where is your counsell now, which you are wont
 In trifling matters to pour out in plenty ?
 Now, in the peril of my life and state
 I cannot get a word. Give me my daughter,
 Or take my Kingdom too. Where is she ? Tell me.

Dis. All we can say or hear is, she was taken
 Out of her private walks by violent hands,
 Onely we guesse the master of the plot
 Was *Stratocles*, who now is missing in the Court.

King. He ask'd my leave to leave the Court, and
 had it.

Dis. Twas a fit glosse for his fowl treachery.

King. But what ha'you said for her recovery.

Jus. We have dispatch't a hundred several posts
 To every coast and angle of your Kingdom :
 No way of finding her is left unfought.

Dis. Could we finde *Stratocles*, she might be found.

King. Stil upon him ? Where's *Philocles* ? where's
 They are missing too. (*Philargus* ?

Dis. Hell has not in't a thought
 That can detract their honours.

Jus. Yet a Rumor
 Is spread about the Court ; they are gone to fight.

Dis. 'Gainst whom ?

Jus. Against themselves. Nay more, that they
 Have fought, and both are slain.

Dis. You may as soon.
 Believe the Artick and Antartick poles
 Can meet in opposition, amidst
 The firmament, and jointly in a fall

Ex-

Extinguish both their lights in *Neptunes* bosom.

King. Whence springs this Rumor.

Dis. *Stratocles* is the head

We may be confident ; and his men the pipes
That have dispers't it.

King. Stil you judge *Stratocles*.

What purpose can he have in't. *Ent. Thym. weeps.*

Dis. O my sister Has heard the news too.

Weep not tender sister, Your sons are safe.

Thy. Yes they are with the Gods.

King. And, had they tane *Eudina* with them too,
My doubts and fears were over, well as yours.

Ent. Gar. weeping.

Dis. Here's one that makes a face, an ugly one,
And would weep too, had she but moisture in her.
How now ! Whose Mare's dead, *Garrulla* ? Take
thy bottle

And turn that into tears. Or dost thou wring
Thy face because that's dry ? Gi'mee't, I'll fill it.

Gar. My son, oh, oh my son is at deaths door.

Dis. And is death so unkind to keep it shut
Against him ? Out upon him churle. *Gar.* My liege
And Madam (it shall out) you might have fav'd
My sons life in your servants love, whose scorn
Will be his death, except the King divert it,
And I shall tell him what you know I know—

Thy. O me undone.

Gar. And open such a secret

Unto his majesty— *King.* Yet forbear me now,

Gar. Do you slight me in the care of my sons
life ?

Do you scorn my secret too, that may be worth
More then your kingdom to you ?

Dis. Away old fool. (good will

Gar. Now you shall never know't. *Dis.* For thy
The king would thank thee, in offering at some mirth
To cool his grief, but that it is too hot

Yet

Yet to be touch'd. *Juf.* Indeed you do not well
To move the King, or to perplex the Lady
Now in their sorrows fulness.

Gar. What's their sorrow (dead,
To mine? My sons a dying. *Juf.* Her sons are
And the Kings daughter lost. *Gar.* But I pray, say,
Is my Lord *Philocles* and *Philargus* dead?

Juf. 'Tis said so.

Gar. Then I say my son shall live. (bottle

Dis. And so wilt thou while thou canst lift thy
To that old Mazer. *Gar.* Hem! A hem! a ha!

Dis. Do you rejoyce, and shew the rotten half
tooth

You have left that they are dead. *Gar.* No I rejoyce
That the advancement that the giglet gap'd for
In one of their fine followers is lost,

In hope of which she scorn'd my son. But now
He shall scorn her and live. *Dis.* Out envious trot

Gar. Ile comfort him with the newes.

Dis. Away you Hag, *Exit Gar.*
Here comes one merry look. *Enter Eupa.*

Eup. Joy to the king.

Dis. Well said, speak up and home good *Eupathus.*

Eup. Your daughter's safe return'd so is your son,
Madam,

For which you are to thank the Gods: This is
Their true relation. *He gives the King a paper.*

He reads to Thym. aside.

Dis. Where is *Stratocles*?

Eup. Caught in the snares of his foul treachery.

Dis. Bravely and honestly spoken *Eupathus.*

Eup. And by their hands whose voices he had
once

For his election. *Dis.* What his country heads?

Eup. They all turn head upon him now.

Dis. Brave heads

Observe my judgement now, my king: Those heads

I will so fouse in our best Greekish Wines,
That they shall be such heads! O heads, heads,
heads!

King. I do approve your judgment good *Difanius*,
But wish you not insult ore mans dejection.

We find that *Stratocles* is much Penetent (him
And troubled at his trespass. *Dis.* A halter still
For an ambitious hypocritical Traytor. (near,

King. The time for my *Eudina's* match draws
And I no longer will attend on fortune,
I have decreed it past recal, regardless
Whether against the oracle, or with it.

Thy. Yet am I confident in your assertion
You priests of *Delphos*. *Dis.* Hee'l bestow her yet
On *Stratocles*, if she stand longer doubtful
In a fair choise.

Eup. Fear not my Lord. That doubt
Your Countrey heads will clear. He has lost them
For ever. *Dis.* O brave heads! I will so ring
Their ears with jewels of praises and preferment
That they shall glare like direful comets at him.

King. One she shall chuse of them: If not, I'll put
A third upon her. *Thy.* With your pardon, Sir,
Why are you (for I find it is so) stronger
For *Philocles*? *King.* No reason urges me;
And yet I find an inclination in me

That pleads for him. I can perceive you too,
Are partial towards *Philargus*. Can you yield
A reason for't? *Thy.* Yes, Sir, he is my eldest.

King. Alas, But not an hour. Well, I'll remit
My power of propounding, and accept
Her choice of either, made within the time.

Thy. I, there my hopes do anchor; else they were
Certain of Ship-wrack: yet the perillous waves
My vessel rides on seems so many graves.

Explicit Actus Quartus.

ACT 5. SCENE 1.

*Philocles. Philargus.**Philoc.* Brother, and friend, I'm deaf to all dissuasion.I charge you by *Eudina's* love, our friendship,
And (if there be) ought that you hold more sacred,
Move not to alter my fix'd resolution. (you*Philar.* That resolution's mine: And I conjure
By the self-same respects, and all that are
Or may be hallowed, to let me depart.I will remove but for some few daies journey
Whence you shall duly hear from me: But rather
I'll travail to th' *Antipodes*, then here
Linger the vain impediment of your joyes
In your *Eudina*. *Philoc.* Travel's my design.*Eudina* must be yours. She is a bliss
Which heaven created for you. *Philar.* Can a bliss
Be purchas'd with your absence? No: 'Twill torture
Equally in fruition as in want.Were it a Kingdom onely, we could part it
Without the quarrel of the *Thebean* brothers;
Or, were it heaven it self, *Castor* and *Pollux*
Should have our imitation. But *Eudina*
Is onely indivisible.*Philoc.* Add to it this,
Their sentence is erroneous, that deny
Partition to the soul: For ours do witness,
Friendship can give her a division,
And make reciprocal community
Of all her faculties. But still *Eudyna*
Is indivisible. Why name I her,
Whom to forget must be my onely task? *Dis.*
Brother adieu.*Philar.* 'Tis I that must take leave.*Dis.* Is it even so? *Philoc.* I fear we are prevented.*Enter Disan.**Dis.*

Dis. Nephews, why left you so the presence? I
May justly fear you were ill advis'd in it.
The King expects your quick return, and will not
Let pass this peremptory day, set down
For matching of his daughter; to preserve
Life, State, or Kingdom. Have you a purpose,
First having beg'd that villain *Stratoches* pardon,
To give him up your interest in the Princess?
The Kingdom too, to boot? Will you compel
The King to give him all?

Philar. Not so good Uncle.

Dis. What do you less in flying from the presence,
When that affair is now in agitation?

Philoc. Uncle, you saw withal the great distraction
We left the Princess in. How when she look'd
Upon *Philargus*, she inclin'd to him;
And when on me to me; when on us both
How extasied she fell! *Philar.* A strong necessity
There is that one of us absent. *Dis.* Therefore
You both flie off to travel several wayes!
Come, let me tell you, your courtesie is foolish,
And you unworthy to have such a fortune
Hang like a pregnant cloud over your heads
Ready to be dissolv'd in shewres upon you,
While your own madness conjures up a wind
To blow't away.

Philar. Uncle, you are unjust,
I would remove to let that golden shewre
Light upon *Philocles*. *Philoc.* I upon *Philargus*.

Dis. I could even swadle'em both for a brace of
Babys.

Your folly makes me mad: will you return
Yet to the presence, both of you?

Philoc. Uncle, you know
To be both there, is neither to be there,
But to breed more perplexity in *Eudyna*.
Pray take *Philargus*. *Dis.* Nephew, come, be wise:

It

It is a crown that Courts you ; and the name
Of friend, or Brother ought to stand aloof,
And know a distance, where such dignity
Is tendred. Take your opportunity,
I find you coming, come.

Philarg. I pray take *Philocles*.

Dis. I'll take him for the wiser man then. Nephew,
Come, and embrace your fortune, and forget not
To thank the Gods your Brother has no more wit.
A Kingdom and a beauteous bed-fellow
(There Nephew, there !) Do not those bare a sound
'Bove friend and Brother, ha ?

Philoc. not in mine ears. (which neither

Dis. What frost has seiz'd their blood, & brains,
Beauty nor dignity can thaw ? Go travel.
What stay you for ? young Gentlemen sometimes
Wait for a gale of gold to blow'em out
O'th'harbour ; *Stratocles* will furnish you,
And thank you more then for his forfeit life.

Philoc. *Stratocles* can gain nothing by my
absence. (mine,
While here *Philargus* stayes. *Philarg.* No, nor by
While *Philocles* remains.

Dis. Shall I make a motion,
Will one of you remain ? *Both.* One must and shall.

Dis. Then yield to take your lots for't (I will
make'em)

As you respect my love ; your mothers life ;
The kingdoms good ; *Eudynas* love and life,
Let it be so. Pause not upon't, but do't.
See, here's ink and paper. I am inspir'd,
Apollo, with thy wisdom. Love.—and friendship.

He writes two lots.

See, here's a pass for one, and a plantation
For tother. Love and friendship Gentlemen.
Love shall abide at home, and friendship walk,
According to the custom of the world.
Let it be so. Come study not, but draw, I'll

I'll draw upon ye both else. *They drew*

Philar. Friendship for me then. *the lots.*

Philoc. See here I have it brother. And yours
is love.

My love be prosperous to you. My horse, *Enter*

Var. All's ready, Sir. (my horse. *Varillus.*

Philoc. In the first place then bring

A parting cup, that by the grapes *Elizar*

As *Jove* by *Acheron*, I may protest

My constancy and zeal unto my purpose.

Var. And now's my time to act thy purpose,

Doris. *Exit.*

Dis. Kick not your heels against the Gods,

Philargus.

It is most evidently their decree

That you abide and *Philocles* remove.

Philoc. I do obey my Lot. And noblest brother,
Be you as free in love, as I from envy.

Philar. But how can you forgo that equal interest
You have with me in *Theffaly*, and *Eudina*?

Dis. Why should that trouble you? you see
he does

Forgo't; and is a going. Would he were gone once.

Philar. Can love allow't?

Philoc. Variety of objects
Like Nails abandon one another. So

May I, by novelties of Travail, lose

The thought of Love; and chearfully return

Both hers and yours in a more just relation.

Enter Varillus with a bowl of wine.

Give me the bowl. Now brother to that love

You owe the fair *Eudina*, unto which

I give th'addition of mine own, and all

The joyes that ere I wish'd my self and her,

And to that friendship, which nor Time, nor absence
Shall ever end or alter.

He drinks and gives Varillus the bowl.

Var.

Var. Now the service that may redeem my faults
Is to be done.

Philar. Give it me full, *Varillus*.

Var. I'll give you more then you expect by this.

He puts in a powder.

Philar. You have the victory in friendship, brother,
Who, by your resolute absence will inforce
And drive me to a happiness; wherein
I must not cease, in all the strength of prayers
Of sacrifice, and vows; in all my goods
Of fortune, mind and body to be yours:
Which that you may return to repossess
With the more speed, this health to auspicate
And expedite your travails. *Var.* They are done
Already if my Potheccaries skill fail not.

Philoc. With this embrace my brother, and my last
Of present ceremony, I now wish you
In th'arms of your *Eudina*—

And may my better part of soul, which now
I leave in trust with you, by you be breath'd
Into her breast; that she may lively find
She has my love in yours; and that in you
She has us both.

Dis. So, so, enough. Ha'ye done yet?

Philoc. How is it with you brother?

Philarg. As it is

With souls that leave the world in peace.

Dis. For shame

Leave womanish ceremony. Will you part
Before it be too late? *Philoc.* Too soon I fear.

Philargus! Brother! Friend! Ye Gods, how comes
this?

Dis. What is he dead? I see then how it comes.
You or your man, or both ha'poyson'd him.

Philar. No, 'twas my self.

Dis. Thou wilt not go out o'th'world
With a lie i'thy mouth? Speak yet again.

Var.

Var. He has said well for me already.

Philoc. Gone, past recovery, but he shall not pass
Without my company. *He offers to*

Dis. Wilt thou die mad too? *kill himself*
Come, Sir, let go your whiblin. He *Dis. snatch-*
(has yet *eth his sword*

Some breath. Run for Physicians— *away.*

(No, Sir, stay.

I will not quit you so. I can read guilty lines

Palpably on this villans visnomy.

Is there no more i'th'house? some help here! ho!

Nephew forbear. As you will have me think *Philocles*

You guiltless of your brothers blood, forbear. *offers a-*

How am I tortur'd! Ho! *Philargus*; rub him, *gain to*

Rub him, he may live yet. *kill him-*

Philoc. O that the world *self.*

Might be so happy! *Dis.* So, well said: A box

Or two in kindness will not do amiss.

Enter Tersulus.

Stir not you sirrah. O, Sir, you lay hold

On that same traytor. *Var.* I'll not stir my Lord.

Dis. I'll hold you to your word, Sir, run, Sir, you
And fetch Physicians. *Ter.* O my Lord, fallen dead!

Dis. Stay but to look upon him, and I'll swear
Thou art his murderer. Fetch the Kings Physicians,

Exit Tersulus.

If not to cure him; yet to rip the cause

Out of his sodain death. I guess they'll finde (say

Your handy-work in's maw. *Var.* You heard him

It was himself that did it. I am clear'd.

Enter Eupathus.

Eup. My Lord, the King, impatient of your stay,
Has sent—

Dis. What has he sent. Has he sent means
To call this man from death, or that from falling
After him into th'grave?

Eup. O heavy spectacle!

L

Dis.

Dis. But, come I will not cry tho'. Pray assist me,
In with this body, Charity commands
When griev'd necessity intreats your hands.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 5. SCENE 2.

Geron. The four Rusticks.

Ger. My *Rustici amici*, your Councel and
Your vertue have restor'd me. And tis true
As *Whilom* said the good *Antisthenes*
Vertue is armour 'gainst the very fates. (*Geron,*

1. *Ruf.* We told you for your good, good Mr.
Fond love became you not.

2. *Ruf.* It sat upon your coat like burs or bryars
Stuck in the hindlocks of our fleecy sheep;
Who shake their heads; figgle, and writh their tayls,
And bleat for woe; sprinkle the ground behind'em
Sometimes I wisse: Twould make one laugh and
All at once, but all remediless. (pitty'em
Till we with helping wit and hands release'em.

Gar. A wise man then in love is like a sheep
I'th'bryars. As *Whilome* said—

3. *Ruf.* But (by the way)
What wasthat *Whilome*, Sir, you speak much of him,
But what was he pray.

Ger. An ancient *Britain*, whom I have affected
As idly as my love. But I'll forget it
And use that word no more. The clowns have
found me.

4. *Ruf.* But will you now proceed upon your plot
For th'honour of *Tempe* plains, and *Tempe* swains.

Ger. You can all dance.

2. *Ruf.* After our countrey guise.

3. *Ruf.* Like so many light horses.

1. *Ruf.* So can our wives
Who have follow'd us up to Court we thank'em
Pray *Juno* we get them honestly home again.

Ger. There is no doubt. However fear you
nothing As

As why—Tis hard to leave off an old custom.

2. *Ruf.* The why was out, but lome stuck in your teeth.

Ger. Tis well it did so. You can dance you say. A dance I have projected for the Princess Who ever marries her it shall serve. As why—

1. *Ruf.* Again 'twas eene a comming.

Ger. You are as quick as why—

2. *Ruf.* And there again.

1. *Ruf.* Nay we are heads, I tell you Master *Geron*, And should have wit; and shew't we can'th' countrey,

In the head vein, though hear at Court, like courtiers We'll shew it in our heels. Pray therefore on.

Ger. On, let us then to practise. King and court Shall see, to crown their joyes, some countrey sport.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 5. SCENE 3.

King. Justinus. Eudina. Thymele. Attendants.

King. No answer, no return? Must I intreat, Yet have my undeserved favours slighted? (folly

Thy. Yet, Sir, your Kingly patience. *King.* Stupid 'Twere longer to attend. My vow is past And register'd in heaven; the minute is At hand, that calls down thonder on me, which No tear, or prayers can mollifie or aver't, If I upon so long deliberation Shall falsifie. So, call in *Stratocles*. *Exit Attendants.*

Eud. O my dread father. Yet one hours patience Till *Eupathus* or *Disanius* return.

One short, short hour: I may not live so long.

His wife you nam'd; though you may force me

King. I'll leave that to the Gods. (take him.

Eud. They will forgive. Give them your imitation In mercy, as in power on earth. I know *Disanius* Went not in vain to call'em to your presence.

And him that he brings first into this room
Of *Philecles* or *Philargus* I will take,
Though he precede the other but one foot,
I have it by inspiration from the Gods.

King. You are full of dreams.

Thym. This cannot, Sir, be long
In tryal. *King.* Yet I am not bound to wait
On those ingrateful men. O *Stratocles*,

Enter Strato.

You have from your late Errors, which your then
Head-strong ambition hurried and cast you in
With that humility purg'd your self, that I
Conceive you now a temperate Man; and am
Instructed by the clemency of the Gods
To cherish and reward your vertue. Therefore
From their divine appointment, at my hands—

Eud. (O mighty, Sir— *King.* Dare not to dis-
Receive *Eudina*. (obey me)

Str. Royal King and Master,
Mistake not so the pleasure of the Gods.
My forfeit life you have forgiven me :
Your Kingly power and grace might do it. You
Have given it freely : but I took't with caution,
By future service to make good your gift :
But for my forfeit love to fair *Eudina*,
And my lost honour to the twin-born brothers,
There can be no redemption, if I add
By acceptation of your bounteous offer
A second trespass, greater then the former.

King. Do you refuse her then.

Str. In hope shee'l plead (wrought
My pardon to your grace. *Eud.* The Gods have
Effectually for me. *King.* Strangely, unexpected
Are you become a suppliant *Placilla*?

Ent. Pla. with a petition, kneels.

Pla. In the behalf, Sir, of your loyal subjects,
The Swains of *Tempe*. *King.* I expected, rather,
News

News from your unkind brothers. See *Justinus*,
The Commons, rather then I shall bestow
My daughter upon *Stratocles*, do beseech me
To take a further time. *Just.* Y'are happy, Sir,
In his refusal and in their request.
They are fair predictions of ensuing joyes
To you, your daughter, and the Kingdom, If
I may be worthy to divine so much.

King. How ere thy divination proves, thy wish
Is worth our thanks. And we may have

Enter Eupathus.

Glad tidings presently. Now *Eupathus*
Where is *Difanius*, *Philocles*, and *Philargus*?
Why come they not?

Eup. They are all at hand my liege.
This paper may excuse their stay. *King.* O do
The King reads the paper.

They plead excuse then? *Thym.* I am full of fears.

Eud. And I of sodain joy. *Plac.* Pray all be well.
The King has struck his breast, and seems perplext.

King. *Justinus*, *Stratocles*, read here this Paper.
Go *Eupathus*, and let them enter. Stay.

Yet go, bring them in their prescribed manner.

I'll send the woman off, whose sodain grief
May be a bar to our proceedings. Madam—

Thy. I fear that *Garrula* has detected me.

King. I must intreat a while your absence, Lady.

Thy. May I presume to ask your reason, Sir.

King. My will has been above your question. Pray,
Let me request you go. *Thy.* I know obedience.

King. And go *Placilla*, send old *Garrula* to me.

Thy. Now tis most evident. O mighty, Sir,
Conceive not worse of me then *Garrula*.

Let us appear together. *King.* What means this?

Thy. You may be pleas'd to hear me first.

King. Pray pull not
More weight upon your breast then you can bear,

By your impertinent stay. Go I command you.

Thy. I must obey. However tis too late
To change the resolution of my fate.

Exit Thym. Pla.

King. I have not known her thus. I fear
distractiōn

Fore-runs the voice of grief, as to prevent it.
Heaven knowes I call'd for *Garrula*, but to send her
With best directions to prepare and arm
Her tender soul against the sting of sorrow
Before it should approach her. But *Eudina*
You must be valiant ; and not let the sight
Of death in others shake your confidence.

Eud. How means your majesty ? *King.* Suppose
that both

Your fatal lovers, *Philocles* and *Philargus*
Slept in the caves of death.

Eud. I should not live then ;

King. Suppose his destiny had cut off one,
And, in him, all the impediments, that cross
You in th'enjoying of the other, say
Which could you wish survivor ? But you have
Declar'd your constant purpose to possess
The first *Disanius* brings into this presence.
Come ; one is dead. There is a strict necessity
You know it. Now collect your Reason : For
'tis not

Your passion for the dead ; nor your dislike
Of *Stratocles* ; no though my subjects yeeld you
A longer time, shall make me tempt the Gods
By breaking of my vow. Be stedfast then,
As you respect a father ; and take courage.

*Recorders. Ent. Disanius before a herse, Philocles
after. Varillus manacled, and led by Tersulus.
Eupathus supports Philocles, as ready to sink
with grief.*

See *Philocles* lives. *Eud.* *Philargus* then

Is brought in dead before him by *Difanius* ;
And unto him the first to be brought in
My faith was vow'd ; and he is now my choice.

King. What being dead ? Could you affect'em so
Equally, both alive, that you forbore
To chuse, because you could not have'em both ;
And now seek onely him cannot be had ?
What Love, what madnes call you this ? good Gods,
Throw not your wrath upon me in destruction

*The herse set down, Eudina kneels to it. Philo.
kneels on the other side.*

Just. Nor let your passion Master you great, sir,
As sodain grief does her. But give a little
Scope to her sorrow. Shee will soon return
And meet her Reason in obedience
To your desires. *King.* I thank thee good *Justinus*.

A Song.

*During which Difanius &c. discourse with the King.
Difanius seems to acquaint the King with the
manner of Philargus death, pointing at Varillus.
The King seems much troubled ; but at the end of
the song, (as by the Kings appointment Difanius
raiseth Philocles, and Justinus raiseth Eudina,
and bring them to the King while Eupathus
with the Attendants go forth with the herse, the
Recorders playing, which done,*

King. Your virgin tears and vows ore your lost
I did attend with pardon, my *Eudina*, (love
In hope you are now compliant to my will.

Dif. Grieve not your father Madam.

Eud. I ha'done ;
And as the Gods direct him to command me,
I must and will obey. *Dif.* So that's well said.

King. The Gods have pleas'd *Eudina* to determine
Your doubtful choice, reserving *Philocles*
Unto your love without competitor : There-

Therefore it now remains that he be taken
 Into your liking ; whom I have decreed
 My successor. *Eud.* His merits are above
 Me and this land ; In which what interest
 My birth hath given me I resign to him.
 Onely let me beseech a further respite.

King. For what ? the celebration ? I consent ;
 But for the contract, this imediate hour
 Shall see it knit beyond all dissolution.

Dis. I that I thirst to see. *Eudina gives*

King. Give me your hands. *her hand.*

Yours *Philocles.* *Dis.* Why give you not your hand,
 Dare you not trust the King with't ? should he now
 Shew a jades trick and flie back. *Philoc.* I beseech
 Under your highness Pardon, yet, a respite.

Dis. More respits yet ? Was ever hopeful match.
 Driven so round about ? *King.* Why this delay ?

Philoc. My brothers blood cries in me for your
 Which must be executed on his murderer (justice
 Before I safely can, or dare posses
 His interest in the faith of fair *Eudina.*

Dis. O, is that all ? that may be soon dispatch'd.
 Come forwards Poysoner. Good your Majesty,
 For expedition, make me his judge,
 And hangman too (I care not) rather then
 Suffer this match hang o'the tenters thus. (to me.

King. Has he confes'd the fact ? *Dis.* Yes, yes,
 I beat it out of him. Quickly good King.

King. Your patience good *Disanius.* Sirrah speak.

Var. It was my act. But may your mercy look
 Upon my love in it unto my Lord.

King. Your Lord shall be your judge then.

Philoc. I adjudge him

To sharp but lingring tortures (for his death
 Alone can yeeld no satisfaction)
 Tortures that may draw in, by his confession,
 As accessaries with him, all the homicides

That

That are i'th' Kingdom. *Dis.* A hard matter that.

Philoc. Nor can I think his onely brain and hands Compos'd the poyson. *Dis.* Hang him, hee's a Barber And uses *Aqua fortis*, oyl of Vitriol, Mercury, and such like, to cleanse his Rasors.

Just. 'Tis good that you *Varillus* clear your con- And, if you had confederates in the fact, (science Give up their names. *Ter.* *Varillus*, I suspect *Doris* joyn'd hand with you in my Lords death.

Dis. What's that you mutter? *Ter.* It shall out my The handmaid *Doris* put him on't; I know't (Lord; By what she said to us both we being her lovers.

Dis. The Taylor proves an honest man : because He cannot have the wench himself, he'll hang her.

Var. Of her I had the poyson, tis confest

Dis. O that whore.

Ex. Ter.

King. Find her and drag her hither.

Ent. Thy.

Thy. Where's my *Philargus*? Give me yet his That with a mothers tears I may imbalm it. (body,

Dis. You have heard the woful newesthen; but my Could grief recal *Philargus*, we would weep (sister A second deluge for his reparation;

Renew his breath by sighing, and awake him, With grones out of his Sepulchre. *Thy.* Already Have you inter'd him then? you made strange hast. Was it your subtlety to send me hence,

Fearing my cries might have reviv'd him, king? And so again delay'd your daughters marriage? I have enough to crosse it yet *Philargus*.

Dis. What's that? *Str.* Distracti'on sure.

King. My fear foresaw't.

Thy. You are deceiv'd, for from my depth of sor- Through this thick film of tears, I can perceive (row, You are about to joyn the hands and faiths Of *Philocles* and *Eudina*. *King.* Is not that Enough to dry your tears, and shew you that The Gods were rather merciful in leaving This son, then rigorous in taking tother? *Dis.*

Dis. Or would you now, cause you have lost *Phi-*
Kill *Philecles* too by crossing of this contract? (*largus*,

Thy. It is the pleasure of the Gods I cross it. *Ent. Gar.*

Dis. Of devils it is. What can she mean? Go sleep.

Gar. King by your leave.

Dis. What sayes old suckbottle now?

Thy. Nay I am here before you *Garrula*,
And now will tell the long hid secret for you.

And if I erre in it, disprove me. *Gar.* Tell't then.
My faltring tongue will fail me. I can hear tho'. *Drinks.*

Thy. This contract must not be.

King. You then must yeeld
More reason then I find you have. *Thy.* Your self
Can never make it. You will sooner joyn
The Wolfe and Lamb, Falcon and Dove together.

King. No trifling I command you *Thymele*.

Philoc. If you be serious, Mother, hold us not
In this suspence. *Thy.* Let not the royal blood
Of *Theffaly* be stain'd with an incestuous match.

King. How! (children

Gar. She sayes right. They are both your lawful
By your own vertuous Queen now in--*Elisium* (heads.

King. What dreams are these of your distemperd

Thy. This is no dream or fable. But unfain'd *Sip.*
As truth it self: Which with your gracious leave
I shall demonstrate, humbly craving pardon
For my so long concealment, as I'll yeeld
Due reason for it. *King.* Freely speak, you have it.

Thy. You may remember in your civil wars,
(Those cruel warres, as I may justly stile'em)
In which my husband fell— *Dis.* O my brave brother!

Thy. When open Rebels and domestick Traytors
Pursu'd your Crown and life; your gracious Queen
To have been brought to bed; and was beleev'd
To have miscarried by an abortive birth.

King. True. In her flight she was constrain'd to take
A neighbouring cottage; and use the help

Of

Of the Swains wife. *Gar.* That fwain-efs was my
Though my deferts have glorified me ſince : (ſelf.
And by my help (and ſomewhat of the Gods)
She then made you the Father of that Prince.

Diſ. Take up thy bottle—Siſter, ſpeak you on.

Thy. Th'affrighted queen (yet wiſe in that extre-
Suspecting that the innocence of her babe (mity)
Born to a Kingdom, could not be ſecur'd
In thoſe combuſtions from apparent danger,
Sent him to me in private, then in travel
Of my *Philargus*—Charging me to ſain
A ſecond labour, with the Midwives aid,
For *Philocles* : I did, and was reputed
Mother of both. *King.* I cannot think our Queen
Would keep us ignorant of ſo good a Fortune.

Thy. I mov'd her oft to tell you. But ſhe answer'd,
All is not found, There's danger, yet ; And when
After *Eudyna's* birth ſhe felt her ſelf
At point of death, ſhe ſtrictly did enjoyn
Me and this woman, onely conſcious with her,
By oath of which ſhe had prepar'd this copy *A paper.*
In her own hand, to keep it ſilent, till
Philocles ſhould be able to ſecure
Himſelf from treachery ; or that your terme
Of life expiring, or ſome accident
Of no leſſe conſequence requir'd detection.
For further proof—

King. My joy forbids more queſtioning ;
Give me my fleſh and blood into my boſome.
Thrice happy Fathers if your Children were
Borne to you thus of perfect Age. But where
Is now a Match for my *Eudina*. I
Have here a ſucceſſor. A ſhout within and crying
Philargus, Philargus, &c.

King. Hah! Voyces i'th Ayre that cry *Philargus* ?

Eud. Voyces that do tell me, I muſt follow him.
Up to the heavens, and there be married to him.

Diſ.

Dif. Here's the She-Devil now. *Ent. Turf.* with *Dor.*

Dor. You need not pull me

For that mans love, I laid thy Lord to sleep :

Had I lov'd thee best, then his Lord had slept. (how?

Dif. How does he sleep? speak impudent baggage,

Dor. How? With a powder, Sir, which my own
A skilful pothecary prepar'd ; who, if (father
Philargus dye, shall hang with us for Company.

Dif. Your father ?

Dor. Yes, But now the perils past.

See, if he sleep, tis walking.

Enter Philargus

Philoc. Ha! *Philargus.*

Eupathus.

Or but the shade ; the spirit of my friend.

Philar. Be not amaz'd, as at an apparition.

Thy. Doth my son live ? O then I have enough.

Dif. Come hither, come hither you three. I will
The scene of you. Thy love unto thy Lord (discharge
(Though somewhat unadvisedly imploy'd)

Deserves reward ; Ile see it given thee,

Thy Lord and King shall thank thee : take thy wench,
She has love in her wit, and wit in her anger.

I like the luck of things ; that ill intents

Should bring forth good events. Thy faithfulness

To thy Lord too was happy. Go, I'll see you *Ext. Var.*

All royally rewarded. How now *Geron?* *Tcr. Dor.*

Ent. Ger.

Ger. My Lord I see here's joy towards, as why—

Dif. 'Slife, stand not Whiloming now man : but be

Ger. Cry mercy. I had left it. But my Lord (brief.
To celebrate the flowing joyes in Court,
I and my Countrey heads have fram'd a Masque,
Rather an Antick dance, rather a countrey toy,
Rather a Rustick round : rather a—

Dif. Hoy day!

Thy Rather's worse then thy Whilom. Dost know
What time o'day 'tis?

Ger. Tis a rural thing

To be presented at the Princess Wedding And

And, if you think it meet, I will induce
The practise of it presently. As why—

Dis. Go fetch the heads and heels, I'll stay the
King,

To see and laugh at'em. That's grace enough.

Exit Geron.

King. *Philargus* you have much to know ; the
We will *Eudina* tell you, now shee's yours. (which
Receive her and our blessing.

Philar. Were I dead
(As I was thought to be) your name pronounc'd
Over my grave, beyond all Necromancy,
Would call fresh blood into my veins again ;
Strengthen my nerves, to break the Iron gates
Of death ; and force my joyful spirit from
Th' *Elisian* Paradise to live with you.

King. You shall not be a loser *Thymele* :
Philocles shall be yours, and in exchange
Placilla mine.

Philoc. To me my beauteous spouse
Thou art as *Juno* to her *Jupiter*,
Sister and wife.

Thy. Your highness may be pleas'd
Now at so happy leasure to perpend
The Oracle ; which truly hath effected
Each word of the prediction.

King. Who can repeat the answer, I ha'lost it.

Dis. I have it.

Contend not for the jewel, which
Ere long shall both of you enrich.

Philoc. *Eudina* does so : me in a dear sister.

Philar. Me in a Peerless wife.

Dis. Pursue your fortune : for tis she
Shall make ye what you seem to be.

Philoc. She has done that too : For now indeed
w'are brothers.

King Apollo thou hast fill'd us all with joy,

But

But has our joy already fill'd our Court *Loud Mu-*
 With Musick? *sick is here.*

Dis. Will your Majesty yet sit
 And see the practise of a presentation,
 Against the Marriages by your Swains of *Tempe*
 With thanks; and give it all the grace we may?

Ger. *From Tempe plains, the Tempe Swains* Enter
With mirth and Melody, *Geron and*
With Dance and Song do hither throng the Swains
To greet your Majestie. and Nymphs
 for the dance.

Gar. O there, look there, Madam, my Son, and all
 My old Temperian Neighbours.

Ger. We cannot hope in all our scope,
 To gain much praise for skill,
 But it shall be enough, if ye
 Accept of our good will.

The Dance.

King. My thanks to all.

All. Heaven blefs your Majesty. *Excunt.*

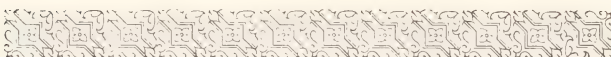
King. Thanks to *Apollo.* Let his temple be
 The place of our solemnity. His Altars
 Let them be laden with *Arabian* spices;
 Let his Priests lead, in a devout procession,
 The horned Sacrifice, mantled with Ghirlonds
 And we (our Temples crown'd with Laurel) follow
 With Musick, sounding *Hymen* and *Apollo.*

FINIS.



EPILOGUE.

Tis not the Poets art, nor all that we
By life of Action can present unt'ye
Can justly make us to presume a Play
Is good till you approv't: which that you may
It cannot mis-become us, since our gains
Come by your favour more then all our pains.
Thus to submit us unto your commands
And humbly ask that favour at your hands.



THE
WEEDING
OF THE
COVENT-GARDEN.
Or the
Middlesex-Justice
OF
Peace.

A Facetious COMEDY.

APOSTHUME of RICHARD BROME,
An Ingenious Servant, and Imitator of his
Master, that famously Renowned
Poet *Ben. Johnson*.

*Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare Poetæ,
Dramatis Personæ.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Andrew Crook*, and are to be sold at the
Green Dragon in *St. Pauls Church-yard*: And
Henry Broom at the *Gun* in *Ivy-lane*. 1658.



Upon *AGLAURA* printed in Folio.

BY this large Margent did the Poet mean
To have a Comment writ upon his Scene?
Or is it that the Ladies, who ne're look
On any but a Poeme or Play-book,
May, in each page, have space to scribble down
When such a Lord, or Fashion comes to Town.
As Swaines in Almanacks accounts do keep,
When their Cow calv'd, and when they bought
Ink is the life of Paper: 'tis meet then, (their sheep?
That this which scap'd the Press should feel the
A Room with one side furnish'd, or a face (Pen.
Painted half-way, is but a faire disgrace.
This great voluminous Pamphlet may be said
To be like one that hath more haire then head;
More excrement then body. Trees, which sprout
With broadest leaves, have still the smallest
When I saw so much white, I did begin (fruit.
To think Aglaura either did lie in,
Or else took Pennance. Never did I see
(Unlesse in Bills dasht in the Chancerie)
So little in so much; as if the feet
Of Poetry, like Law, were sold by th'sheet.
If this new fashion should but last one yeare,
Poets, as Clerks, would make our paper dear.
Doth not Artist erre, and blast his fame,
That

*That sets out pictures lesser then the frame?
 Was ever Chamberlaine so mad, to dare
 To lodge a childe in the great Bed at Ware?
 Aglaura would please better, did she lie
 I'th' narrow bounds of an Epitomie.
 Pieces that are weav'd of the finest twisl, (then list.
 (As Silk and Plush) have still more stusse.
 She, that in Persian habit made great brags,
 Degenerates in this excesse of rags;
 Who, by her Giant-bulk this only gaines,
 Perchance in Libraries to hang in chaines.
 'Tis not in Book, as Cloth; we never say
 Make London-measure, when we buy a Play:
 But rather have them pair'd: Those leaves be
 To the judicious, which more spotted are. (faire
 Give me the sociable Pocket-books.
 These empty Folio's only please the Cooks.*

R. B.

A S O N G .

AWay with all grief and give us more sack.
 'Tis that which we love, let love have no
 lack.
 Nor sorrow, nor care can crosse our delights,
 Nor witches nor goblins, nor Buttery sprights,
 Tho' the candles burne dimme while we can
 do thus,
 We'll scorn to flie them: but we'll make them
 flie us.
 Old Sack, and old Songs, and a merry old crew
 Will fright away Sprights, when the ground
 looks blew.

A



A
PROLOGUE.

*H*E that could never boast, nor seek the way,
To prepare friends to magnifie his Play,
Nor raile at's Auditory for unjust.
If they not lik't it, nor was so mistrust-
Ful ever in himself, that he besought
Preapprobation though they lik't it not.
Nor ever had the luck to have his name
Clap't up above this merit. Nor the shame
To be cried down below it. He this night
Your faire and free Attention does invite.
Only he prays no prejudice be brought
By any that before-hand wish it nought.
And that ye all be pleas'd to heare and see,
With Candor suiting his Integrity.
That for the Writer. Something we must say,
Now in defence of us, and of the Play.
We shall present no Scandal or abuse,
To vertue or to honour. Nor traduce
Person of worth. Nor point at the disgrace
Of any one residing in the Place,
On which our Scene is laid, nor any Action shew,
Of thing has there been done, for ought we know.


¹⁴ VOL. II. Though

*Though it be probable that such have been.
But if some vicious persons be brought in,
As no new Buildings, nor the strongest hold
Can keep out Rats and Vermin bad and bold,
Let not the sight of such be ill endur'd ;
All foresare seen and search't before th' are cur'd.
As Ruffian, Bawd, and the licentious crew,
Too apt to pester Scituations new.*

Another Prologue.

*'Tis not amisse ere we begin our Play,
T' intreat you, that you take the same surveigh
Into your fancie, as our Poet took,
Of Covent-Garden, when he wrote his book,
Some ten years since, when it was grown with
weeds,
Not set, as now it is, with Noble Seeds.
Which make the Garden glorious. And much
Our Poet craves and hopes you will not grutch
It him, that since so happily his Pen
Foretold its faire emprovement, and that men
Of worth and honour should renown the place.
The Play may still retain its former grace.*

TO



To my LORD of *Newcastle*, on his
PLAY called *THE VARIETY*. He having
commanded to give him my true o-
pinion of it.

My Lord,

I Could not think these seven yeares, but that I
In part a poet was, and so might lie,
By the Poetick Licence. But I finde
Now I am none, and strictly am confin'd
To truth, if therefore I subpæna'd were
Before the Court of Chancerie to swear.
Or if from thence I should be higher sent,
And on my life unto a Parliament
Of wit and judgement, there to certifie
What I could say of your *VARIETY*:
I would depose each Scene appear'd to me
An Act of wit, each Act a Comedy,
And all was such, to all that understood,
As knowing Johnson, swore By God'twas good.

R. B.

The Actors Names.

Rooksbill, a great Builder in *Covent-Garden*.

Crosswill, a Countrey Gentleman, Lodger in his Buildings.

Cockbrain, a Justice of Peace, the Weeder of the Garden.

<i>Nicholas.</i>	} Young Gen- tlemen.	{ <i>Rooksbills</i> son <i>Crosswills</i> elder son. <i>Cross.</i> younger son. <i>Cockbraines</i> son.
<i>Gabriel.</i>		
<i>Mihil.</i>		
<i>Anthony.</i>		

Mun Clotpoll, a foolish Gull.

Driblow, Captain of the *Philoblathici*.

Belt, *Crosswills* Servant.

Ralph, *Dorcas* Servant.

A Citizen.

A Parson.

A Taylor.

A Shoemaker.

A Vintner.

A Drawer.

Pig, *Damaris* Servant.

Women Actors.

Lucie, *Rooksbills* daughter.

Katharine, *Crosswills* daughter.

Dorcas, alias *Damaris*, *Crosswills* Neece.

Margerie Howlet, a Bawd.

<i>Bettie.</i>	} Two Punks.
<i>Francisca.</i>	


A Laundresse.



THE
COVENT-GARDEN
Weeded.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cockbrayne, Rookes-bill.

Cock.  Marry Sir ! This is something like !
These appear like Buildings !
Here's Architecture exprest indeed !
It is a most sightly scituation, and
fit for Gentry and Nobility.

Rook. When it is all finished, doubtlesse it will
be handsome.

Cock. It will be glorious : and yond magnificent
Peece, the *Piazza*, will excel that at *Venice*, by hear-
say, (I ne're travell'd). A hearty blessing on their
braines, honours, and wealths, that are Projectors,
Furtherers, and Performers of such great works. And
now I come to you Mr. *Rookesbill* : I like your Rowe
of houses most incomparably. Your money never

B

shone

stone so on your Counting-boards, as in those Structures.

Rook. I have pil'd up a Leash of thousand pounds in walls and windows there.

Cock. It will all come again with large increase.

And better is your money thus let out on red and white, then upon black and white, I say. You cannot think how I am taken with that Rowe! How even and straight they are! And so are all indeed. The Surveyor (what e're he was) has manifested himself the Master of his great Art. How he has wedded strength to beauty; state to uniformity; commodiousness with perspicuity! All, all as't should be!

Rook. If all were as well tenanted and inhabited by worthy persons.

Cock. Phew; that will follow. What new Plantation was ever peopled with the better sort at first; nay, commonly the lewdest blades, and naughty-packs are either necessitated to 'hem, or else do prove the most forward venturers. Is not lime and hair the first in all your foundations? do we not soile or dung our lands, before we sowe or plant any thing that's good in 'hem? And do not weeds creep up first in all Gardens? and why not then in this? which never was a Garden until now; and which will be the Garden of Gardens, I foresee't. And for the weeds in it, let me alone for the weeding of them out. And so as my Reverend Ancestor *Justice Adam Overdoe*, was wont to say, *In Heavens name and the Kings*, and for the good of the Common-wealth I will go about it.

Rook. I would a few more of the Worshipful hereabouts, (whether they be in Commission or not) were as well minded that way as you are Sir; we should then have all sweet and clean, and that quickly too.

Cock.

Cock. I have thought upon a way for't, Mr. *Rooksbill*: and I will purfue it, *viz.* to finde out all the enormities, yet be my felfe unspied: whereby I will tread out the fpark of impiety, whileft it is yet a fpark and not a flame; and break the egge of a mifchief, whileft it is yet an egge and not a Cockatrice. Then doubt not of worthy tenants for your houfes Mr. *Rooksbill*.

Rook. I hope, Sir, your beft furtherance.

Cock. I had a letter but laft night from a worthy friend, a Weft-countrey Gentleman, that is, now coming up with his family to live in Town here; and defire is to inhabit in thefe buildings. He was to lie at *Hammerfmith* laft night, and requested an early meeting of me this morning here, to affift him in the taking of a houfe. It is my bufineffe hither; for he could never do't himfelfe. He has the oddeft touchy, wrangling humour.— But in a harmleffe way; for he hurts no body, and pleafes himfelf in it. His children have all the trouble of it, that do anger him in obeying him fometimes. You will know him anon. I mean, he fhall be your Tenant And luckily he comes.

Enter Crofwill, Gabriel, Katherine, Belt.

Crof. It is not enough you tell me of obedience. Or that you are obedient. But I will be obeyed in my own way. Do you fee — (to *Gab. and Ka.*)

Cock. My noble friend Mr. *Crofwill*, right happily met.

Crof. Your troublefome friend Mr. *Cockbrayne*.

Cock. No trouble at all, Sir, though I have prevented yours in finding a fit houfe for you.

Crof. You ha' not ha' you, ha'?

Cock. *Aetum est* Mr. *Croswill*. But Civility pardon me, Is not this your daughter? *Kiffe.*

Crof. All the Shee-things I have: and would I were well rid of her too.

Cock. Sweet Mrs. *Katherine*, Welcome — Mr. *Gabriel*, I take it.

Gab. *Gabriel Croswill* is my name.

Cock. But where's your younger sonne *Mihill*? There's a spark!

Crof. A Spark! A dunce I fear by this time like his brother *Sheepshead* there.

Gab. *Gabriel* is my proper name.

Crof. I have not seen him this Twelve-moneth, since I chamber'd him a Student here in Town.

Cock. In town, and I not know it?

Crof. He knows not yet of my coming neither, nor shall not, till I steal upon him; and if I finde him mopish like his brother, I know what I will doe.

Cock. Have you not heard from him lately?

Crof. Yes, often by his letters, lesse I could reade more comfort in 'hem. I fear he's turn'd *Precisian*, for all his *Epistles* end with *Amen*; and the matter of 'hem is such as if he could teach me to ask him blessing.

Rook. A comfortable hearing of a young man.

Crof. Is it so Sir? but I'll new mould him if it be so. — I'll tell you Mr. *Cockbrayne*; never was such a father so crost in his children. They will not obey me in my way. I grant, they do things that other fathers would rejoyce at. But I will be obeyed in my own way, dee fee. Here's my eldest sonne. Mark how he stands, as if he had learn't a posture at *Knightsbridge* spittle as we came along while-eare. He was not only borne without wit, but with an obstinate resolution, never to have any. I mean, such wit as might become a Gentleman.

Cock.

Cock. Was that resolution borne in him think you.

Crof. It could never grow up in him still as it does else. When I would have him take his horse, and follow the dogs, and associate Gentlemen, in hawking, hunting, or such like exercises, he'll run you a foot five mile another way, to meet the brethren of the separation, at such exercises as I never sent him to (I am sure) on worky dayes. And whereas most Gentlemen run into other mens books, in hands that they care not who reads, he has a book of his own Short-writing in his pocket, of such stuffe as is fit for no mans reading indeed but his own.

Gab. Surely Sir.—

Crof. Sure you are an Affe. Hold your tongue.

Gab. You are my father.

Rook. What comfort should I have, were my son such.

Crof. And he has nothing but hang'd the head, as you see now, ever since Holiday sports were cried up in the Countrey. And but for that, and to talk with some of the silenc'd Pastors here in town about it, I should not have drawn him up.

Rook. I would I could change a sonne w' you Sir.

Crof. What kinde of thing is thy sonne? ha! dost thou look like one that could have a sonne fit for me to father, ha? And yet the best take both, and t' please you at all adventures, ha?

Rook. I am sure there cannot be a worse, or more debauch'd reprobate then mine is living.

Crof. And is the devil too good a Master for him, think'st thou, ha? Wherein can I deserve so ill at thy hands, fellow, whate're thou art, that thou should'st with me comber'd with a worse burden, when thou hearest me complain of this, ha? What is this fellow that you dare know him, Friend *Cock-*

brayn? I will not dwell within three parishes of him.

Rook. My tenant! Blessè me from him. I had rather all my Rents were Bawdy houses.

Cock. Think nothing of his words, he'll forget all instantly. The best natur'd man living.

Cros. Dost thou stand like a son now that hears his father abus'd, ha?

Gab. I am praying for the conversion of the young man he speaks of.

Cock. Well said, Mr. *Gabriel*.

Cros. But by the way, where's your sonne *Anthony*? have you not heard of him yet?

Cock. Never since he forsook me, on the discontent he took, in that he might not marry your daughter there. And where he lives, or whether he lives or not, I know not. I hope your daughter is a comfort to you.

Cros. Yes, in keeping her chamber whole weeks together, fullenning upon her Samplery breach-work, when I was in hope she would have made me a grandfather ere now. But she has a humour, forsooth, since we put your son by her, to mak me a match-broker, her marriage-Maker; when I tell you friend, there has been so many untoward matches of Parents making, that I have sworn she shall make her own choice, though it be of one I hate. Make me her match-maker! Must I obey her, or she me, ha?

Cock. I wish with teares, my sonne had had her now.

Kat. Wherein Sir, (under correction) do I disobey you?

Cros. In that very word, under correction, thou disobey'st me. Are you to be under correction at these yeares? ha! If I ha' not already taught you manners beyond the help of correction, go seek a wiser father to mend 'hem.

Kat.

Kat. Yet give me leave, dear Sir, in my excuse.—

Crof. Leave out correction then.

Kat. If I were forward as many Maidens are,
To wish a husband, must I not be fought?
I never was a Gadder: and my mother,
Before she dy'd, adjur'd me to be none.
I hope you'll give me leave to keep your house.

Crof. La there again! How subtly she seeks dominion over me! No, huswife, No; you keep no house of mine. I'll nestle you no longer under my wing. Are you not fledge; I'll have you fly out I, as other mens daughters do; and keep a house of your own if you can find it.

Gab. We had a kinswoman flew out too lately, I take it.

Crof. What tell'st thou me of her; wife-acres? Can they not flie out a little, but they must turne arrant whores, ha? Tell me of your kinswoman? 'Tis true, she was my Neece; she went to't a little afore her time? some two years since, and so fled from Religion; and is turn'd Turk, we fear. And what of that in your precisianical wisdom? I have such children as no man has. But (as I was saying,) would ye top me huswife, ha! Look you, now I chide her, she says nothing. Is this obedience, ha?

Kat. Perhaps, I might unfortunately cast my affection on a man that would refuse me.

Crof. That man I would desire to know; shew me that man; see if I swinge him not dares flight my daughter.

Cock. Still the old humour, self-will'd, crosse, and touchie; but suddainly reconcil'd. Come Mr. *Croswil*, to the businesse.

Crof. Oh, you told me of a house you had found for me.

Cock. Yes Sir. And here's the Landlord.

(c)

B 4

Crof.

Crof. Does he look, or go like one could let a house worthy of me.

Cock. Sir, we have able Builders here, that will not carry least shew of their buildings on their backs. This is a rich sufficient man, I assure you, and my friend.

Crof. I cry him heartily mercy, and embrace him. And now I note you better, you look like Thrift it self.

Enter Dorcas above upon a Bellconic. Gabriel gazes at her. Dorcas is habited like a Curtizan of Venice.

I cannot think you will throw away your houses at a cast. You have a sonne, perhaps, that may, by the commendations you gave of him. Lets see your house.

Cock. Come away Mr. *Gabriel*!

Crof. Come Sir, what do you gape and shake the head at there? I'll lay my life he has spied the little *Crosse* upon the new Church yond, and is at defiance with it. *Sirrah*, I will make you honour the first syllable of my name. My name is *Will. Crofwill*, and I will have my humour. Let those that talk of me for it, speak their pleasure, I will do mine.

Gab. I shall obey you, Sir.

Crof. Now you are in the right. You shall indeed. I'll make your heart ake else, dee see.

Gab. But truly I was looking at that Image; that painted idolatrous image yonder, as I take it.

Cock. O heresie! It is some Lady or Gentlewoman standing upon her Bellconey.

Belt. Her Bellconey? Where is it? I can spy from

from her foot to her face, yet I can see no Bellconey she has.

Cock. What a Knave's this : That's the Bellconey she stands on, that which jets out so on the forepart of the house ; every house here has one of 'hem.

Belt. 'Tis very good ; I like the jetting out of the forepart very well ; it is a gallant fashion indeed.

Cock. I guess what she is, what ere I have said. O justice look to thine Office.

Crof. Come now to this house, and then to my son *Mihil*, the Spark you spoke of. And if I find him crofs too, I'll crofs him : Let him look to't. Dee see.

Cock. I'll see you hous'd ; and then about my project, which is for *weeding* of this *hopeful Garden*.

Ex omnes.

Gabriel stays last looking up at her.

Dam. Why should not we in *England* use that freedom

The famous Courtezans have in *Italy* :
We have the art, and know the Theory
To allure and catch the wandring eyes of Lovers ;
Yea, and their hearts too : but our stricter Lawes
Forbids the publique practice, our desires
Are high as theirs : our wills as apt and forward ;
Our wits as ripe, our beauties more attractive ;
Or travellers are shrewd lyars. Where's the let ?
Only in bashful coward custome, that
Stoops i'the shoulders, and submits the neck
To bondage of Authority ; to these Lawes,
That men of feeble age and weaker eye-sight
Have fram'd to bar their sons from youthful pleasures.

Possets and Cawdels on their queasie stomacks
Whilst I fly out in brave rebellion ;
And offer at the least, to break these shackles
That holds our legs together : And begin
A fashion, which pursu'd by *Cyprian Dames*,

May

May perswade Justice to allow our Games.
Who knows? I'll try. *Francisca* bring my Lute.

Enter Fran. with Lute.

*While she is tuning her Lute : Enter Nich.
Rookesbill, Anthony in a false beard,
Clotpoll.*

Clot. Troth I have a great mind to be one of the *Philoblasthici*, a Brother of the Blade and Battoon, as you translate it; now ye have beat it into my head: But I fear I shall never come on and off handsomely. I have mettall enough methinks, but I know not how methinks to put it out.

Nich. We'll help you out with it, and set it flying for you never doubt it.

Clot. Obotts, you mean my money mettall, I mean my valour mettall I.

Ant. Peace, heark.

Clot. T'other flyes fast enough already.

Nic. Pox on ye peace.

Song.

Nic. O most melodious.

Clot. Most odious, Did you say? It is methinks most odoriferous.

Ant. What new devise can this be? Look!

Nic. She is vanisht. Is't not the Mountebanks Wife that was here; and now come again to play some new merry tricks by her self.

Clot. A botts on't, I never saw that Mountebank; they say, he brought the first resort into this new plantation, and sow'd so much seed of Knavery and Cozenage here, that 'tis fear'd 'twill never out.

Nic. Nay but this creature: What can she be?

Clot. And then again, he drew such flocks of idle
people

people to him, that the Players, they say, curst him abhominably.

Ant. Thou ever talk'st of the wrong matter.

Clot. Cry mercy Brothers of the Blade and Battoune : Do you think if I give my endeavour to it, I shall ever learn to roar and carry it as you do, that have it naturally, as you say.

Nic. Yes, as we'll beat it into you. But this woman, this musical woman, that set herself out to show so, I would be satisfied in her.

Clot. And she be as able as she seems, she has in her to satisfy you, and you were a Brother of ten Blades, and ten Battounes.

Nic. I vow—Peace. I'll battoune thy teeth into thy tongue else ; she bears a stately presence. Thou never saw'st her before ; Didst thou *Toney* ?

Ant. No ; but I heard an inkling at the *Paris Tavern* last night of a She-Gallant that had travelled *France* and *Italy* ; and that she would——

(*Clot.* Battoun thy teeth into thy tongue.) *write table.*

Ant. Plant some of her forraign collections, the fruits of her travels, in this Garden here, to try how they would grow or thrive on English earth.

Nic. Young *Pig* was speaking of such a one to me, and that she was a Mumper.

Clot. What's that a Sister of the Scabberd, brother of the Blade ?

Nic. Come, come ; we'll in, we'll in ; 'tis one of our fathers buildings ; I'll see the inhabitants. Some money *Clot.* furnish I say, and quickly.—I vow—

Clot. You shall, you shall.

Nic. What shall I ?

Clot. Vow twice before you have it.

Nic. I vow, and I vow again, I'll coyn thy brains.—

Clot. Hold, hold, take your powl money ; I thought

I would have my will ; and the word I look for, *I'll coyn thy brains.*—— *write.*

I do not love to give my money for nothing, I have a volume of words here, the worst of 'hem is as good as a blow ; and then I save my Crown whole half a dozen times a day, by half a crown a time, there's half in half fav'd by that.

Nic. Come let's appear civil, till we have our entrance, and then as occasion serves——*Knock.*

Enter Fran.

Who would you speak withal ?

Nic. Your Mistrefs, little one.

Fran. Do you know her Sir ?

Nic. No ; but I would know her, that's the business : I mean the musical Gentlewoman that was fiddling, and so many in the What-doe-call't een now.

Fran. What-doe-call her Sir, I pray ?

Nic. What-doe-call her ; 'tis not come to that yet, prethee let me see and speak with her first.

Fran. You are dispos'd I think.

Nic. What should we do here else ?

Fra. You wont thrust in upon a body whether one will or no.

Ant. Nic. Away you Monkey.

Fra. O me, What do you mean ?

Clot. O my brave *Philoblathici.*—— *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Dorcas, alias Damaris, Madge.

Dam. What's the matter the Girl cries out so ?

Ma. I know not : I fear some rude company, some of the wild crew are broke into the house.

Fran. Within. Whether would you go, you wont rob the house will ye ?

Nic. Will ye be quiet Whiskin ?

Ma. O me 'tis so : Hell's broke loose ; this comes of your new fingle-fangle fashion, your preposterous *Italian* way forsooth : would I could have kept my old ways of pots and pipes, and my Strong-water
course

course for customers : The very first twang of your fiddle guts has broke all, and conjur'd a legion of devils among us.

Enter Nic. Ant. Clot. .

Nic. Nay, there's but a Leash of us. How now? Who have we here? Are these the far travel'd Ladies? O thou party perpale, or rather parboild Bawd.

Mad. What shall I do? *Dam.* Out alas; sure they are devils indeed.

Nic. Art thou travel'd cross the Seas from the Bankside hither, old Countess of Codpiece-row?

Clot. Party perpale and parboild Bawd.—*Write.*

Ant. And is this the Damfel that has been in *France* and *Italy*? *Clot.* Codpiece-row.

Mad. Peace ye roaring Scabs: I'll besworn she supt at *Paris* Tavern last night, and lay not long ago at the *Venice* by *Whitefryers* Dock.

Nic. Prethee what is the *Madge*?

Mad. A civil Gentlewoman you see she is.

Nic. She has none of the best faces: but is she warrantable; I have not had a civil night these three moneths.

Madge. Nor none are like to have here, I assure you.

Nic. O *Madge* how I do long thy thing to ding didle ding.

Mad. O *Nick*, I am not in the humour, no more is she to be o'the merry pin now; I am sure her case is too lamentable. But if you will all sit down, I'll give you a bottle of wine, and we'll relate her story to you, so you will be civil. *Nic.* Well for once I care not if we be.

A Table bottle, light, and Tobacco stales.

Let us set to't then; sit down brother *Toney*, sit
 15 VOL. II. down

down Gentlewoman, we shall know your name anon, I hope it will fall in your story; sit down *Clotpoll*.

Clot. You will call me brother *Clotpoll* too when I have taken my oath, and paid my entrance into the fraternity of the Blade and the Battoun.

Nic. 'Tis like we shall. Now Lady of the Stygian Lake, thou black infernal *Madge*, begin the dismal story, whilst I begin the bottle

Mad. This Gentlewoman whose name is *Damyris*.

Nic. *Damyris* stay. Her nick-name then is *Dammy*, so we may call her when we grow familiar: and to begin that familiarity, *Dammy* here's to you.—*drink*.

Dam. And what's your nick-name I pray Sir?

Nic. *Nick*: only *Nick*, *Madge* there knows it.

Dam. Then I believe your name is *Nicholas*.

Nic. I vow-witty. Yes *Dammy*, and my Sirname is *Rookesbill*, and so is my Fathers too: and what do you make o'that?

Dam. Nothing not I Sir: fure this is he.

Nic. And I would he were nothing, so I had all he has: I must have tother glaſs to wash him out of my mouth, he furs it worſe then Mondongas Tobacco. Here old *Madge*, and to all the birds that shall wonder at thy howletſhip, when thou rid'st in an Ivy-buſh call'd a Cart.

Mad. Well mad *Nick*, I'll pledge thee in hope to ſee as many flutter about the tree, that thou ſhalt clime backwards.

Nic. A pox thou wilt be ſtifled with Offal and Carret leaves before that day.

Dam. Fie, fie, what talk's this? 'tis he I am confident.

Mad. Theſe are our ordinary complements, we wiſh no harm.

Nic. No *Dammy* I vow, not I to any breathing.

Mad. But your Father *Nick*.—Is he that *Rookesbill*.—

Nic.

Nic. But my Father ; Pox rot ye, why do ye put me in mind of him again, he sticks i' my throat, now I'll wash him a little further.—Here Brother *Toney*.

Ant. Gramercy Brother *Nick*.

Clot. And to all the brothers that are, and are to be of the Blade and the Battoun.

Nic. There said you well *Clotpoll* : Here 'tis—
Drink.

Mad. *sets away the Bottle.*

Mad. I would but have asked you whether your Father were that *Rookesbill* that is call'd the great Builder.

Nic. Yes marry is it he foorfooth ; he has built I know not how many houses hereabout, though he goes *Dammy* as if he were not worth a groat ; and all his cloaths I vow are not worth this hilt, except those he wears, and prays for fair weather in, on my Lord Mayors Day ; and you are his Tenant, though perhaps you know it not, and may be mine ; therefore use me well : for this house and the rest I hope will be mine, as well as I can hope he is mortal, of which I must confess I have been in some doubt, though now I hope again, he will be the first shall lay his bones i' the new Church, though the Church-yard be too good for him before 'tis consecrated. So give me the tother cup, for now he offends my stomach. Here's to thee now *Clotpoll*.

Clot. And to all the Sisters of the Scabberd Brother in Election. Dee hear, Pray talk of his father no more, for the next brings him to the belly-work, and then he'll drink him quite through him.

Mad. And so we shall have a foul house.

Ant. No he shall stick there. Now to the story Gentlewoman, 'twas that we fate for.

Nic. I to the story, I vow I had almost forgot it ; and I am the worst at Sack in a morning : Dear *Dammy* to the story.

Dam.

Dam. Good Sir my heart's too full to utter't.

Nic. Troth and my head's too full to hear it: But I'll go out and quarrel with some body to settle my brains, then go down to *Mich. Croffewill* to put him in mind of our meeting to day; then if you will meet me at the Goat at Dinner, wee'll have it all at large.

Dam. Will you be there indeed Sir, I would speak with you seriously.

Nic. *Dammy* if I be not, may my father out live me.

Ant. We both here promise you he shall be there by noon.

Clot. 'Lady, 'tis sworn by Blade and by Battoun.

Nic. This will be the bravest discovery for *Mihill*, the new *Italian Bona Roba* Catfoe.

Mad. Why so sad on the suddain Niece.

Dam. But do you think hee'll come as he has promis'd.

Mad. He never breaks a promise with any of us, though he fail all the honest part o'the world: But I trust you are not taken with the Ruffian, you'll nere get penny by him. *Exeunt Nic. Anth. and Clodp.*

Dam. I prethee peace, I care not.

Enter Rafe.

Ra. But Myftris, there is a Gallant now below, a Gingle boy indeed, that has his pockets full of crowns that chide for vent. Shall I call him up to you.

Dam. I will see no man.

Mad. How's that? I hope you jest.

Dam. Indeed, I hope you jest.

Mad. You will not hinder the house, I hope. Marry heigh. This were a humour and 'twould last. Go fetch him up.

Dam. I'll flie then out at window. Nay, by this steel 'tis true.

Mad.

Mad. What's the matter? have *I* got a mad woman into the house. What do you go about to break me the first day of your coming, before you have han-fell'd a Couch or a Bedside in't. Were you but now all o'th heigh to set your self out for a signe with your fiddle cum twang, and promise such wonders, forsooth, and will not now be seen. Pray what's the Riddle.

Dam. I'll tell thee all anon. Prithie excuse me. *I* know thy share of his fins bounty would not come to thus much, take it, *I* give it thee. And prithee let me be honest till *I* have a minde to be other-wife, and *I*'le hinder thee nothing.

Ma. Well, *I*'le dismisse the Gallant, and send you, *Sirrah*, for another wench. *I*'le have *Besse Buffle-head* again. This kicksy wincy Giddibrain will spoil all. *I*'le no more *Italian* tricks.—*Ex.* with *Rafe*.

Thus some have by the phrensie of despair
Fumously run into the sea to throw
Their wretched bodies, but when come near
They saw the billows rise, heard *Boreas* blow,
And horrid death appearing on the Maine,
A sudden fear hath sent them back again.

Act. II. Scæn. I.

Enter Mihill. Taylor. Shoomaker.

Mi. **N** Ay, but honest Shoomaker; thy honest price.

Sho. *I* tell you intruth, Sir, 'tis as good a boot as ever you pull'd on in your life.

Mi. A little too streight, *I* doubt. What do you think o' my boots honest Tailor.

C

Tay.

Tay. They do exceeding handsomely, never trust me Sir.

Mi. Never fear it *Taylor*, you shall trust me, and please you.

Tay. You are pleasant Sir.

Mi. And what do you think of my suite Shoemaker? can you say as much for the *Taylor* as he for you.

Sho. A very neat suite, Sir, and becomes you excellent.

Mi. Honest men both, and hold together; one would little think you were so near neighbours. Well you have fitted me both, *I* must confesse. But how *I* shall fit you, now there's the point.

Tay. { There's but one way for that and please you.

Sho. { With paying us our money Sir.

Mi. Still both in a tale, *I* cannot but commend your neighbourhood. *I* muse my Laundresse staves, *I* sent her three or foure wayes for moneys. But do not you stay for that. *I* have wayes enough to pay you. *I* have ploughes a going that you dream not of.

Tay. No indeed, Sir, we dream of nothing but ready money, sleeping or waking.

Mi. *I* shall be rich enough, ne're fear't. *I* have a venter in the new soap-businesse man.

Tay. We are but servants, Sir. And our Masters themselves have no faith, in slippery projects.

Sho. Besides, the women begin to grumble against that slippery project shrewdly, and, 'tis feard, will mutinie shortly.

Mi. Burlakin, and they may prove more troublesome then a commotion of Sailors.

Enter

Enter Laundresse.

O welcome, Laundresse, where's the money.

Laun. Not a penny of money, Sir, can I get. But here's one come to town has brought you enough, and you can have grace to finger it.

Mi. Who's that *I* prithee.

Laun. Your father, your father, Sir. *I* met his man by great chance, who told me his Master meanes to steal upon you presently, and take you as he findes you.

Mi. Is he come up with his crosse tricks. *I* heard he was to come. And that he meanes to live here altogether. He has had an aime these dozen years to live in town here, but never was fully bent on't until the Proclamation of restraint spurr'd him up. 'Tis such a *Crossewill*. Well, he is my father, and *I* am utterly undone if thou help'st me not now at a pinch, at a pinch, dear Laundresse. Go borrow me a Gown, and some foure or five Law-books, for, *I* protest, mine are in *Duck-lane*. Nay, trudge, sweet Laundresse, trudge.—*Ex. Laun.* Honest *Tailor* and *Shoemaker* convey your selves away quietly, and I'll pay you to morrow, as *I* am a Gentleman:

Shoe. As *I* am a *Shoemaker*, and that's a kinde of a Gentleman, you know, I'll not stirre till *I* have my money, *I* am not an Affe Sir.

Mi. No body fayer thou art.

Shoe. *I* have had too many such tricks put upon me i' my dayes.

Mi. A trick! as *I* hope for money it is no trick.

Shoe. Well Sir, trick or no trick, *I* must have my money or my boots, and that's plain dealing.

Mi. A pox o'th' boots, so my legs were out of 'hem. Would they were i'thy throat, spurres and all, you will not out.

Shoe. No marry will we not.

Tay. Well-said Shoemaker, *I* commend thee, thou hast a better heart than *I*, though my stomach's good.

Enter Laundresse.

Mi. O well-said, my good Laundresse. How am *I* bound to thee ; yet all this wo'not do't Laundresse. Thou must bestir thy stumps a little further, and borrow me a couple of Gownes more for these Rascals here that will not away.

Laun. How ! wo'not away ? And they were well serv'd, they would be thrust out of doors for saucie companions. Your Masters would not put a Gentleman to his trumps thus.

Mi. Nay, sweet Laundresse, restrain thy tongue, and stretch thy feet. A couple of Gowns, good Laundresse, and forget not caps. *Ex.* If *I* do now furnish you like Civil Lawyers, and you do not keep your countenances ; if ever you do but peep in at the Hall-door at *Christmas* to see the revels, I'll have you set i'th' stocks for this beleave it.

Sho. If you do, Sir, *I* may hap be even with you before the year comes about, and set you in our stocks for't.

Tay. But will you make Lawyers of us.

Mi. Have you a minde to have your money you unbelieving Rascals.

Shoe. *I* see your drift, and hope you'll prove an honest Gentleman.

Mi. Thou hast some hope, though no faith nor trust in any man.

Shoe. Alas, Sir, our Masters sit at great rents, and keep great families.

Mi. *I* cry you mercy, they are remov'd into the new plantation here, where, they say, are a tribe of Infidel tradesmen, that have made a Law within
your

your selves to put no trust in Gentlemen. But beare your selves handsomely here you were best. *I* am acquainted with a crew that haunts about your habitation, with whom *I* will joyne, and so batter your windows one of these nights else.—O welcom, Laundresse, how doest thou toile for me.

Laun. Your fathers talking, as *I* am a woman, below. *Mi.* As thou art a woman below, well-said. Come on with these Gownes, and lets see how you'll look. If we had time, the Shoemaker should wash his face ; but seeing there is no remedy ; pull the cap in your eyes, and goodenough. Now Laundresse, set us stooles, and leave us.

Laun. *I* hear him coming up. *Ex.*

Mi. Now let him come, we are ready for him. Shoemaker, keep your hand underneath the book, that the pitch do not discover you.

Sho. *I* warrant you, Sir.

Mi. And Taylor, be sure you have no Needle on your sleeve, nor thread about your neck.

Tay. *I* warrant you too for me, Sir.

Mi. He's entred.

Enter Crofwill, Belt, and stand aside.

Mi. Remitter, *I* say, is where a man hath two titles, that is to say, one of an elder, the other of a later. And he cometh to the land by the later title ; yet the Law adjudgeth him to be in by the force of the elder title. If the tenant in the taile discontinue the taile, and after he diseaseth his discontinue, and so dieth seised, whereby the tenants descend to their issue, as to his Cousin inheritable by force of the taile. In this case the tenants descend, who have right by force of the taile, a Remitter in the taile taken for that in the Law, shall put and adjudge him to be in by force of descent. Pox on ye, speak something good or bad, somewhat.

Sho. The Remitter, you say, is seised i'th'tail.

Mi. Excellent Shoomaker, *I* say so, and again, *I* say, that if the tenant in the taile in feoffe his son, or his Cousin, inheritable by force of the taile, the which sonne or cousin at the time of the feoffment is within age, and after the tenant in the taile dieth, this is a Remitter to the heire in the taile, to whom the feoffment is made, now Taylor.

Tay. Think you so, Sir.

Mi. Look either *Fitzherbert*, *Perkins*, or *Dier*, and you shall finde it in the second part of *Richard Cordelyon*. So much for Remitter. Now I'll put a plain home-spun case, as a man may say, which we call a moot-case.

Sho. *I* pray do Sir.

Cross. Some father might take joy of such a sonne now. This takes not me. No, this is not my way.

Mi. The case is this (aside) pull up your grounds closer and behang'd, you are a Tailor, and you a Shoomaker.

Sho. And you owe us money.

Mi. *I* put the case, *I* do, to you for a suit of clothes.

Tay. Well.

Mi. And to you for a paire of boots.

Sho. True.

Mi. *I* have broke my day with you both. Suppose so.

Both. Very well, we do.

Mi. You clap a Sergeant o' my back. *I* put in bail, remove it, and carry it up into the upper Court, with *habeas Corpus*; bring it down again into the lower Court with *procedendo*; then take it from thence, and bring it into the Chancery with a *Certiorari*; *I*, and if you look not to't, bring it out of the Chancery again, and thus will *I* keep you
from

from your money till your suite and your boots be worne out before you recover penny of me.

Sho. S'ly'd but you shall not, your father shall know all first.

Mi. S'foot Shoemaker wilt thou be an Affe. *I* do but put a case, Have you not seen it tried.

Tay. Yes, very often.

Croff. Away with books. Away with Law. Away with madnesse. *I*, God blesse thee, and make thee his servant, and defend thee from Law, *I* say. Take up these books, farrah, and carry them presently into *Pauls Church-yard* dee fee, and change them all for Histories, as pleasant as profitable; *Arthur of Britain, Primalion of Greece, Amadis of Gaul,* and such like de fee.

Mi. *I* hope he do's but jest.

Crofs. And do you heare, Sirrah.

Belt. *I* Sir.

Croff. Get *Bells* work, and you can, into the bargain.

Belt. Which *Bell*, Sir? *Adam Bell*, with *Clim o'th' Clough*, and *William of Cloudefley*.

Croff. *Adam Bell* you Affe? Valiant *Bell* that kill'd the Dragon.

Belt. You mean *St. George*.

Croff. Sir *Folthead*, do *I* not. I'll teach you to chop logick, with me.

Mi. S'foot, how shall *I* answer my borrow'd books? Stay *Belt*. Pray Sir, do not change my books.

Croff. Sir, Sir, *I* will change them and you too: Did *I* leave thee here to learn fashions and manners, that thou mightst carry thy self like a Gentleman, and dost thou wast thy brains in learning a language that *I* understand not a word of? ha! *I* had been as good have brought thee up among the wild *Irish*.

Mi. Why alafs Sir, Had *I* not better keep my self within my Chamber, at my Studie, then be rioting
C 4 abroad

abroad, wasting both money and time, which is more precious then money? if you did know the inconvenience of company, you would rather encourage and commend my retir'd life, then any wayes dehort me from it.

Crof. Why Sir did not I keep companie think you when I was young? Ha!

Mi. Yes Sir; but the times are much alter'd, and youth more corrupted now, they did not drink and wench in those dayes, but nay, o 'tis abominable in these.

Crof. Why this is that I fear'd, the boyes turning meacock too, after his elder brother, 'twas time to look to him.

Nick. Rooksbill. Ant. Clotp.

Nich. Why *Crofwill Mich.* What, not up yet and behang'd. Or ha ye a Wench a bed wye. Is this keeping your home. *Mihil* runs to the door and holds it.

Mi. Sfoot the Rogue *Rooksbil* and his crew, I fear'd as much.

Nic. Break open the door, let me come to't.

Mi. Forbear, or behang'd, you will undo me, my father's here. I'll meet you anon as *I* am honest.

Nic. Your father's a Clowterdepouch. Nay, *I* will come then, what *Madamoiselle* do you call father.

They Enter.

Mi. You would not believe me. Pray be civil.

Ant. 'Tis so, we will Cry mercy, you are busie, we will not moote to day then?

Mi. *I* hope you may excuse me, I'll be w'ye anon.

Nic. Come to the Goat Capricorne. We have the bravest new discovery.

——*Ex.*

Crof. How now! what are these?

Mi.

Mi. They are Gentlemen of my standing, Sir, that have a little over-studied themselves, and are somewhat——

Crof. Mad ; are they not ? And so will you be shortly, if you follow these courses. Mooting do they call it ? you shall moote nor mute here no longer. Therefore on with your cloak and sword, follow me to the Tavern, and leave me such long-tail'd company as these are, for *I* do not like them.

Mi. No more do *I*, Sir, if *I* knew how to be rid of 'hem.

Crof. *I* think thou hast ne're a sword, hast thou, ha ?

Mi. Yes Sir.

Crof. Where is it, Sir, let me se't Sir.

Mi. 'Tis here, under my bed, Sir.—Reach it.

Crof. Why there's a Lawyers trick right, make his weapon companion with his Pisse-pot. Fie, fie, here's a tool indeed. There's money, Sir, buy you a good one, one with the Mathematical hilt as they terme it.

Mi. It would do better in Mathematical books, Sir, offer me no money, *pray Sir, but for books.

Crof. Go to, you are a peevish Jack, do not provoke me : do not you owe me obedience ? ha !

Mi. Yes Sir, *I* acknowledge it.

Crof. 'Tis good you do. Well, take that money ; and put your selfe into cloathes befitting your rank, Do so. And let me see you, squirting about without a weapon, like an Attorneys Clerk in Tearm-time, and I'll weapon you. What, shall *I* have a Noddie of you. This frets him to the liver. Go to, never hang the head for the matter. For *I* tell thee *I* will have it so, and herein be knownen what *I* am.

[*Aside.*

Mi. You are known sufficiently for your crosse humour already ; in which I'll try you if *I* can make

make you double this money, for this will not serve my turne.

Cres. What have you told it after me, you had best weigh it too.

Mi. No Sir, but *I* have computed that for my present use, here is too much by halfe, pray Sir, take halfe back.

Cres. Bodie o'me, what a perverse knave is this, to crosse me thus! *Is* there too much, say you? ha!

Mi. Yes truly, sir.

Cres. Let me see't. Go thy wayes, take thy musty books, and thy rustie whittle here again. And take your foolish plodding dunci-coxcomely course, till *I* look after you again. Come away sirrah.

—*Ex. with Belt.*

Mi. Sfoot, who's the Gull now? Taylor, Shoemaker, you may go pawn your Gownes for any money *I* am like to have.

Shoo. We have all played the Lawyers to pretty purpose, in pleading all this while for nothing. Well sir, to avoid further trouble, *I* am content to withdraw my action, that is, pull off your boots again, and be jogging.

Tayl. And for my part, sir, *I* can do no lesse then take you by default and non-suit you.

Enter Belt.

Mi. Very good Lawyers both, Is my father quite gone *Belt*?

Belt. Gone in a tempest of high displeasure sir: And has sent you here all the money he had about him; and bids you refuse it if you dare, 'tis above twice the summe he offered you before; but good sir, do not refuse it. He swears he will try whether you or he shall have his will. Take heed you crosse him not too much.

Mi.

Mi. Well at thy request, because thou shalt not have anger for carrying it back again, I will accept.

Belt. I thank you Sir. Consider, he's your father, fir.

Mi. I do most Reverend *Belt*, and would be loth to crosse him, although *I* may as much in taking his money as refusing it, for ought *I* know, for thou know'st 'tis his custome to crosse me, and the rest of his children in all we do, to try and urge his obedience; 'tis an odde way: therefore to help my self I seem to covet the things that I hate, and he pulls them from me; and makes shew of loathing the things I covet, and he hurles them doubly at me as now in this money.

Belt. Are you so crafty?

Mi. Yes, but do thou put it in his head, and I'll pick out thy braines.

Belt. You neverknewan old Serving-mantreachorous to his young Master: what? to the hopes o'th' house; you will be heire, that's questionlesse; for to your comfort, your elder brother growes every day more fool then the other. But now the rest of the message is, that you make haste, and come to my Master to the Goat in *Covent-Garden*, where he dines with his new Landlord to day.

Mi. He has taken a house then.

Belt. O, a most delicate one, with a curious Belconee and all belonging to't most stately.

Mi. At the Goat does he dine, sayest thou.

Belt. Yes fir.

Mi. My crew are gone thither too. Pray *Mars* we fall not foule of one another. Well, go thy way, present my duty to him, I'll follow presentlie. Tell him *I* took his money with much unwillingnesse.

Belt. As Lawyers do their fees. Let me alone fir.

—*Ex.*

Mi.

Mi. Well Tailor and Shoemaker ; you have put me to't, but here's your money.

Shoo. 'Twas for that we did put you to't Sir.

Mi. Let's see your bill Tailor.

Tai. Here 'tis, fir, as ready as a Watchmans.

Mi. Then good words will passe it, 7 li. 4. sh. tell your money ; yours is 14 sh. boots and Galloshes. There 'tis, and 12. d. to drink.

Shoo. I thank your worship.

Mi. Are you right Tailor.

Tai. Yes and please you Sir.

Mi. There's a shilling for you too, to spend in bread.

Shoo. He knows both our diets. We'll make bold to take leave of your worship.

Mi. Not so bold as I'm glad I'm so well rid of ; you, most courteous Gentlemen. *Ex. Ta. Sh.*

To see what money can do ; that can change mens manners, alter their conditions : how tempestuous the slaves were without it. O thou powerful metal ! what authority is in thee ! Thou art the Key to all mens mouthes. With thee a man may lock up the jawes of an informer, and without thee he cannot the lips of a Lawyer. *Ex.*

Scæn. II.

Enter Crosswill, Rookesbill, Gabriel, Katherine, Lucy.

Crof. Down boy, and bid the Cook hasten dinner.

Dra. What will you please to drink in the mean time, fir.

Crof. I will not drink in the mean time, fir, Get you gone. *Dra.* A fine old humorous Gentleman.

Crof. Hold up your head, Sirrah, and leave your precise folly. I'll leave you to the wilde world else,
dee

dee fee. Is the name of a Tavern so odious to you? Ha. Your brother has vext me sufficiently already, and perhaps he'll refuse to come too! If he dares let him. Welcome Mr. *Rooksbil*, welcome Landlord, and your faire daughter, welcome pretty one. Trust me a pretty one indeed, pray be acquainted with my daughter there. In your Maiden-company, I hope she will not think the Tavern such a bug's nest as she did. I had much ado to draw my rebellious children to the Tavern after me.

Rook. And truly, sir, 'tis the first to my knowledge that e're my daughter came into.

Crof. All in good time, she may encrease in vertue. But if it be a fault, (as i' my conscience in his thought it is a great transgression) my unsettledness, and unprovidedness else, where or how to entertain a friend, or feed my selfe, may well excuse us all, dee fee.

Rook. O Sir, I cannot enough admire that vertue in your sonne.

Crof. It is a vice, as much a vice or more, as is your sonnes, your cast-aways as you call him, that sucks no other aire, then that of Tavernes, Tap-houses, Brothels, and such like. I would their extreme qualities could meet each other at half-way, and so mingle their superfluities of humour unto a mean betwixt 'hem. It might render them both allowable subjects, where now the one's a fire-drake in the aire, and t'other a mandrake in the earth, both mischievous, see how he stands like a mole-catcher. What dirty dogged humour was I in when I got him troe?

Rookef. Howe're his carriage seems distasteful unto you, I could afford (with your allowance, to make conditions of estate agreeable) to give all that is mine to him with my daughter. [Aside.

Crof. What a mechanick slave is this, to think a
 16 VOL. II. (c) sonne

fonne of mine, howe're I under-rate him, a fit mate to mingle blood with his moore-ditch breed. True, his estate is great, I understand it, but of all foule I love not Moor-hens. Such another motion would stir me to roare him down the tavern-stairs.

Rooks. What do you think on't fir.

Crof. Heaven grant me patience.

Rooks. Will you confider of it Master *Crossewill*.

Crof. I was never so put to't. I wish we had a stickler. I muse that Master *Cockbrayne* stayes thus.

Rooks. You do not mind my motion fir.

Crof. Uds precious I minde nothing, I am so croft in mind that I can minde nothing, nor will I minde nothing, dee fee. Why comes not Mr. *Cockbrayne*, Ha !

Rooks. Yet you minde him it seems. But he, fir, cannot come, and desires you to hold him excus'd. He's gone about some special undertaking, for the good of the Common-wealth, he sayes.

Crof. Fart for his undertaking ; all the world is bent to crosse me. What is my young Master come ? ha !

Enter Belt.

Belt. My young Master Mr. *Mihil* will be here presently, he said he would follow me at heeles, fir.

Crof. And why not come before you, fir. Does he not think that I have waited long enough, fir ? sure I'll crosse some body under that knaves pate of yours, d'y'fee.

Belt. Thus when any body angers him, I am sure to hear on't.

Crof. So now my spleen is a little palliated, let me speak with you Mr. *Rooksbill*. Get you down,
Sirrah,

Sirrah, and bring me word, dinner is not ready, and I'll give you as much more, d'ye'fee.

Belt. That's his way to his stomach.

Kat. And is your brother that your father sayes is so ungracious, so well acquainted with my brother *Mihil*, say you.

Luc. Oh all in all, he's not so familiar with any man, if *Mihil Crofwill* be your brother, as 'tis manifest.

Kat. I would not that my father knew it, for all I can expect from him but his blessing, but does your father know it?

Luc. No, I would not he should mistrust it for all he has, blessing and all; and now that I have found you love your brother so well, I will make over my reason and my counsel in trust with you, hoping you will not wrong that trust.

Kat. If I do, may the due price of treachery be my reward.

Luc. I love your brother, Lady, and he loves me. The only good act that ever my brother did, was to bring us acquainted, and is indeed all that he has to live on. For I do succour him with many a stolne peece for the felicitie he brought me in your brothers love. Now, my father, whose irreconcilable hate has for ever discarded my brother, should he but dream of their acquaintance, would poison all my hopes.

Kat. But let me ask you, is there an hope betwixt you and my brother ever to come together?

Luc. Yes, and a way he has for't, which I understand not yet.

Kat. Trust me, I pity you both, your case is very dangerous.

Luc. Love's above all adventures, the more hard the atchievement is, the sweeter the reward.

Kat. I like her spirit well.

Crof.

Crof. You Sir, come hither, what is hammering in your head now ?

Is't not some Synodical question to put unto the brethren, concerning Whitsonales and Maygames ? ha !

Gab. Surely fir, I was premeditating a fit thanksgiving to be rendered before meat in Tavernes, according to the present occasion which the time and place administreth, and that as the spirit shall enable me, shall be delivered before you in due season.

Crof. I am glad I know your minde ; for that trick, my zealous sonne, you shall come in at half-dinner, like a Chafing-dish of coales, when the sawce is cold, to make use of the heat of your spirit ; d'ye' see. I love not meat twice drest.

Rook. Good fir, put the proposition to him, that I made my affection to him, urges it more and more, I never was so taken with a man.

Crof. But what's that to your daughter ? ha !

Rook. The same affection governes her, she is not mine else.

Crof. Well, hold your peace, and was that your spiritual meditation ?

Gab. Yes, verily.

Crof. Come Sir, at this Gentlemans request I will now put a question to you concerning the flesh. What think you of yond Virgin there, his daughter ? can you affect her so well as to wish her to be your wedded wife ?

Gab. You mean, espoused in holy Matrimony.

Crof. Yes, I mean so.

Gab. *hum hum hum Psalm tune. How happy.*

Crof. But do thou say, yes verily to that, and as I hope to have peace in my grave. I'll break the Kings peace on thy pate presently.

Gab. It is a weighty question, and requires due premeditation.

premeditation in a religious answer, pray give me leave to take advice——

Rook. What sayes he, Sir?

Crof. He sayes he will talk with a cunning man about her.

Rook. Sure you mistake him, sir.

Vint. You are welcome, Gentlemen. *Wilt.*

Harry, Zachary.

Gab. *Zachary* is a good name. { *Goat*
names.

Vint. Where are you? (he rings the bell) shew up into the *Phoenix*. Is the *Checque* empty?

Crof. Hoyday, here's a din.

Draw. A pottle of Canarie to the *Dolphin*, score.

Vint. Y' are welcome, Gentlemen, take up the lillie-pot. [*Knock.*

Draw. Half a dozen of clean pipes and a candle for the *Elephant*. They take their own { *Pots flie*
Tobaccho. { *clink.*

Vint. Whose room do they foul *Sirrah*, *Harry*, *Harry*? (*Bell*)

Gab. Do Elephants take Tobaccho?

Vint. Carry up a *Jordan* for the *Maidenhead*, and a quart of white muskadine for { *Run down*
the *blew Bore*. { *the staires.*

Crof. Now me thinks, the muskadine for the *Maidenhead*, and the *Jordan* for the { *Fiddlers be-*
Bore were better. { *low tuning.*

Knock aboue, and a pot thrown. Why boyes, drawer, rogues, take up, (below) By and by, by and by, (above) Wine, Tobaccho.

Crof. What variety of noises is here? and all excellent ill sounds. (Above) Call up the Fidlers, *Sirrah*.

Gab. Such cries as these went forth before the desolation of the great City. [*Fidling rude tunes.*

O prophane tinkling the cymbals of Satan, that tickle the eare with vanity, to lift up the mind to

D

lewdnesse.

lewdneffe. Mine cares ſhall be that of the Adder againſt the Song of the Serpent.

Rook. O rare, in a young man !

Gab. I will roar out aloud to drown your Incantations. Yea, I will ſet out a throat even as the beaſt that belloweth.

Rook. Moſt happy youth !

Croſ. Hold your peace, Sirrah, or I'll make you bellow for ſomething.

Enter Mihil, Nick.

Mi. Sfoot-back, *Nick* to your own room. Thy father's here too, as I breath.

Nick. I vow ?

Ex.

Mi. My *Lucie* too, as I live. How the devil got they acquainted ? Sure he's his landlord. 'Tis ſo.

Croſ. Dare you come, ſir, you ſhould have ſtayed now till you had been ſent for.

Mi. Verily, ſir.

Croſ. Are you at your Verilies too ? ha !

Mi. But for displeaſing you, I had rather have graz'd on *Littletons* Commons, or ha' faſted this fourtnight, then come for my repaſt into this Wilderneſſe ; but you will ha' it ſo.

Croſ. You are in the right Sir, I'll have it ſo indeed, I'll know why I ſhall not elſe. What do you know no bodie here ?

Mi. I crie them mercie, my good brother,—and my loving ſiſter.

Rook. But what vertuous men has this man to his ſons, and how they thrive in grace againſt his will, it ſeems.

Mi. What Gentlewoman is this of your acquaintance, Siſter ?

Luc. 'Tis well diſſembled brother, but I know your cunning.

Mi.

Mi. Have you betray'd me?

Luc. Mum Mr. Mihil, mum.

Vint. Harry, Harry.

Enter Drawer hastily.

Draw. By and by.

Crof. What devil art thou that roarest in mine
eare fo. *[Beats the Drawer.*

Draw. Hold, I beseech you, I come to wait upon
you.

Crof. What, with a By and by, that strikes into
my head as sharp as a Stellatto.

Draw. I come to tell you, sir, that your table's
covered in a fairer Room, and more private, your
meat is ready to go up, and all in a readinesse.

Crof. Now thou art an honest fellow, there's a
couple of shillings for thee. Have us out of thy
windmil here, I prithee, and thy By and by's.

Exeunt omnes.

Act III. Scœn I.

*Enter Captain Driblow, Clotpoll, Nick, Anthony,
Drawer, A Table, Pot and Glassses.*

GO *Sirrah*, make your reckoning for our din-
ner. Leave us this wine, and come when
we call you. We have businesse.

Draw. I shall, sir, by and by.

D 2

Capt.

Capt. Well, fir, you will be of both you fay, the Blade and the Battoon?

Clot. Of both, fir, by all meanes, both *Philoblathicus* and *Philobatticus*, I. I'll now have all that belongs to your order, or all my money again, that's for a certain.

Capt. Your money again? loe you there. You bring me a fit man, Gentlemen to be sworn, do you not? that talks of money again, when 'tis a main Article in the Oath never to look for money again, once disfinger'd.

Nick. You will not spoil all now 'tis come so far? will you?

Clot. Well fir, when I have my Oath, and that I am sworn one of you. I'll do as you do, and care as little for money as he that has least.

Capt. Well, to the Oath then, for both the Blade and the Battoon you fay?

Clot. I by all meanes, Captain, for both. S'lid the Battoon may stick to me, when the Blade may flie out o'th' Hilts.

Ant. Yes, to the Brokers.

Capt. Lay your hands on these Hilts, fir. The Articles that you depose unto are these, To be true and faithful unto the whole Fraternity of the Blade and the Battoon, and to every member thereof.

Clot. As ever faithful member was.

Capt. That at no time, wittingly or ignorantly, drunk or sober, you reveal or make discovery of the Brother, or a member of the Brotherhood. of his lodging, haunts, or by-walks, to any Creditor, Officer, Sutler, or such like dangerous or suspicious person.

Clot. I defie them all.

Capt. That if any of the Brotherhood be in restraint or distresse by imprisonment, sicknesse, or whatsoever engagement, you make his case your own

own, and your purse and your travel his ; and that if a brother die or finish his dayes, by end timely or untimelie, by Surfet, Sword, or Law, you wear the fable order of the Riband in remembrance of him.

Clot. A convenient cheap way of mourning.

Capt. That your purse and weapon to the utmost of your strength, be on all occasions drawn to the assistance or defence of a Brother or Brothers friend, be it he, be it she.

Clot. I understand you, and shall be as forward to fight for a She-friend, as ever the best man in the mirror of knighthood was for an honest woman.

Capt. That you be ever at deadly defiance with all such people, as Protections are directed to in Parliament, and that you watch all occasions to prevent or rescue Gentlemen from the gripes of the Law brissons. That you may thereby endear your selfe into noble society, and drink the juice of the Varlets labours for your officious intrusions.

Clot. And that will go down bravely.

Capt. You must rank your self so much the better man, by how much the more drink you are able to purchase at others costs.

Clot. Excellent.

Capt. You are to let no man take wall of you, but such as you suppose will either beat you or lend you money.

Clot. Better and better still.

Capt. The rest of your duties for brevity sake you shall finde specified in that copy of your Order. Kifs the book.

Clot. I'll swear to them whatsoever they be.

So, now I am a Blade, and of a better Rowe then those of *Tyttere tu*, or *Oatmeal hoe*, and so an health to our Fraternity, and in chief to our Noble Captain *Driblow*.

[*Drinks.*

Nick. Ant. Agreed, Agreed.

Capt.

Capt. Now are you to practise or exercise your quality on the next you meet that is not of the Brotherhood.

Enter Mihil.

Clot. Are you one of the Brotherhood sir, of the *Philoblathici*.

Mi. I had else lost much sir, I have paid all dues belonging to it.

Clot. So have I as I hope to gain honour by't 40 li. thick at least ; yet I have this left, please you command the half sir.

Mi. Another time, your reckoning is not yet paid perhaps. [*Clot. puts his money in his pocket.*]

Clot. 'Tis the first money of mine that was refus'd since my coming to town. I shall save infinitely.

I see now that I am sworn. How would I swear to get by it.

Capt. Take heed of that. Come hither son.

Mi. How have you screwed this youth up into this humour, that was such a dry miserable Clown but two dayes since ?

Nick. The old way, by watching of him, and keeping him high-flown a matter of forty eight houres together.

Ant. Men are apt to beleeve strange fancies in their liquor, and to entertain new opinions.

Mi. I have fastened three or foure cups upon my precise brother. I would 'twere as many pottles, so it would convert him into the right way of good fellowship.

Nick. I would we could see him, to try what good we could do upon him.

Ant. Perhaps we might convert him.

Mi.

Mi. He's above still with the old men. I stole from him, but to see if your *Italick* Mystresse were come yet. Your Madam.

Nick. No, she comes anon ; but is my affliction above still.

Mi. Thy father ? yes.

Nick. Prithee do not call him my father lest he took better courses.

Mi. And so is thy Sister ; the little rogue looks so squeamishly on me, and I on her, as we had never seen before ; but the foolish Ape out of a present affection she has taken to my Sister, has discovered to her the whole discourse of our love, and my familiarity with thee, which were enough to spoil all, if it were discovered to the old folkes, before my cards were play'd.

Nick. Well, remember Mr. Mihil, you have promised me half, if the old dogged fellow give her all, and you marry her.

Mi. Thou canst not doubt me.

Nick. You know I can spoil all when I list, but to shew my countenance in your cause.

Mi. Such is your vertue, Sir. Well, I'll up to 'em again before I be mist ; and when they part, I am for you again. [*Ex.*]

Capt. I have given you all the rudiments, and my most fatherly advices withal.

Clot. And the last is that I should not swear, how make you that good ? I thought now I was sworne into this Brotherhood, I might have sworne what, and as much as I would.

Capt. That's most unnecessary, for look you son, the best, and even the leudest of my sons do forbear it, not out of conscience, but for very good ends ; and in stead of an Oath furnish the mouth with some affected Protestation. As I am honest, it is so. I am no honest man if it be not. Ud take me, if I
lie

lie to you. Nev'rgo, nev'rstirre, I vow, and such like.

Clot. Or never credit me, or let me never be trusted.

Capt. O take heed of that, that may be spoken in so ill an houre, that you may run out of reputation, and never be trusted indeed; the other will gaine you credit, and bring you into good and civil estimation with your Hostesses; and make 'em terme you a faire conditioned Gentleman if he had it; and truly I never heard worse word come out of his mouth.

Clot. Nev'r-go, nev'r-stir, I vow. I'll have, I vow then.

Ant. I vow, but you shall not, that's mine.

Clot. Can't you lend it me now and then brother? I'll have, I swear then, and come as nigh swearing as I can.

Nick. I swear but you must not, that's mine you know.

Clot. I protest then, I'll have I protest, that's a City-word, and best to cozen with.

Clot. Come boyes, fall to some practice. Let me see about at the new French balls, sprung out of the old English vapours.

Clot. I protest come on. I'll make a third man.

Ant. Whose man are you?

Nick. Whose man is not to be asked, nor scarce whose subject, now he is of our Brotherhood.

Clot. Yes, by your favour he may ask.

Ant. I ask no favour, sir.

Nick. That may be granted.

Clot. You can grant nothing in this kinde.

Ant. I vow he may grant any thing of any kinde.

Nick. I swear, I neither can, nor will grant that.

Clot. That, I protest, may bear exception indeed.

Ant. Exceptions amongst us? nay, then I vow.—

Nick. I swear.

Clot.

Clot. And I protest——[*Up with their Battoons.*

Capt. Part faire my boyes ; 'tis very well perform'd ; now drink a round to qualifie this bout.

Enter Cockbrain.

All. Agreed on all parts.

Cock. Look upon me ye Common-wealths men now, like a State-Surgeon, while I search and try The ulcerous coare of foule enormitie. These are a parcel of those venomous weeds, That ranklie pester this faire Garden-plot. Whose boisterous growth is such, that I must use More policie then strength to reach their root, And hoist them up at once. This is my way to get within 'em.

Ant. So, 'tis gone round.

Nick. I muse these Mumpers come not.

Clot. Best fend a boy.

Nick. Drawer, ha ! where be those Rascalls ?
(Within) By and by.

Nick. Are you one of 'em, fir ?

Cock. I am one that has the favour of the house fir.

Nick. To intrude into Gentlemens privacies ?
ha !

Cock. To seek a poor living and 't please you, by picking up the crums of your liberalitie, for the use of my rare qualities.

Nick. And what's your qualitie ?

Cock. It is to speak or sing *ex tempore* upon any Theame that your fancie or the present occasion shall administer.

Nick. Can you drinke before you lay your lips to't ?
[*Glasse in's face.*

Cock. O my weak eye-sight.

(c)

Clot.

Clot. Or can you cate a crust without chawing, made of the Flower of Battoon.

Cock. O good Gentlemen, forbear, I beseech you.

Clot. The flower of Battoon. I protest a good jest, and 'twas mine own before I was aware, for he had the Maidenhead or first-blow of my Battoon. Nay, it shall down.

Cock. I will not yet desist, but suffer private affliction with a Romane resolution for the publike welfare, with full assurance that my fortitude shall at last get within 'em.

Nick. You are not satisfied, it seems, you Rascal, get you gone. [*Kicks him.*]

Ant. Phew! beat not the poor fellow so.

Clot. Let me come to him again, and flesh my self upon him. I will not only flesh my self, but tire upon him.

Cock. Enough, enough, good Gentlemen, you have beaten me enough of conscience. Was ever good Patriot so rudely handled? but the end crowns all.

Capt. Forbear him sons. What canst thou be, that canst not be satisfied with beating? speak, art a man or a Ghost?

Cock. I have been, Sir, a man, and of my hands, howe're misfortune humbles me under your manhoods. But, I have seen the face of warre, and serv'd in the Low-countreys, though I say't, on both sides.

Clot. Then 'tis impossible this fellow can be beat out of countenance.

Nick. We'll leave him in his quality for that constant vertue.

Capt. Sure, 'tis *Fenner* or his Ghost. He was a riming souldier. Look, do his eyes stand right?

Cock. They had a dish e'ne now, sir.

Nick.

Nick. Of sack, 'tis true here, take another, and wash the inside of your Throat. And let us hear your pipes in their right tune.

Cock. Give me a Theam Gentlemen.

Nick. The praise of sack. Sing the praise of sack.

Ant. Let it be of the Blade.

Clot. And the Battoon, I beseech you.

Draw. Do you call, Gentlemen?

Nick. I vow, I will have sack.

Draw. T'other quart of Canarie? you shall.

[*Takes pot.*]

Nick. Are your eares so quick? I vow, I'll dull 'em.

Draw. Anon, anon.

Nick. I say, a song of Sack.

Capt. I, let it be of Sack.

Nick. Now you pump, do you?

Cock. No, sir, but think of a tune.

Clot. If he can pump us up a spring of Sack, we'll keep him, and break half the Vintners in Town.

(*Song.* Now *B.* and *Clot.* asks *Gabriel*, Are you a brother. They fall in the burthen.)

Nick. I vow, well-said.

Ant. I swear, 'twas well.

Clot. I protest the best that I have heard in this kind. I wonder at his ability. I prithee, art not acquainted with my two Poetical Drury-lane Writers? the Cobler and the Tapster.

Cock. No sir, not I, I work not their way. What I do is *ex tempore* after the Theme given.

Cock. But they run quite before you. Their Works are in print sometimes, and ready to be fung about streets, of men that are hang'd before they come to the Gallows.

Ant. But did not *Mihil* say he would come again.

Nick.

Nick. I marvel at his stay.

Clot. I, and the Mumpers, when come they? I long to see the Sisters, now I am a brother sworn and entred.

Enter Pig.

Nick. O here comes news. How now pig?

Pig. You must all presentlie to the *Paris* Tavern.

Nick. Must? at whose suit!

Pig. Mr. *Mihil* bade me tell you so.

Ant. Is he gone from hence?

Pig. He is, and all his gone and disperfed.

Nick. Then the old Jew my father's gone.

Pig. Only there's one delicate demure Gentleman with Mr. *Mihil*, travell'd along with him towards *Paris*. I believe he meanes to make a mouth of him.

Nick. O, 'tis his precise brother. But where's thy Mystresse, and Madama *Damaris*? that they come not.

Pig. They desire to meet you there too, 'tis more private.

Ant. Away we'll follow thee.

Clot. Pig, how does thy father *Hog*, the Turkie Merchant?

Pig. I am in haste, Sir.

Ex.

Ant. Why Turkie Merchant?

Pig. Because he trades in nothing but Turkie commodities; Egges and Concubines; 'twere well to geld him, and send him to the Grand Seignior, to wait in his *Seraglio*.

Enter Drawer.

Nick. Thou hast such a wit in this *Clotpoll* of thine.
The Reckoning *Drawer*.

Draw.

Draw. Here, here, Sir, here's your bill.

Capt. Let see the summe. What is't *Drawer* ?
40. sh. and 3. d. Sir, your dinner, and what you had
since, in all, sir.

Capt. 'Tis very reasonable. Commend me to thy
Master. Son *Clotpoll* pay't. It is your duty.

Clot. Yes, for my Brotherhood.

Capt. Boyes, I must leave you.

Cock. 40. sh. for foure mens dinners, note that,
yet he sayes 'tis reasonable.

Draw. Good Captain. He was ever the fairest
Reckoner, though he has never the luck to pay any
thing.

Ant. Fare you well, father.

Nick. When we have further occasion, we'll re-
pair to your lodging.

Clot. At *Bloomesbury*. Father, I know.

Cock. *Bloomsbury* ? good, I note it.

Capt. Sirrah, look to the second Article of your
Oath.

Clot. Against discovery of lodgings, haunts, or
by-walks, I am warn'd.

Capt. Look that you be fo. *Ex. Capt.*

Nick. 40. sh. and 3. d. you'l bate the 3.d. will you
not ?

Draw. We'll not much stand for that Sir, though
our master sits at deare rent.

Nick. Give me your two peeces.

Ant. Pray let me see the bill before you pay it.

Nick. Well, I can hold it then.

Ant. Bread and beer, 1.sh.4.d. I do not think
we four could eat 3.d. of bread, and for my part, I
drank but two glasses of beer.

Nick. And I but one, I vow.

Clot. And my father and I but one betwixt us, I
protest.

" VOL. II.

Draw

Draw. Ha' you no men below?

Nick. Below the earth doest mean? I am fure we have none above-ground.

Draw. I know not, Gentlemen, there's so much reckon'd at the bar, and you please you may see it.

Ant. Nay, an't be at the bar, it stands for Law. Well, wine 5*sh.* 9*d.* I think we had no lesse. A shoulder of Mutton stuff't with Oysters, 8*sh.* that cost your Master very near ten groats, a brace of Partridge 5*sh.* a couple of Cocks, 4*sh.* 6*d.*, a dozen of Larks 20*d.* Anchovis 6*sh.* I swear but a saucer full.

Draw. I'll be sworne they are so much reckon'd in the Kitchin.

Ant. All's law, I tell you, all's law in Tavernes. But I hope there will be a law for you one o'these dayes. Then is their Fruit and Cheefe, Tobaccho, Fire, and I know not what, is't right cast.

Cock. There is more hope of that young man, then of all the rest, indeed it is a fore abuse, another verie weed in the city. I do note that also.

Nick. Sirrah, before you have your money, fetch me a glasse of Beere. But canst thou sing this upon any subject.

Rook. Any sir, any, an't be till midnight. [*Ex.*

Nick. But you have strange helps to your invention. I did note the rolling o' th' eye, and rubbing your brows sometimes.

Rook. So did I, I protest, and therefore, I tell you what. If he can sing such another Song, and look stedfastly the while upon anything, and hold his hands behind him. I'll give him half a crown; if not, he shall ha' nothing for tother.

Cock. Agreed Gentlemen, give me your Theme.

Ant. You shall give it him.

Nick.

Nick. And withal, watch him if he stir hand or eye, especially the eye.

Clot. I will I protest, and set mine eye against his, that he shall not twink, but I'll perceive it, and lay him o're the pate.

Cock. Well Sir, your Theme.

Clot. In praise of the Battoon, and if you misse it you shall be sure on't.

Cock. You'll help me with the burthen, Gentlemen.

Nick. Yes, yes, for the more grace of the Song.

Clot. Take you care for that. Set your eyes and begin.

S O N G .

To prove the Battoon the most noble to be,
Of all other weapons observe his degree,
In Field to be Leader of all other Armes,
To conquest and honour, through hazard and harms
The Gallant and Peasant, the Lord and the Lowne,
Must move by the motion of the Leaders Battoon.
O give me the Battoon.

The Pike and the Halbert are subject to it,
The Ensigne, the Partizan, all must submit,
To advance, or retire, fall back, or come on.
As they are directed by the Leaders Battoon.
Then it is to the Souldier the greatest Renown,
To purchase by service to bear the Battoon.
O give me the Battoon.

Clot. Marry, and take it Sir, why do you stare about? though you have broke Covenant, I have not.

Cock. Where be the Gentlemen?

Clot.

Clot. Ha! they are not gone, I hope, where be my brothers Drawer.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gone sir, and have sent me to you for the reckoning.

Clot. I protest you jest, do you not? I gave 'em the full summe, and all the money I had, I protest, I swear, I vow, now they are not here, I may make bold with their words. They have my money I am sure.

Draw. If you have no money, pray leave a pawne, sir.

Clot. Take him there, put him in a cage, and let him sing it out.

Draw. We know him not, sir.

Clot. No? he said he had the favour of the house to sing to Gentlemen.

Cock. I feare I shall be discovered, sir, I can give your worship credit for a peece till you come to your lodging.

Clot. Protest, thou art generous; nay, I know where to finde 'em; and thou shalt go with me to 'em, we will not part now, wee'll shoune 'em. I vow, (the words out) here, I'll leave my sword for tother peece.

Draw. Your sword will not serve, sir, I doubt.

Clot. Take my coat too, a friend and a Battoon is better then a coat and a sword at all times.

Cock. I am glad my feare is over. And after all my sufferings, if at last.

Cockbraine, crow not these roaring Lions down,

Let him be balladed about the Town. [*Ex. omnes.*

Scæn.

Scæn. 2. Enter Lucie, Katharine, Belt.

Luc. Let me now bid you welcome to my fathers house, where till your own be fitted; though my father keep too private a family to expresse large entertainment, yet I hope at worst you shall ha' convenient lodging.

Kat. Indeed, I am glad that my father yielded to your fathers friendly request in it; and the more, in regard he is so hard to be entreated to any thing; but especially for your societies sake, sweet Sister. Indeed I'll call you Sister alwayes, and I hope you shall be shortly in my brother *Mihils* right.

Luc. I have laid open my heart to you, which indeed is his, but your father, I feare, will never be wonne.

Kat. Why you would not have him too, Sister, would you?

Luc. His consent I would, and my fathers, I hope, would easily be wrought. You saw he was willing your other brother should have me at the first sight, meetly for his reservednesse, and *Mihil* methought carried himself as civil to day as he; I mean, as civilly for a Gentleman, that should not look like one o'th' fathers of the Dutch Church at five and twenty.

Kat. He was put to't to day. The noise of the Tavern had almost wrought his zeale into fury, it is scarce out of my head yet.

Luc. But you were about to tell me how he first fell into this veine, this vanity indeed.

Kat. I'll tell you now, and in that something worth your observation.

Luc. I will observe you.

Kat. My father has an humour, not to like any thing at first, nor accept best courtesies of friends,

(c)

E

though

though presently he findes 'em most commodious to him ; things that he knows not how to be without, and oftentimes desires with the same breath the things he vilified, and scorn'd them the last syllable he spake before. You saw when your father offered him the use of his house here, till his own be furnished, he cried, hah ! are all the houses in the Town yours, sir ; and yet presently entreated for't, and thanked him.

Luc. That shews the best nature, they say.

Kat. But that is seldome attended by the best fortune. Nay, in us, I mean, his children, he will like nothing, no, not those actions which he himself cannot deny they are vertuous ; he will crosse us in all we do, as if there were no other way to shew his power over our obedience.

Luc. 'Tis a strange fatherly care.

Kat. Now, note the punishment that followes it. There's not a childe he has, though we all know what we do, that makes any conscience of crossing him, we have so much of his good nature in us.

Luc. And that's as odde a duty in children.

Kat. I must confesse it is a stubbornnesse.

Yet for the most part we do nothing, but that which most Parents would allow in their children ; and now for my brother *Gabriel*, with whom I must bring in the story of another Kinswoman of ours, my father had at home with us.

Luc. So.

Kat. Nay, mark, I pray you, as I would entreat an Auditorie, if I now were a Poet to mark the Plot, and several points of my play, that they might not say when 'tis done, they understood not this or that, or how such a part came in or went out, because they did not observe the passages.

Luc. Well on, I pray.

Kat.

Kat. My brother *Gabriel*, when he was a boy, nay, till within these two years, was the wildest untamed thing that the countrey could possibly hold.

Luc. So he is still for ought I know, for I think no man of his Religion in his wits.

Kat. I mean in outward conversation, he was the Ring-leader of all the youthful Frie, to Faires, to Wakes, to May-games, footbal-matches, anything that had but noise and tumult in it ; then he was Captain of the young train-band, and exercised the youth of twenty parishes in martial discipline. O he did love to imitate a souldier the best,—and so in everything, that there was not an handfom maid in an whole County could be quiet for him.

Luc. He may be good at that sport still, for there is almost none of his sect holds any other game lawful.

Kat. Yet did he bear the civillest and the best ordered affection to our Kinswoman I spake of.

Luc. Yes, I remember.

Kat. So loving to her person, so tender of her honour that nothing but too near affinity of blood could have kept them asunder.

Luc. And she did love him as well !

Kat. O dearly, vertuously well ; but my father fearing what youth in heat of blood might do, removes my brother *Gabriel* from home into the service of a Reverend Bishop to follow good examples.

Luc. But he learned not to be a Puritane there I hope.

Kat. You shall hear, Sister, soon after came a Gallant into the countrey from *London* here, and as we after found, a Citizens sonne, though he shewed like a Lord there. Briefly, he grew acquainted with my brother *Mihil*. Then woo'd

and wonne my Cousin so secretly, my father never suspected, not he nor I e're knew whose son he was, nor of what occupation my old lord his father was; but he promit'd her marriage, clap't her, you may guesse where, and so like the slippery Trojan left her.

Luc. O divellish Rascal!

Kat. And foolish creature. she who soon repented it, and with her shame is fled to what part of the world we know not.

Luc. In truth 'tis pitiful, that villain would be hang'd.

Kat. Now upon this. my poor brother that lov'd her so, fell into discontent, forsook his lord, and would have left the Land, but that he was prevented and brought home.

Luc. And ever since he has been thus religious.

Kat. Thus obstinate, for I think verily he does it but to crosse my father, for sending him out of the way when the mischief was done.

Luc. I will not then believe 'tis Religion in any of the gang of 'em, but mere wilful affectation. But why, or wherein do you or *Mihil* crosse your father.

Kat. I tell you Sister we must. He is so crosse himself, that we shall never get anything of him that we desire, but by desiring the contrary.

Luc. Why then do you desire him to get you an husband?

Kat. Because he should get me none. O Sister, both he and Mr. *Cockbrayne*, can wish now that I had had his son.

Luc. There's another youth now gone on love's pilgrimage, e're since your father crost him in your love not to be heard of.

Kat. Hush! the old men.

Enter

Enter Rooksbill, Crofwill.

Rook. In good truth fir, I am taken with your conversation. I like it now exceeding well.

Crof. I am glad it pleases you.

Rook. 'Tis very faire and friendly, I finde we shall accord.

Crof. I am glad I have it for you Sir, I pray, make bold with it.

Rook. Then pray fir, let me urge my motion a little further to you.

Crof. What is't? you cannot utter it so easily as I shall grant it, out with it man.

Rook. That you will be pleased to accept my daughter for either of your sons, your youngest if you please; now I have seen him, I'll give him with her presently, either in hand a thousand pound, and five hundred pound a childe as fast as he can get'em, And all I shall die seiz'd of.

Crof. What a Dogbolt is this to think that I should get a childe for him.

Rook. I hope you do think well on't.

Luc. Pray love he does. I hope so too.

Kat. I mark his Answer.

Luc. I could find in my heart to ask his good will my selfe.

Kat. And that were a fure way to go without it,

Rook. How say you, fir, is't a match.

Crof. I will not stay a minute in thy house, though I lie in the street for't.

Huswife, I'll fort you with fitter companions. Come, follow me quickly.

Rook. Heaven blesse me and my childe too from matching with such a disposition.

Kat. Truly, fir, I long'd to be out o'th' house before.

Crof. Before you came in it did you not ? ha !

Kat. These new walls do so stink of the lime methinks.

Crof. Marry fough. Gooddie Foyst.

Kat. There can be no healthie dwelling in 'em this twelve-moneth yet.

Crof. Are you so tender-bodied ?

Rook. Even please yourselves then where you can like better, and you shall please me.

Crof. Why you will not thrust me out of your house, will you ? ha !

Rook. There's no such haste, fir.

Crof. Indeed there is not, nor will I out for all your haste neither. I'll have look to my bargain.

Rook. With all my heart, fir.

Crof. But no more of your idle motions, if you love your ease in your house, your Inn here.

Enter Belt.

Here's a letter, fir, from Mr. *Cockbrayne*.

Crof. Is the bearer paid, or give him that an't please you.

Belt. Some body has anger'd him, and I must suffer.

Crof. I sent you to seek my sons, good fir, have you found 'em ? ha !

Belt. I cannot finde 'em fir. They went out of the Tavern together, they say, and I have been at Mr. *Mihil's* chamber, and there they are not. I went to the Tavern again, and there they were not. Then I beat all the rest o'th' bushes, in this forrest of fooles and mad men, and cannot finde em I, where e're they be.

Crof. Sirrah, go finde 'em where e're they be, any where, or no where, finde 'em, and finde 'em quickly ;

quickly ; I'll finde 'em in your Cocksome else, d'ye see ! and bring my sons Sanctity home before it be dark, lest he take up his lodging in a Church-porch ; and charge Mr. *Mihil* that he come not to me till I fend for him. Here's danger i'th' house. There was a match-motion indeed.

Rook. Good sir, either like my house well, or be pleas'd to please yourself with some better.

Croff. Pray Sir, be quiet in your house, lest I fend you out of it to seek another. Let me see my chamber.

Rook. He must have his way, I see. [*Ex. omnes.*]

Act. IV. Scœn. 1.

Enter Bettie, Frank, with swords drawn make fast the door.

Bett. **N**Ay, you perpetual Puffe, I'll fetch him out of the very bowels of thee.

Fran. He never came so deep himself yet with all that he could do, and I scorn the threat'ning of a She Marmaset.

Nick. (Within) why *Bettie, Frank*, you mankinde Carions you. I vow, open the door, will you both kill one another, and cozen the Hangman of his fees ?

Bett. Thou hadst been better have bit off the dugs of thy Damme, thoupin-buttock Jade thou, than have snapt a bit of mine from me.

Fran. Here's that shall flay your stomach better then the bit you snarle for. Thou greedy Brach thou.

Nick. (Within) why wenches, are ye wild? break open the doores.

Bett. That I could split that divellish tongue of thine!

Fran. I have as good a spight at as ill a member about thee.

Enter Nick, Anthony.

Nick. Hold, what's the devil in ye.

Ant. Are ye so sharp-set ye Amazonian Trulls?

Bett. Let me but make one passe at her.

Fran. Pray let me go, and let her come.

Nick. Can no blunter tooles than these serve to take down your furies?

Bett. Let me come but within nailes reach of her.

Fran. Let me but try the strength of my teeth upon her.

Nick. As *Hector*'twixt the hosts of *Greece* and *Troy*,
When *Paris* and the *Spartane* King should end
Their nine yeares warres, held up his brazen lance.
In signal, that both Armies should surcease,
And hear him speak. So let me crave your audience.
Dear *Bettie* be advised, and *Frank*, forbear
Thy thirst of Sisters' blood, whilest I rip up
The folly of your strife. Your cases both
Have been laid open to me. You contend
For love of a lewd Citizen, that fleights,
Nay more, disdaines, nay more, defies you both.
Tony can tell, *Mun Clotpoll* also knows
The words he spake, that you were both poor whores,
Not poor alone, but foule infectious harlots.
And that he wears your mark with pain and sorrow,
Hopelesse to claw them off. With constant purpose
Never to see you more, unlesse to greet

Your

Your bumping buttocks with revengeful feet.

Bet. Did he say so?

Fran. And must we two fall out for such a slanderous Villain?

Ant. No, agree, agree.

Nick. Buffe and be friends. Buffe, or I'll baste ye both, I vow.

Bett. Come Sister we'll be in for ever now.

Fran. For my part, Sister, sure I was not out with you.

Bet. But did he say he would kick us?

Ant. Lo here, the man that dares it not deny.

Enter Citizen, Drawer.

Cit. But do ye hear, Gentlemen. I hope you will use me kindlier then so.

Nick. Than how, Sir?

Cit. Then to win all my money, and leave me at stake for the reckoning. Pray do you pay the Drawer for me, though I pay you again.

Ant. What is it Drawer?

Draw. The Gentlewomen and he had 14 sh. in before you came.

Nick. 'Tis a plain case, your cloak must answer it at the bar, Sir, Drawer, away with it.

[Exit Drawer with Cloke.]

Cit. Nay, but Gentlemen.

Nick. I vow, do but look after it, till we be gone, and these shall claw thine eyes out.

Cit. Well sir, I hope this quarter will not be always lawlesse.

Ant. Do you grumble? Mr. Caffeelesse.

Nic. I vow you shall have cuffs.

Bet. Yes, that you shall.

Fran. Cuts and slashes too before we part, Sir.

Cit.

Cit. You will not murder me, will you?

Nick. Damofels forbear; and you, forbear your noise. I vow, I'll slit your wistle else. You shall give him due correction civilly, and we will make him take it civilly. Sit you down Sir.

Cit. What will you do with me?

Nick. I vow, *mum*.

Enter Clotpoll, Cockbraine.

Clot. O, are ye here! was it a brotherly trick do ye think, to leave me to pay one reckoning twice? or did I think never to be made a mouth more, after I had paid my swearing dinner, and am I now a greater mouth then e're I was?

Nick. *Mum*, hold your tongue still in your mouth, lest I halifax it with your teeth.

Clot. Halifax my tongue. And listen to a businesse.

Nick. Do you know this man?

Clot. Yes, the City mouth we had tother night.

Nick. These are the Sisters that his lavish tongue so lewdly did deprave.

Clot. I cry them heartily mercy. Are you of the sweet Sisterhood? I hope to know you all, all the pretty Mumpers in the berrie here, before I have done. 'Tis true, I protest, he spake words of you, that such flesh and blood could not bear. He could not have spoke worse of mutton of a groat a quarter.

Bet. And we're so fond to fight for him?

Fran. But now we'll both be revenged on the flesh of him.

Cit. Pray let me speak with you.

Nick. No, they shall beat you first. And mark me well. Do thou but stir an hand or foot, or raise a voice that may be heard to the next room, we'll cut thy weasand. Now wenches take your course.

Bet.

Bet. Nay, you flave, we'll mark you for a Sheep-biter.

Fran. We'll teach you how to scandalize.

Bet. Have I given you that you cannot claw off, you Mungrel?

Clot. Rare, I protest.

Cit. —oh—oh—oh.

Nick. There, there.

Fran. We'll claw thine eares off rather,

Cit. —oh—oh—oh.

Clot. O brave.

Cock. O out-rage, most insufferable, all this goes into my black book.

Nick. To him *Bettie*, at him *Frank*; there whores, there.

Ant. Fie, fie, forbear, enough, too much in conscience.

Cock. That young man has some pity yet.

Ant. I fwear you shall no more.

Cock. Alas, good Gentlemen, it is enough,

Nick. I vow, do you prate? you shall have as much. Come, take the Chaire, Sir, the breaches shall bait him too.

Cock. O good Gentlemen.

Nick. I vow, they shall. To him and claw him, I'll clapperclaw your sides else.

Cock. O me! what mean you?

Bett. Heyday! his beard comes off.

Ant. And his head too. What rotten scab is this?

Clot. I protest, they have pulled my pieced brother to pieces here.

Nick. I vow, some disguiz'd villain, and but for doing the State so good service, we would hang him presently without examination.

Ant. I know him. And you shall not touch him. Best is, he knows nor me. Good Heaven, what Braintrick has possesst him.

Nick.

Nick. I vow, what canst thou be?

Ant. Come, 'tis an honest fellow, that is only ashamed to run so base a course for his living in his own face. Poor man, I warrant his feare threatens his breeches shrewdly. But let's away, and quickly, our stay is dangerous. Come, we forgot *Mich. Croswil* and the wenches.

Nick. Come all away then, Sirrah, thank this Gentleman, and pray for him at the end of your Songs hereafter.

Clot. Farewell, friend peece. I'll know you better now, before you have't again. [*Ex. omnes but Cock. and Cit.*]

Cock. What monsters in mankinde? what hell-hounds are they? only as *Ovid* feign'd among the Getes.

A friend at need, I with a friend was blest,
Whom I may gratifie, and plague the rest.
How is it with you, Sir?

Nic. O, I am very fore.

Cock. Indeed you are sorely handled. This may warne you out of such caterwaling company. You look like one more civil. And in hope you will be so, I'll bring you to a Barber.

Cit. Alas, my Cloke.

Cock. I'll help you to that too, so you with me, Will in an honest plot Assistant be.

Cit. O Sir, in any thing, and thank you too, Sir.
[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Scæn. 2. Enter *Mihil*, *Gabriel*, *Boy*, *Wine*, &c.

Mih. *A Paris ill ya ben veni.* Here's no bush at this door, but good wine rides post upon't, I mean, the sign-post. Boy, get you down, and if *Nick Rooksbill*, or any of his company ask for me, bring 'em up, d'ye hear.
Boy.

Boy. I will, I will, Sir.

Ex.

Mi. You are welcome to *Paris* brother *Gabriel*.

Gab. It is neverthelesse a Tavern, brother *Mihii*, and you promised and covenanted with me at the last house of noise and noisomnesse, that you would not lead me to any more Tavernes.

Mih. Lead you brother? men use to be led from Tavernes sometimes. You saw I did not lead you nor bring you to any that was more a Tavern then the last, nor so much neither; for here is no Bush you saw.

Gab. 'Twas that betrayed and entrapped me: but let us yet forsake it.

Mih. Pray let us drink first brother. By your leave here's to you.

Gab. One glasse-full more is the most that I can bear. My head is very full, and laboureth with that I have had already.

Mi. There Sir, I'll undertake one good fellow, that has but just as much Religion as will serve an honest mans turne, will bear more wine then ten of these giddy-brain'd Puritaines, their heads are so full of whimsies.

Gab. 'Tis mighty headie, mighty headie, and truly I cannot but think that the over-much abuse of these out-landish liquors, have bred so many errors in the Romish Church.

Mih. Indeed brother, there is too much abuse made of such good creatures. Wine in it self is good, you will grant, though the excesse be nought; and Tavernes are not contemptible, so the company be good.

Gab. It is most true, we finde that holy men have gone to Tavernes, and made good use of 'em upon their Peregrinations.

Mi. And cannot men be content to take now and
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then a cup, and discourse of good things by the way. As thus. Brother, here's a remembrance (if she be living, and have not lost her honour) to our Cousin *Dorcas*.

Gab. O that kinswoman of ours. She was the dearest losse that e're fell from our house.

Mi. Pledge her, good brother.

Gab. I do—

Mi. I hope 'twill maudlenize him.

Gab. But have you never seen that miscreant that wrong'd her, since he did that same, they say you knew him.

Mi. Alas, suppose I had, what could be done? she's lost we see. What good could she receive by any course against him.

Gab. It had been good to have humbled him, though into the knowledge of his Transgression. And of himself for his soules good, either by course of Law, or else in case of necessity, where the Law promiseth no releefe, by your own right hand you might have smote him, smote him with great force, yea, smote him unto the earth, until he had prayed that the evil might be taken from him.

Mih. This is their way of loving enemies, to beat 'em into goodnesse. Well, brother, I may meet with him again, and then I know what to do. If he knew him as I do now, what a religious combat were here like to be at *Nicks* coming.

Enter Boy.

Sir, here's a Gentlewoman asks for Mr. *Rooks-bill*.

Mih. The travell'd Gallant, is't not.

Boy. Yes sir, and the old black party, her Landlady with her. But they ask for nobody but him, sir.

Mih.

Mih. Say he is here by all meanes, and bring 'em up. *Ex. Boy.*

Gab. Women ! pray brother lets avoid the place, let us flie it. What should we do with women in a Tavern ?

Mih. No harme assure your selfe, cannot we govern ourselves ?

Enter Dorcas and Madge, and start back.

Nay, Lady, stay, he will be here presently, that you look for.

Gab. I will not glance an eye toward temptation.

Mih. I am amaz'd sure, I have seen this face, howe're your habit and the course of time may give't another seeming.

Dorc. Good Angels, help my thoughts and memory. It is my Kinsman *Mihil.* What's the other that hides his face, so ?

Mih. Do you turn away ?

Dorc. It is my cousin *Gabriel*, strangely altered.

Mih. Come hither you. I'll make a little bold with you. Thou that hast been a concealer of more sins in women's actions, then thou hast grizled hairs.

Dorc. Sure I will speak to him, he alwayes lov'd me.

Mih. Reveale a truth to me on my demand, now instantly, without premeditation. I'll cut thy tongue out else.

Mad. What's here to do? do you think I am a devil? that you make such conjurations over me.

Mih. I think thou art as true a servant of his as any Bawd can be. But lie now if thou darest. How long have you known that Gentlewoman? and what do you know by her ? *Dorc.*

Dorc. Sir.

Mad. Here's a stirre about nothing. I know nothing by her, not I. Nor whether she has anything or nothing, that a woman should have by the report of knowledge of man, woman or beast, not I. She came to me but this morning, with a purpose to set me up in my new house as I hoped. But she has taken a course to make it honestly spoken of already, to my utter undoing, but she never comes within my doors again, as I hope to thrive by my Trade hereafter.

Dorc. Pray look upon me, sir.

Mih. Was she so resolutely bent, and so soon altered?

Mad. Upon the very first sight of the very first man that came into my house, the very first houre of my setting up in it.

Mih. What man was that?

Mad. A shame take him, your roaring friend, *Nick.* I think she is enamoured of him or of something she guesse he has; and would faine play the honest woman with him, that never played honest man with woman in his life.

Mih. 'Tis she, and 'tis most wonderful.

Dorc. If you knew who I were, you would not be so strange to me.

Mad. And here she comes me a hunting after him, like a fondling, whilest halfe a dozen peeces might ha' been gotten at home by this time, and she have had the halfe of it in her purse by this time; if she would have done, as I thought, she would have done by this time.

Mih. Alas, poor *Howlet.*

Mad. I sent whooping after the best guests that haunt my house, to have taken the first fruits of her conversation, and she would not see a man of 'em, to my undoing.

Mih.

Mih. Well leave thy hooting, *Madge*, and hold thy peace, thou shalt get by it.

Mad. Yes, I shall get a good name shortly, and this geare hold, and turn begger, I shall.

Dor. Pray fir, but one word.

Mih. Speak to her, brother, 'tis our Cousin *Dorcas*.

Gab. Will you abuse me too? is she not lost?

Mih. And will you not give her leave to be found again? his wine and her sudden apprehension works on him at once. Cousin I'll speak to you, though I confesse the miracle of our meeting thus amazes me.

Dorc. O Cousins both. As ye are Gentlemen, and of that noble stock, whose meer remembrance, when he was given up, and at the brink of desperate folly, stroke that reverend fear into my soul, that hath preserv'd my honour from further falling. Lend me now your aide, to vindicate that honour by that man, that threw me in the way of losse and ruine.

Mih. All shall be well, good Cousin, you shall, have both hands and hearts to re-estate you in him. So that in fact you have not wrong'd that honour since he forsook you.

Dorc. On my soule I have not.

Mih. Infants then shall be pardoned. Brother speak.

Dorc. You were wont still to be my loving'st Cousin.

Gab. What a strange dream has wine wrought in my head.

Mih. I hope it will work out his superfluous zeale. And render him civil Christian again.

Dorc. It is no dream, good Cousin, you are awake,

And I, that *Dorcas* for whom you have wish't

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Affinity

Affinity of blood might be dispent'd with.

And you to be my choice. So well you lov'd me.

Gab. And will above my life affect you still.
But you must leave these gauds and prophane
dressings.

Mad. Bawds did he say? how comes he to know
me true?

Dorc. How came my Cousin *Gabriel* thus translated.

Out of gay cloathes, long haire, and lofty spirit,
Stout and brave action, manly carriage;
Into so strict a Reformation?

Where is the martial humour he was wont so to affect.

Mih. His purity and your disgrace fell on you
both about a time, I faith.

Gab. Do you swear by your *FAITH*?

Mi. He's falling back again.

Some more wine. You will drink with our Cousin,
brother, will you not?

Boy. What wine is't, Gentlemen?

Gab. Yes, in a cup of sincere love.

Boy. What other wine you please, Gentlemen,
we have none such i'th' house.

Mih. Of the same we had, sir.

Dorc. Call not for wine for us, Cousin.

Mad. Assuredly, we are not prophane wine
bibbers, not we.

Gab. Modest, and well-spoken verily, she should
be a Sister or a Matron.

Mih. Yes, yes, we'll all drink for the good o'th'
house.

'Tis upon putting down, they say, and more o'th'
neighbours. But Cousin, he knew you not to day.

Dorc. No, nor dreams of me.

Mih. And the old one knowes nothing, does she.

Dorc. No, by no means.

Mih.

Mih. She can bewray nothing then. My brother knows not him. I only do for his faire Sisters sake, of which you may hear more hereafter; in the mean, bear your selfe faire and free, as if you knew him not, and I'll work him to your end, never fear it.

Dorc. You are a noble Spokesman.

[*Bawd and Gabriel confer devoutly the while.*]

Mad. Truly, you speak most edifyingly.

Enter Boy with Wine.

Mih. Well-said, give it to my brother. Drink to our Cousin, Brother.

Gab. I will, and to that vertuous Matron, whose care of her, I hope, tends unto good edification. — Truly the wine is good, and I was something thirsty.

Mad. Best drink again then, Sir.

Gab. I will follow your motherly advice. [*Drinks.*]

Mih. 'Twill work, anon, I hope.

Gab. And you have travelled, Cousin. I may suppose you brought this well-disposed Gentlewoman from *Amsterdam* with you. And this unto your welcome, hoping I shall be informed by you how the two zealous brethren thrive there? that broke in *St. Hellens*.

Mad. Of that or anything fir, pray drink again, fir.

Mih. You Jade you, hold your tongue.

Enter Nick, Anthony, Clotpoll, Bettie, Frank.

Nick. O, are ye here Gallants! I made all the haste I could, but was stayed, I vow, by the bravest sport, baiting of a fellow or two with our Pusse-cats here. I could e'ne find in my heart to marry 'em both for their valours.

Dorc. Those words are daggers.

Mih. I pray dissemble your passion.

Nick. What? are you acquainted already?

Mich. Did I not tell thee she was a brave Madona?

Mih. How long have you had acquaintance with her, *Nick*?

Nick. Never saw her before this morning, I, standing upon her Belconee.

Gab. Truly Cousin, I think 'twas you that I saw today too, standing upon a Bellconee.

Nick. You spell very modestly, sir. Your brother, I take it. But did you call her Cousin, sir.

Gab. Yes sir, she is my Cousin.

Mih. 'Twill out too soon. Why *Nick*, thou knowest these kinde of creatures call and are called Cousins commonly.

Nick. Yes, in their tribe. But I thought he had been too holy for them. But Dammy——

Gab. O fearfully prophane!

Nick. You said you had a storie to relate, of dire misfortune, and of unquoth hearing. I come to hear your story, what stop you your eares at? sir.

Gab. I dare not speak it but in thy reproof. Thou swearest Gee o Dee, Dee a m thee, as I take it.

Nick. I vow thou liest, I called her *Dammy*, because her name is *Damyris*.

Gab. I say thou liest, her name is *Dorcus*, which was the name of an holy woman. [Draw.

Nick. Shall we have things and things? I vow.

Clot. And I protest. [Draw.

Mih. This will spoil all. Brother, I pray forbear.

Gab. I may not forbear, I am moved for to smite him; yea, with often stripes to smite him; my zealous wrath is kindled, and he shall flie before me.

Dorc.

Dorc. Let me entreat you, fir. [Gabriel.

Bet. Frank. What furie's this? [*Mihil* holds up.

Nick. Great Damboys shrink, and give a little ground.

Gab. I will pursue him in mine indignation.

Dorc. O me!

Gab. And beat him into Potsheards.

Mad. Now he has bang'd the Pitcher, he may do anything.

Mih. Pray brother, be perswaded.

Clot. A brother to be so controuled?

Mih. You fir, put up your Steel-stick.

Clot. I desire but to know first, if he be a brother.

Mih. Yes, marry is he, fir.

Clot. Sir, I am satisfied. So let him live.

Gab. Pray give me leave to ask you, do these men take part with the brethren?

Mih. Yes, and are brothers a little disguiz'd, but for some ends.

Gab. Some State-occasions.

Mih. Meer Intelligencers, to collect up such and such observations, for a great Separatist that is now writing a book against playing at Barlibreak, moulding of Cocklebread, and such like prophane exercises.

Gab. Truly such exercises are prophane exercises, that bear the denomination of good things ordained for mans use, as Barley, Cockles, and Bread are such things to be made sports and play-games? I pray you let me see these brethren again, to make my atonement with them. And are those Sisters too, that were with them?

Mih. O, most notorious ones, and are as equally disguiz'd to be as rank Spies as the other. S'lid man, and they should be taken for such as they are, they would be cut off presently. They came in this

mad humour to be merry with you for my sake.

Gab. Pray let 'em come again, I shall not be well until I have rendred satisfaction.

Mih. You must do as they do then, or they will think you are a Spie upon them.

Gab. I will be as merry as they, let wine be given unto us.

Mih. More wine, Boy, and bid'em all come in.

Ex Boy.

Dorc. Alas, Cousin, let him drink no more.

Mih. Fear nothing, Cousin, it shall be for his good and yours, as I will order it.

Enter Nick, Anthonie, Clotpoll, Bettie, Frank.

Drawer with wine.

Mih. All welcome, not any repetition, but begin anew.

Gab. I will begin it, two glasses : it shall be a faithful Salutation to all the Brothers and Sisters of —

Clot. The Blade and the Scabberd.

Nick. It shall go round.

Ant. I'll swear you do not well to let him drink so.

Mih. Well said civil Roarer.

Gab. Let it go round, go to, you are a wag. I know what you mean by the Blade and the Scabberd.

Clot. Who could have thought this had been such a brother.

Gab. Nay, who could have thought you had been of the brethren.

Nick. Brethren sir, we are the Brothers.

Gab. Yea, the disguiz'd ones.

Nick. How ? disguiz'd ones ?

Mih. Do not crosse him again. If thou doest, and I do not maul thee. Yes, brother, these are vertuous

ous men howe're they seeme.

Nick. I vow, I have so much vertue as to rebuke thee for lying. But we are brethren, fir, and as factious as you, though we differ in the Grounds; for you, fir, desie Orders, and so do we; you of the Church, we of the Civil Magistrate; many of us speak i'th' nose, as you do; you out of humility of spirit, we by the wantonnesse of the flesh; now in devotion we go beyond you, for you will not kneel to a ghostly father, and we do to a carnal Mystresse.

Mih. I'll stop your mouth, you said you came to be merry.

Nick. Yes, I vow, and brought Fidlers along, but they must play i'th next room, for here's one breaks all the Fiddles that come in his reach. Come fir, will you drink, dance, and do as we do?

Gab. I'll drink, I'll dance, I'll kisse, or do any thing, any living thing with any of you, that is Brother or Sister. Sweet-heart let me feel thy Coney.

Mih. I now he's in. Play Fidlers. Dance. All bravely perform'd, admirably well done, &c.

Nick. I vow, thou art a brother after my own heart. [To Gabriel.

Women. We cannot commend you, enough, fir.

Gab. This done in civil sort among our selves, I hope, will prove no scandal to a brother.

Nick. 'Twill prove an honour to our faction.

Gab. I thirst to do it honour.

Clot. Give him some wine, he thirsts.

Mih. Thou little dapper thing, thou, hold thy peace.

Ant. Thou see'st he can scarce stand.

Gab. No, my religious brethren, no more wine. Enough's a feast, and little doth suffice.

I thirst to do some honour to our cause. To lead

forth legions to fight a battel 'gainst our malignant adversaries.

Nick. Brave.

Gab. Such an employment now would make me famous, for my sufficiency of Art in Armes.

Nick. I vow, this man has hidden things in him.

Mih. He has as brave a warlike spirit, man, before his precise humour tainted it, as ever breath'd in *Hector*.

Nick. I vow then, a good orderly diet of nothing but sack for a week together, would revive it in him, and bring it to good again.

Mih. I hope, 'tis done already.

Ant. How do you, sir?

Gab. I feare some Jesuitical fumes have invaded my Brain pan. All me thinks goes whirley, whirley, whirley.

Ant. Best lie down upon a bed. Drawer!

Gab. Souldiers must not be curious. A Bench or any thing.

Draw. The Gentleman may have a bed here, an't please you. But sir, there's an old angry Gentleman below, that asks for you, and by all description for that mortified Gentleman. And will by all meanes presse into your room here.

Mih. It is my father.

Dorc. O me! What shall I do?

Mad. Bet. Fran. We shall all be clap't up.

Mih. Fear nothing, veil your face a little; Who is with him?

Draw. Nobody but his old Servingman, that it seems discover'd you. You may put this Gentleman into this inner room, and keep the Key your selfe. I know not what charge he has about him.

Mih. Admirable honest fellow.

Draw. And you may tell your father he is gone, for he is gone you see.

Nick.

Nick. I vow, a wit.

Draw. Now if you'll be civil, I may bring him up to you, if not, because he is your father, we'll thrust him out of doors, an't please you.

Mih. Notable rascal, well sir, let him up. I know how to fit him.

Dorc. But this delays my businesse, Cousin, and will, I fear, frustrate my hopes.

Mih. Not hinder any thing, I'll warrant thee, he's thine, Play Fiddlers, t'other dance.

Nick. I vow.

Clot. Will you! protest.

Ant. You are not wilde?

Mad. Come Wenches, if he venture in his father's fight, shame take us and we blush. [*Dance.*

Enter Crofwill, Belt.

Croff. Belt. And I had not sold all my land to live upon my money in Town here, out of danger of the Statute, I would give thee a Copihold for this discovery.

Belt. I thank your worship, and truly 'tis a goodly fight, me thinks, an't please your worship.

Croff. I'm glad it likes you. Heigh, excellent good again. Heigh, Heigh, what an happinesse may fathers boast, that can bring their children up to this. (*Dance ended*) I cry ye mercy, Gentlemen all, Ha! I am sorry I interrupted your serious private occasions.

Nick. Would you speak with any here, sir?

Mih. It is my father, Gentlemen?

Croff. Thy father? hold thy peace; dar'st thou use thy father thus? to spend thy time thus! ha! Is this place fit for the son of a Gentleman of quality? ha! why dost not answer me, does this company sort with thy reputation? ha!

(c)

Mih.

Mih. Sir, the company. —

Croff. Hold thy peace, I say, or are these exercises allowable for a Gentleman, that ever said or heard Grace at his fathers Table? answer me that.

Mih. An't please you, Sir.

Croff. Hold thy peace when I bid thee.

Nick. The company, sir, offends not you, I hope, you see the worst of us.

Croff. In good time, sir, you are the distracted Gentleman, I take it, that ask't him if he would moot to night? Is this your mooting? do you put cases to your Wenches, or they to you?

Nick. I vow thy father talkes too much.

Croff. Which are the better Lawyers? ha!

Mad. But that you are his father, sir, and an old man, and he an honest young Gentleman, and our friend, we would tell you.

Croff. I thank you for him, yes truly, heartily; and for your good opinion of him, heartily. Pray keep him amongst you while you have him, for I'll ha' no more to say to him, I. Is your Invectives against drinking, wenching, and the abomination of the times come to this? is this your spending of time more pretious then money? is it you that knows not what to do with money but to buy books; and were drawn with such unwillingness to a Tavern? ha! you shall graze upon *Littletons* Commons, or eat nothing but books, an't please you, for any exhibition thou ever get'st from me——And in that faith thou hast lost a father. Come sir, you have brought me to a goodly fight here; would any Villain but thy selfe have shewed his Master light to see so much woe! Thy Coxcombe shall yet pay for't.

Belt. O sir, O.

Croff. This was your trim fight, was it?

Belt. O.

Croff.

Cross. But well remembred. Pray where's your brother? my son I would say; for I know no brother nor father thou hast. Where is *Gabriel*?

Mih. He is not here, fir.

Cross. Did you not tell me, Sirrah, he was here?

Belt. I told you then too much. I feel it here.

Mih. He was here, fir, but he is gone, fir.

Cross. So, so, he's lost. He must be cried, or we shall never finde him.

Mih. I'll warrant you, I'll find him yet to night, fir. Pray Gentlemen pay you the Reckoning, I'll wait upon my father home.

Cross. Was that spoke like a son of mine? must others pay your reckoning, and I in place; take that, and do not make me mad. And why should you home with me? I pray, fir.

Mih. Because fir, it grows dark, and 'tis the worst way as it is about the town; so many odde holes a man may slip into; pray take me with you fir.

Cross. Pray take no care for me, fir, and let the way be as it is. Do not think me worse at it in the dark then your self, I beseech you. But you talk't of the Reckoning, pray let not the want of money for that hinder the search of your brother. There's towards your paines for that; and so for a farewell to you and your friends here, till I hear thou keep'st better company, let me hear no more of thee.

[*Ex. Cross. and Belt.*]

Mih. There was no way to get this money, and be rid of him, but to offer him my service. He would have driven me out before him else. But come, let's see my brother that went to sleep in so warlike a Passion. I hope he'll wake in a better.

Nick. Mun Clotpoll, thou art dull.

Clot. No, I protest, but struck with admiration at the old Blades humour.

Nick.

Nick. Come, *Dammy* and the rest, be merry. I vow, we'll sup together, and so at last hear all thy dismal story.

Mih. I mean he shall, and such an Audit make,
As shall restore her honour from the stake.

Ex. Omnes.

ACT V. Scæn. I.

Enter Croffewill Solus.

Croff. **W**HAT has this Coxscombe *Cockbrayne* writ me here? That he desires his absence be excus'd. What have I to do with him? when I send for him, let him come to me. That he is upon a point of discovery in a most excellent project for the weeding of this Garden? what Garden? what project? A project he says here for the good of the Republike, Repudding. This fellow has in stead of braines, a Cob-web in his Noddle, with little strawes, feathers, and wings of dead Butterflies hanging in it, that having motion by his aery fancie, there dance and keep a Racket; 'tis to teach women silence, or some such foolish impossibility. He is ambitious to be call'd into authority by notice taken of some special service he is able to do the State aforehand. But what great service he is able to do it, or which way to undertake it, falls not in the reach of my imagination. But good Mr. *Croffwill*, by your favour now, what reason have you to flight or wrangle at this man? this honest *Cockbrayne*? that has alwayes been a constant friend to you, and officious in many good wayes, and is a Gentleman, not only of good descent and estate, but of a good disposition. And you two, Mr. *Croffewill*, by your leave, have alwayes agreed like
neigh-

neighbours children. I, the divel was in't, and now he vexes me again ; we agreed in one point so well, that we have undone a couple of our children by it, and hindred the getting of I know not how many more. His son and my daughter should have married. And on a sudden he and I both consented to a dislike of the match and broke it, and have both repented it an hundred times since. We agree very wel in that point ; and now is his son irrecoverably lost, and my daughter resolutely bent to be an Ape-leader in *Limbo*. But whats all this to the affliction I suffer in my sons now ? that one of them from a riotous boy, should grow into a Puritanical Woodcock ; and the tother from a civil well-qualified fellow, turn'd absolute Ruffian. There, there, I there's the devil in't. I could beat my selfe for getting such children.

Enter Belt.

See, fee, my Master for want of other company fallen out with himself, and it please you, fir.

Crossf. It does not please me, nor thou pleasest me, nor any thing pleases me. The world's bent to crosse me, and thou shalt feel it.

Belt. O good fir.

Crossf. Is it not so, fir, was not that dunce *Gabriel*, a most notorious wilde thing

Before he steer'd a Religious course ? but then he run so full a saile, that he pass'd and was beyond the line of Religion before he was aware ; and as he passed it under the torrid Zone of Zeale, the Calenture took him o'the pate, that he is mad with it, and as far beyond Religion now as it is to it.

Belt. Sir, there's hope that he may be fetch't halfe way back again, by your fatherly advicement, and become a sound man.

Croff. And then was not *Mihil* so civil, that he made me even sick to see him. And now is he flown out as far into riot t'other way.

Belt. But he, sir, will appear a present comfort to you, he is reclaim'd already ; you shall never see such a Reformation in a Gentleman.

Croff. What's this you tell me? ha!

Belt. He has cast off his long-curl'd haire and all.

Croff. He had been better have cut his head off. Where is he!

Belt. Below sir, and a Gentlewoman with him, but very much afraid to appear to you. I never saw a man so timourfome.

Croff. Do you think it fit that I should go down to him, or he come up to me, sir, ha!

Belt. I'll fetch him, here's a life ! *Ex.*

Croff. I charg'd he should not come at this house too, for fear he might be catch'd with this mechanick fellows daughter, though her portion be a round one. And let him take heed he look not at her.

Enter Mihil and Madge.

Blesse me ! what changeling is this ? he's in his Brothers cut.

Mih. Sir,—— Sir.——

Croff. Would you speak with any here, sir, do you know me. I know not you, I assure you.

Mih. The sence of your late displeasure, sir, has so humbled me into the knowledge of my self, that on the wings of true obedience, I flew after you to make a childes submission at your feet, to crave your pardon for my riotous transgression, and to ask your blessing.

Croff. A delicate speech, pray take it for fashion-sake. But if I know how to look towards thee.

Mih. Pray sir, bestow it really upon me.

Croff.

Crossf. God bleſſe thee, I ſay, and ſo much many honeſt men beſtow daily on ſons that are none of their own; if thou beeſt mine, how cameſt thou thus like a fellow that had narrowly ſcap'd the Pillorie, and brag'd in the publication of his eares? not an hair left to hide them.

Mih. To ſhew my readineſſe to reform my life, ſir. And yet a willingneſſe withal to live, as well, as civilly, in which I am in all humilty to preferre a ſuit to you. You know, ſir, I am but a younger brother.

Crossf. What will this come to?

Mih. Here is a widow, ſir, a Gentlewoman of great eſtate, and of a well-known life. Antient ſhe is, and has had husbands. How many?

Mad. Foure truly, ſir.

Mih. Foure ſir, I would not lie. Of which the worſt ſpoke well of her on's death-bed.

Crossf. What's that to me or thee? come to the point.

Mih. I have all wo'd and wonne her, ſir, and crave but your good-will to marry her. I have brought a Church-man and a Kinsman to give her.

Crossf. Why ſo, what needs two words then? do you think I can deny you?

Mih. If he does grant it, 'tis the firſt requeſt that e're he granted in his life. Sure the old Match-maker the devil thinks I am in earneſt to marry this beaſt. And puts a readineſſe in his hand to forward it.

Crossf. Widow, you are welcome. Why call you not your Prieſt? or tarry ſir, let me queſtion you but a little, Do you think ſeriously you love this widow?

Mih. Better then many men love their wives, I am perſuaded.

Crossf.

Croff. 'Tis very well, what children have you widow?

Mad. Never had any, Sir.

Croff. Very well still.

Mih. Nor ever like to have any, fir, thats the comfort. We shall live at the lesse charge.

Croff. Thou art a covetous and a preposterous Knave. Wouldst thou bury up thy youth in barren ground? dost seek after wealth, and not after issue? dost love to feed on other mens leavings? or travel only in a beaten path? ha!

Mih. A man goes certaintest on his journey so, fir, and lesse trouble it is you know to go in at a great gate, then a narrow wicket.

Croff. You have said enough, fir, and delight to crosse me; but I'll crosse you for once, and lay a crosse upon you, shall perhaps carry you to your grave. Go, fetch your Priest.

Mih. I'll face it as far as I dare. I hope I shall have the grace to pull my hand from the book when it comes so far. *Ex.*

Croff. Widow, you are resolv'd to have him too.

Mad. Before all men i'th'world by your fair leave, fir.

Croff. You shall not have him.

Mad. Without your free consent, I will not.

Croff. I am resolv'd I'll do it. And 'twill be the best crosse trick that e're I did in my life. Pray let me speak in some more private with you.

Mad. If I but 'scape *Bridewell*, I care not.

Scen. 2. Enter *Mihil*, *Anthonie*, *Katharine*, *Parson*.

Mih. Now *Tonic*, she is thine own, Now Sister *Kate*, he's thine. The Priest has pronounc'd it. I say, Amen to't. And heaven give you joy.

Kat.

Kat. Now you have done the best brotherly office that ever made a Sister happy.

Ant. And the friendliest to a friend. We have been casting for it, Sweet, this Twelve moneth, and Heaven pardon me. I vow'd never to take acquaintance of my father till 'twere effected. Although I know of late he has been willing.

Kat. And so is mine, I know, but yet he swore, that I should match myself before he knew't, or I should never marry.

Mih. You'll finde him of another minde towards me, and force me into wedlock presently.

Kat. You have ta'ne the likeliest course that could be. But what is your disguiz'd woman Brother.

Mih. What you shall never know, Sister, I hope.

Enter Croffewill, Rookesbill, Lucie, Madge.

Croff. Come sir, I have broken off the match with your widow; and she's content to leave you as she found you. And now take me this pretty, simpring, plump-lip't, ruddie-cheek't white-neck't, long-finger'd Virgin in hand, or I will swindge you, Sirrah, look to't. If you cannot live civilly with a young wife, you cannot but be mad with an old, I think. Besides, she's a friends daughter of mine, and prepar'd by her discreet father here to love you. Come, and kisse her, quickly, Sirrah.

Mih. I cannot do't for all the wealth in the world.

Croff. How's that?

Mih. Kisse a Maid I never saw above twice in my life.

Croff. He will have me think him a bastard, do I what I can. Canst thou see a Maid twice, and not kisse her?

(c)

G

Mih.

Mih. Yes, twenty times, fir, and not kisse her, or if once, not above, fir.

Croff. But you shall kisse her above and below, fir, and in every room o'th' house, fir, before you part. Stand faire pretty one.

Luc. I know not how to do't.

Rook. You were not best let me instruct you. I can be angry too.

Luc. His back side's toward me.

Croff. Turne your self, Sirrah, or I'll turne you. Go to, bend your body a little and be hang'd. So now come your way, and say after your little Sir *John* here, I *Mihil take thee*, Lucie, &c. As learning shall enable him to proceed without book.

Rook. Pray let 'em do it in the next chamber, they are too bashful afore us. There are witnesses enough. Go all in, I pray you.

Mih. Widow, will you give me leave to obey my father?

Mad. With all my heart, and say *Amen* to the marriage.

Croff. I think I shall have my will at last upon one of my rebellious off-spring.

Rook. And now, pray give me leave, fir, to let you know how happy I do hold my selfe in this marriage. I did like this Son better then the other before. And now I like him better then I did at my former view of him, by some Reformation that I do observe in him. And I do not a little rejoyce in the honour I may have to call you brother.

Croff. That very word brother out of his mouth has turn'd my stomack. I must pull all in pieces again. And yet let me see these young bloods when they are set on't; if they do not marry, they will do worse. Let 'em e'ne go on now.

Rook. You may easily conceive, fir, what a comfort

fort it will be unto me, that I now growing old, and having (I give praise for't) wealth enough, and no childe that I make account of but this one daughter, may, before I die, see Grandchildren that I may have by her sufficiently provided for, be they more or lesse in number, they may have enough.

Croff. There he is again, he calls my Grandchildren that shall be, his Grand-children. Am I a Gentleman, and can hear this? if it be not too late, I'll spoile the getting of your Grand-children.

Enter all again.

All. Heaven give you joy. Heaven give you joy.

Croff. What, are you married?

Parf. I do pronounce them man and wife.

Ant. Mad. Kat. And we are witnessees.

Croffe. What remedy?

Mih. Luc. We are, and crave your blessings.

Croff. Rook. All blessings be upon you, (all salute).

Croff. But you, fir, Mr. *Bridegroom.*

Mih. I'll only gratifie the Minister.

Croff. Do so, and pay him well, it is, perhaps, for the dearest fault that e're thou didst.

Mih. There's for your paines, fir. *Madge*, there's for you. Enough to purchase thee a Licence to sell Ale, 'Tobaccho, and Strong-water again in Codpiece-Rowe, for here will be no dwelling for thee, I see that.

Now, brother *Anthony*, go you all back to the company we left, and see that my Instructions be followed concerning my brother *Gabriel*, *Nick*, and his *Dammie*.

(c)

G 2

Ant.

Ant. All, all.

Kat. Shall he go from me?

Mih. Yes, but you shall follow him presently, trust to me Sister. Go, take no leave of 'em. I'll bring 'em upon you presently.

Cross. Are you at leisure now, sir, to tell me of your brother.

Mih. Yes, to my grief, sir, praying you may have patience.

Cross. To your grief, sir, he is not dead then? Younger brothers seldom grieve for their Elders death.

Mih. Pray bear it as you may, sir. I left him in an heavy plight. And let me speak it with sorrow, he lay speechlesse.

Rook. Alack-a-day, good Gentleman, my son-in-law, perhaps, is heire already.

Cross. And hast thou been here all this while fooling or wiving (all's a matter) & left thy brother in danger? ha!

Mih. He's well attended, sir, and look't unto. Nor would I wish you see his weak estate.

It can but grieve you, sir, my wife and sister, together with my self, will go. Or if

It please my father *Rooksbill* here, because his power in this quarter is available.

Cross. Go, shew the way. I'll go in person, I. My son's my son.

Mih. Nay, pray sir.

Cross. Yes, cause you have a wife, you shall controul me. Will you go on, sir.

Mih. Well, I'll bring you to him, sir.

Luc. What was your widow, sir, she stunk of *Aquavitæ*, fearfully.

Mih. I'll tell thee as we 'go. Kisse. *Exeunt.*

Scæn

Scæn. 3. Enter Clotpoll, Dorcas, Nick.

Nick. What a drunken sot was I, that knew thee not all this while? I vow, thy story pities me. I'll marry thee, and turne thee to thy friends, for I am sure I have none that will keep thee for my sake.

Dorc. I ask no further satisfaction of you, then to be honested by marriage. I'll work for a poor living.

Nick. Prithee *Mun* seek me a Priest.

Clot. I have no acquaintance in their function, I.

Dorc. My Cousin *Mihil* said he would bring or send one.

Nick. There's no starting, that *Mihil* has a fist over me. I vow, and thou wert not his Kinswoman, thou should to the Common yet.

Clot. Father, how come you hither?

Capt. Did not the company send for me?

Nick. I vow, not we.

Capt. The City-mouth, that peck't us at my lodging last night, came to me with an abominable scratch't face, and warn'd me on a businesse hither.

Nick. I smell some trick.

Clot. Some treacherie upon the brotherhood, perhaps.

Nick. Timorous thing! what in our own Quarter?

Capt. If you doubt any thing, 'tis best remove.

The fellow was forely handled.

Nick. I would but see the carcass of authority prance in our Quarter, and we not cut his legs off. Welcome *Tonie*, what hast thou brought the word here to passe for the Reckoning.

Enter Ant. Parson.

Ant. Come, you must make a wedding-night on't
Nick, Mihil will go no less.

Nick. My vow is pass'd, and before you, sir, I confirm it. This is my wife. Anon, your shall perform the holy Ceremony.

Ant. 'Tis well, pray sir, retire yourself to the next room there awhile, and stay you with him, Lady.

But what do you with *Gabriel*? Is it not time to wake him yet?

Clot. 'Tis now upon the point, h'as slept two hours.

Nick. Father, you'll see a brave experiment upon a Gentleman that has been a youth.

Clot. And of the *Philoblathici*, as we are now.

Nick. And since was grown one of the reformed, and we are now in practice to retrieve, and bring him back to his first condition.

Ant. Have you followed all *Mihils* directions?

Nick. Hitherto we have. First, you saw he was laid defunct in Sack, next in his sleep, we have accoutred him in martial abliments; and now we mean to wake him with alarmes shall affright the silly humour out of him, and render him his warlike faculty, or our Art failes.

Ant. Where be the Wenches?

Clot. The Sisters of the Scabberd, there's the sport on't. They have their parts to play upon him too. But for his drink now when he wakes, you said you would have a bottle of the womans what do you call't yonder? the *Medea*.

Capt. What? the charm'd liquor that *Medea* brew'd to make old father *Æson* young again?

Must that renew his youthful spirit in him?

Nick.

Nick. No, Sack will do better. When he wakes he will be very dry, then a quart-draught of good Canarie will so screw him up. 'Tis time 'twere now in practice. So, softly, softly. We must but halfe wake him at first. (*A Bed put forth, Gabriel on it, Bettie and Frank.*)

Gab. O some small drink.

Nick. Here, drink it off, fir, (*Drinks*) Drum and Trumpet. An Alarm.

Gab. Surpriz'd by th' enemie, whilest we have plaid the Sluggard in our Tents.

Capt. Nick. Clot. Hold Captain, hold, we are your fouldiers.

Gab. Y'are Mutineers, and have disturb'd my rest. And I'll do Martial Justice on you all.

Nick. I vow, hold, are you mad?

Gab. Know you not discipline? or are you growen rebellious in the Camp. I'll teach you warfare.

Capt. You have conjur'd a fury into him to beat us into fitters.

Clot. My pate bleeds for't, I protest.

Gab. I'll make you know command.

Ant. Noble Commander, hold thy furious hand, and heare thy fouldiers speak.

Gab. What have we women for our Martial Musick?

Clot. None but the She-Trumpet, a neighbour here, and her Sister, that was Drum-major to my Countrey-Amazons, that pull'd up the Inclosures to lie all in Common.

Gab. Is the enemy i'th' field?

Nick. Upon their march, Captain, and we your officers: But row'd you up to be in readinesse.

Gab. You are my Lieutenant, you my Ancient, and you two my Sergeants; and you must know

the Commander you serve under, to be none of those Letter-carriers that know not so much as the termes of discipline, what a Flanker is, Nor a Raveling is. Nor a Petarre is. Nor a Curtain is. Nor a Bulwark is. Nor a Bastile is. Nor a Counterscarp is. Nor a Casemate is. A Gabion is : Nor any left word of fortification. How can such fresh-water Captains command ?

All. Right noble Colonel. He shall be our Colonel.

Clot. One souldier made up of Sack, is worth as many as would drink a fresh water river dry.

Gab. I knew, men of abilities should at last be put in action.

Valiant men and wise,
Are only fit for weighty enterprife.

All. O noble Colonel.

Gab. What would an upstart Militaster now, That knew no rudiments of discipline, nor Art of warre, do in a sudden service ? or say, when I know how to have my Ordnance planted here, my Cavalrie mounted here, my Battery-discoverer on such a point, my Trenches cut thus, my mine carried thus, my Gabions raif'd thus. Here my Parapet, there my Pallisadoe o'th' top of that. The enemy made saltable six hundred paces there. And I draw out my Musketeers to flank 'em in their Trenches here, while my Pikes and Targeteers advance to the breach there. What would Captain, my Lord's man, or Sergeant-major, my Ladies Kinsman, sent in by honourable favour, do or say in such an expedition ?

All. Braver and braver still.

Clot. This goes beyond the Blade and the Battalion.

Gab. Or how would their braines lie in their breeches

breeches, when the able Captain leads up his men in the Head of a Troop bravely, charges with his shot, makes a stand with his Pikes, does execution with his Sword, the Cannon playing, the Drum beating, the Shot thumping, the Ensignes waving, the Armes clashing, the Aire rending, Dust and Smoke clouding, Blood raining. And then to bring up such a division to fight, make good such a Ground, relieve such a Squadron, fetch off such a losse, r'enforce the Ranks that are broken. March on, Come off. Beat the Bessognes that lie hid in the Carriages. O the renowned life of a worthy Commander.

Nick. Sound Drum and Trumpet.

All. A Colonel, a Colonel.

Enter Crofwill, Rooksbill, Mihil.

Croff. Whither hast thou brought me? does thy brother lie speechlesse in this house? ha! what in the name of tumult can these be?

Mih. Pray sir, attend, you will be pleased anon.

Gab. A still march now. So, I have lost a great many of my men. But courage yet, you poor remainder of my scatter'd Troops. Stand. *Qui vala.* An Ambuscado of the enemy. *Alarme.* Lieutenant, charge in with your Shot. Now Gentlemen, for the honour of *Covent-Garden*, make a stand with your Pikes; in to the short sword; well fought, take Prisoners. Sound a Retreat now. Faire, faire i'th' coming off. So, 'twas bravely perform'd.

Clot. Must we not fall to rifling now, Colonel.

Mih. Part faire on all sides, Gentlemen.

Gab. What's this, a vision, fure I do aile something.

Croff. Is't possible it is thou? art thou run mad as far as hell the tother way now. *Rook.*

Rook. My wicked, caitiffe, reprobate son is here too. Pray let me flee. I am but a dead man else.

Mih. You shall receive no harm, fir. Lay by your Armes my Masters. I bring none but friends.

Nick. Thou canst not make that good, my father's there.

Mih. I'll make him friends with thee. Go and dispatch within.

Ant. I'll see it done, and take our new made Brides with us for witnesses. [*Ex. Nick. Ant. Kat. Luc.*]

Rook. Has his shame yet taught him to shunne my sight.

Mih. And shall returne him instantly your comfort.

Rook. Unpossible, unpossible.

Mih. Attend the event.

Cross. I rather thought I should have found you, fir, disputing with the Pastors, and the Elders; yet to say truth, this is the better madnesse. What can this mean? how came he thus translated? what Charmes, or what Inchantments are upon him?

Gab. What *Babel* was a building in my braines? But now it turnes, and I can recollect
The knowledge of a father, brother, Sister.
And that a thousand vain imaginations,
Like scatterings of light things upon the earth,
Rushes, loose leaves, sprigs, straws, and dust
Contracted by a whirlwinde, were blowen up,
And lodg'd in the rich Seat of Contemplation,
Ufurping there the room of vertuous thoughts.
Honour awake me from this Lethargie.

Cross. What can those women that appear like furies be in this action?

Mih. They were but us'd as properties to give new motion to this mortified condition.

Cross. I know not what to say to any thing; there
is

is some Spell upon me too. My anger has forfook me. What are those men that bear a countenance. As if they stood indifferently affected to *Bedlam* and *Bridewell*.

Clot. Meaning by us, fir. If our sight offend you, Know we are men that dare forbear the place.

Capt. I fon, let's go, our stay is dangerous. They look like peace-maintainers, we'll fall off.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. O tarry, Gentlemen, we are all undone else. If you make not your peace before you stir, both you and I must suffer.

Capt. What's the matter?

Vint. The Magistrates and Officers with their Billmen ta'ne us by surprise. They are i'th' house.

Bett. O me! the blew Gown Colledge.

Fran. Wheels and whips. I feel what we must go to. Did not I say our stay was dangerous?

Clot. Did not I say there was some subtle practice upon the *Philoblatici*? and that we were betrayed hither?

Vint. There's no escaping forth. And Gentlemen, It will but breed more scandal on my house, and the whole plantation here, if you now make rebellious uproar. Yield your weapons, and welcome Justice but like subjects new, and peace will follow.

Clot. But where's *Nick*? where's *Tonie*?

Mih. They shall yield up their weapons. So do you.

Capt. Yes yes, 'tis best.

Clot. Shall we, fir, shall we?

Mih. Yes fir, you shall.

Clot. So, fir, I will then, not the Blade alone.
But

But for your more security, the Battoon, There see my Armes forth coming. [*Exeunt.*

Mih. Say they shall have faire welcom, What are they married?

Enter Nick. Dorcas, Ant. Kat. Luc.

Ant. Yes, as fast as troth and holy words can binde 'em.

Mih. 'Tis well. Now fir, let me entreat your favour. 'Tis my first suit to you since I was your son.

That before others entrances distract our troubled Scene, these may be reconcil'd. { *Down Brother*
Nicholas.

Nick. Even unto the earth, fir, and humbled with as true a penitence, as son can be for wronging of a father, I beg your pardon and blessing.

Croff. Give it him, Brother *Rooksbill*, I dare say 'twill make him a good man.

Rook. Heaven make him so. My blessing and my prayers shall not be wanting.

Croff. What? my Neece *Dorcas* made an honest woman?

Gab. Was that the man that wrong'd my Cousin *Dorcas*?

Mih. Yes, and has now made ample recompence.

Enter Cockbrayne, Cit. Watch. Madge.

Cit. Here they are altogether, fir.

Cock. Lay hands on all. First on that old Ruffian, the Incendiarie, that sets the youthful bloods on fire here with his Infernal discipline. Next; take his sons, there's one, that young Blade there. Have I now got within ye, Gentlemen? will you have Songs *extempore*? know ye me now? a ha! I'll be call'd the Weeder,

Weeder of this Garden. Take up those She weeds there. I have the rank one here. I took her stragling in my Round e'ne now.

Rook. My Tenant, I take it, Mrs. *Margerie Howlet*.

Crof. Your widow fir, I think.

Mih. But for a shift fir, now you know my aim.

Mad. O good your worship, as you came of a woman.

Cock. Peace Circes, cease thy charmes. What cluster have we here now. O here's another of the fons of noise.

Rook. That's my son now, fir, by your leave, and I'll baile him.

Cock. What Mr. *Rooksbil*, are you here? what woman's this?

Crof. My Neece, fir, his fons wife. And I'll baile her.

Cock. What Mr. *Croswill*, you among this Ginge too?

How will you 'scape commitment?

Croff. Why, Mr. *Cockbrayne*? how his braines crow now?

Cock. Who's here? your daughters too? but what are these?

Crof. I hope they'll prove my fons, and be indifferent men in time, fir, by that time their haire may grow, or be reduc't to an indifferent length.

Mih. That's done on me already, fir.

Crof. Now he looks as like a Rogue as e're he did again.

Gab. And fir, for me, now that my Cousin is restored, and the wilde fury of my wine abated.

I do you the obedience of a son, acknowledging my former formal habit wws more of stubbornesie then true devotion. For which I beg your pardon.

Crof. There's more deceit under these half Footballs, then in whole pudding-bags. Well boyes, be you indifferent sons, neither too hot nor too cold. I have found a fault in myself, I confesse. I will reform it, and be an indifferent father.

Cock. O here's the man I fought, whom, I confesse, I am half sorry to commit with the rest, because I found him civiller.

Ant. Hoping you will not stake that good opinion, I'll now come nearer to you. And since here is such a convention of love and joy. I hope my offering of a sons true duty may finde Idulgencie.

Cock. What? my son *Antonie*?

Croff. How? how? your son that should have had my daughter? Come hither *Kate*, now if thou lov'st him, take him. Are you content, friend *Cockbrayne*.

Cock. O sir, most happily.

Crof. Why run you not together?

Ant. It is too late, or needlesse now for me to marry her.

Crof. Is't come to that? and if I do not swindge him——. Are you too good, sir, for my daughter?

Ant. I do not say so, sir.

Crof. Hufwife, do you like him?

Kat. No more than he does me, sir.

Crof. Get you together, or I'll swaddle you both into one, you perverse fools.

Ant. The truth is, we are married already.

Kat. 'Tis so, indeed, sir.

Crof. Heyday! who am I trow? how durst you do it without my consent?

Kat. I had your consent, sir, you commanded me to take my choice in whom I pleas'd, before you would take notice.

Crof.

Crof. I cannot abide this wrangling, Give you joy.

Cock. Joy and my blessing on you. Why I know not whom to commit now.

Crof. You have done the Common-wealth a special piece of service the while with your State-braines. But let us make a night of this I pray.

Cit. Sir, the parties have given me satisfaction, and I am content they be releas'd.

Crof. There's an honest fellow now, and looks like one that would be beaten every day for ready money. Go now, while ye are well, and be seen no more in this Precinct.

All. Never and't please your worships, never.

Crof. 'Twas built for no such vermine. Hence away.

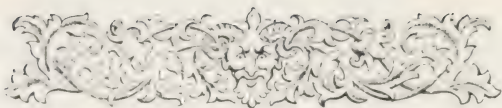
And may the place be purg'd so every day.

'Tis no unworthy member may be found,

To pester or to vilifie this ground.

That as it was intended, it may be

A Scène for Vertue and Nobilitie.



EPILOGUE.

TIS not the Poets Art, nor all that we
By life of Action can present on't, ye
Can or ought make us presume a Play
Is good, 'tis you approve't. Which that you may
It cannot misbecome us, since our gains
Come by your favour, more then all our paines.
Thus to submit us unto your commands,
And humbly ask the favour at your hands.

Another.

*Tis done. And now that Poets can divine,
Observe with what Nobility doth shine
Faire Covent-Garden. And as that improves,
May we finde like Improvement in your Loves.*

FINIS.



THE
NEW ACADEMY,
Or, the
NEW EXCHANGE.



THE
NEW ACADEMY
Or, the
NEW
EXCHANGE.

BY RICHARD BROME.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Andrew Crook*, at the *Green Dragon* in
Saint *Pauls* Churchyard: And *Henry Brome*,
at the *Gun*, in *Ivy Lane*. 1658.

The Actor's Names.

*Sir Swithin Whimlby, a melancholy Widower.
 Suitor to the Lady Nettlecock.*

*Old Matchil, a Merchant that married his Maid.
 Gabrialla's Guardian.*

Young Matchil his sonne.

*Old Lafoy a French Gentleman, a Guardian to young
 Matchil.*

Young F. Lafoy his sonne.

*Mr. Hardyman, Captain Valentines Father-in-law.
 Hannah's father.*

Strigood, half brother to Matchil.

*Valentine Askal, son-in-law to Hardiman. Han-
 nah's half-brother.*

*Eraasmus a young Gentleman, his Companion and
 Friend.*

Cash, Matchils Prentice.

*Nehemiah Nettlecock, a foolish Gentleman, the
 Ladies sonne.*

Ephraim, the Lady Nettlecocks Servant.

Rafe Camelion an uxorious Citizen.

A Footpost.

Papillion	}	<i>Two Monsieurs,</i>	{ Philip	}	Matchils	}	sons
Galliard	}	alias	{ Frances	}	Lafoy's	}	

Women.

Ladie Nettecock, a fond Mother.

Joyce, Matchils Daughter.

} *Foster Sisters.*

Gabriella, Lafoy's Daughter.

*Mrs. Blithe Triphort, Sir Swithin Whimlbies
 Neece.*

*Hannah, Camelions wife, Captain Hardimans
 daughter.*

Maudlin, Matchils Maid and Wife.

(c)



THE
NEW ACADEMY,
Or, the
NEW EXCHANGE.

Act I.

Valentine, Erasmus.



IS this the entertainment you promis'd me in the Jovial Merchants house? Is this the great interest you have in his huge hospitality? when by half an hours attendance and intreats we cannot obtain the sight of him.

Er. I wonder at it; Sure some strange disaster has suddenly befallen him. He was, last night the merriest man alive, drank healthes; told tales; sung Catches; *Trowle the Bowle; Tosse the Cannykin;* and what not! and all for joy, that his sonne, he said, was up on his returne, whom he has not seen these dozen years, since he sent him a little Lad into *France*, to be bred there.

Val. I heard he did so; and that in lieu, by way of

G

Ex-

Exchange, he brings up the daughter of the Parisien that breeds his sonne.

Er. Right.

Val. But is that daughter so exquisite a creature, as is this Merchant *Matchills* own whom you so much extoll?

Er. They are both so equally handsome, and vertuous, that, be their dowries so, and their consents alike, I'll take my choice of crosse and pile for either, with such a friend as thou art.

Val. Troth, and that's friendly spoken, *Mus.*

Er. It is so *Val.* yet not with some policie do I wish thee a fortune: for, insooth, young Gentleman, though I like your person, and some of your qualities, yet by reason of your wants, I finde you something heavy on my purse-strings; and my selfe scarce able to supply you. And, if we faile of good matches, I must even turne you over shortly to the hopes you boast of in your City-Mystrresses and Tradefmens wives.—

Val. Peace, prythee hold thy peace.

Enter Cash.

Friend *Cash*! Is your Master, Mr. *Matchill* yet at leifure to be seen?

Cash. He much desires, sir, to be excus'd. 'Tis true that he invited you. His dinner's ready; and his heart welcomes you. But he has met with an unhappy newes to day.—

Val. I fear'd some ill. What is the matter?

Cash. His only sonne, whom he of late expected home out of *France*, we hear, is dead.

Val. His daughter will prove a bouncing match then.

Cash

Cash. That's the impreffion the heavy newes makes in you, Gentlemen.

Er. Come, let's go.

Cash. Nay, Gentlemen, although my Masters sudden fadness shuts him from you. His meat and wine are ready. There are some good company in his Parlour too, Pray stay.

Val. Are his faire daughter, and the *French*-borne Damsel there to be seen?

Cash. Both. Pray be pleas'd to enter.

I hope his passionate fit e're you have din'd will be past over. He is not wont to suffer long under the hand of sorrow.

'Tis like that you shall see him ere you go.

Er. In that faire hope we'll enter and fall to.

—*Ex. Val. Er.*

Cash. 'Tis like you shall fall short though of your aim
At my young Mystress, who by this black newes,
Becomes my Masters heire, and so the white
That all the gallant suiters of the City
And Court will level their keen shafts at. Where
Are mine own hopes then, that stood as faire
In competition for her love as any,
When the great noise of her inheritance,
Shall drown each Lovers tongue, that cannot say,
It is a Lords at least, I rather wish
The young man had not di'd.

Enter Strigood.

Stri. Where's my Boykin? my Friskoe? my Delight? my *Cash*? by what better name can I call thee?

Cash. O me! Master *Strigood*, what make you here?

Stri. I come to comfort my brother in his sorrow,

(c)

H 2

row. His sonne is dead, they say. Ha! Is't not so?

Cash. And he is almost dead with sorrow : Back fir.

The sight of you, that are his sole vexation, will make him mad.

Str. That is my way to cure him.

Madnesse drowns grief in any man.—*Probatum.*

Cash. Good Mr. *Strigood* depart.

Str. Good Mr. *Cash*, and Mr. *Matchils* man.

I'll see your Master. What! deny his brother?

His nowne natural brother? By the furer side too

We tumbled in one Pannier ; though we had

Two Rippiers, Sweet fir, I am the elder too

Strigood was in my mother before *Matchill*

Therefore, because I have spent an estate

And he has got one, must not I maintain

My self the better man?

Cash. Yes : if you had the wherewithal.

Stri. Sir, you had been as good ha' held your tongue. Lend me some money *Cash*.

Cash. I have no money, fir, but what's my Masters.

Str. Whose money, fir, was that you played last night

Among the Knights and Braveries at the ordinary?

Gold by the handfuls, *Cash*! Lend me two pieces.

Cash. Speak lower, fir.

Str. Lend me three pieces, *Cash*.

Before I speak too loud, who's money's that

You use to weare abroad at Feasts and Revels

In silver lace and fatten ; though you wait

At home in simple Serge, or broad-cloth, fir.

Cash. Be not so loud, I pray.

Str. Lend me five pieces.

I shall grow louder else. Who payes your Barber?
I mean not for your Prentice pig-hair'd cut
Your weare at home here; but your Periwigs;
Your locks and Lady-ware that dangle in 'em,
Like straws in the bush natural of a Bedlem?

Cash. What mean you Mr. *Strygood*.

Stri. I mean ten pieces now; I'll go no lesse.

Do not I know your haunts?—

Cash. You may; you train'd one to 'em

Stri. Do not I know your out-leaps, and vagaries?
Your tiring houses, where you shift your self,
Your privy lodgings, for your trunks and punks?
Your midnight walks and meetings? Come, the
money.

And, hark thee, though thou undoe'st my brother
by't.

I'll keep thy counsel: thou shalt find me virtuous.
I want, he gives me nothing, and thou canst not
Do him better service, then relieve his brother.

Cash. I am in; and must to hide my old faults, do
——*Aside.*

Like an ill Painter, dawbe 'em o're with new.

Stri. Quickly. I shall grow loud again else *Cash*.

Cash. Sir, I am in your hands, here are ten pieces.

I hope you will not thank my Master for 'm.

Stri. No, nor for all he has that comes through
thy hands.

My nimble *Cash*; and from this I am sure,
Though I were starving, I should finger nothing.

Cash. Will you go now?

Stri. I'll see him e're I go.

And dine, if there be meat i'th' house. What eaters
Are there within? I'll draw a knife among 'em. *Ex.*

Cash. This desperate old Ruffian, would undo me,
But he hopes to waste his brother by me.

He has spent himself to beggary; and would
fall so. (c) H 3 But

But that he has pernicious fire in's brain,
That raging spreads to ruine others with him.
I must beware of him.

Enter Lady Nestlecock, Ephraim.

Is she come too ?

Then 'tis decreed, my Master must, from sorrow,
suffer in madnesse.

La. Go home *Ephraim*.

And have a care you suffer not my boy
To Straggle forth 'mong his unhappy playmates,
For fear of mischief.

Eph. It shall be my care. *Ex.*

La. What do you lock up my brother, ha?—

Cash. H' has lock't himself up, Madam ; and
will suffer

None to come at him, till his sorrowful fit
Be somewhat over.

La. Not's own Sister, ha?—

Cash. Nor his half brother neither : yet he's here.

La. Is he here, ha? That *Strygood*? Is he
here?

Hang him old reprobate. And beshrew thy heart,
For a young varlet, to call him our brother.

It is no marvel, if my brother *Matchil*

Lock up himself, and such a wickednesse

Be in his house, as is that *Strygood*, ha——

Lethim take heed, he comes not in my Nayl-reach,

And call me Sister, or my Brother, brother,

Like a debauch'd old Villain, as he is.

O that my husband *Nestlecock* were alive,

But for three minutes, to send him to

Newgate, if he presume to call me Sister.

But I command you in my husbands name,

Who was a Justice, when he liv'd, to thrust him

Out of your Masters doors, my brothers house.

Left

Left I be sick with the loath'd sight of him.
You will not disobey this, will you, ha?—
If not, why stir you not? ha!—

Cash. I must remove
This fit of her's. There's but one way to do it;
And that's to talk of her white boy, she's fond on.

La. Will you not send him packing, ha?—

Cash. First, Madam.

(By your good ladyships leave) how does your sonne
Sweet Master *Nehemiah Nestlecock*?

La. I thank you courteous friend. In truth, last
night,

One of my Coach-gueldings fell lame, and I,
By that constrain'd to come afoot,
Was forced to leave my boy at home; or else
He had come with me, to have been a comfort
To his sad Uncle: But I would not now
For twice my Gueldings price, my childe were here;
And that foule fiend i'th' house, whose very looks
Would fright him into sicknesse.

Cash. O good Lady!

La. I can't so soon forget the fright he took
At seeing the roguish Jugler once eat tow,
And blow it out of's mouth in fire and smoke,
He lay a fourtnight by't.

Cash. That's two yeares since.
And he was then but young, he's now a man.

La. Alack a childe; but going in's nineteenth year.
Where's my Neece *Foyce*?

Cash. Within there Madam; so is *Gabriella*
The French young Gentlewoman to attend you.

La. I'll stay with them till I may see my brother.
——*Ex.*

Cash. I hope old *Strygood*, who now on the sudden
Hath slipt her memory, meets her by the eares first.

Enter Matchil, an open letter in his hands.

But the good minute's come, before I look't for't.
My Master now appears. He looks most sourly,
Expressing more of anger then of grief.
I feare, old *Strygood* was so loud with me,
That he hath over-heard us, and I shall break
Before I am a Freeman.

Mat. Sorrow be gone
And puleing grief away, whilest I take in
A nobler and more manly Passion;
Anger, that may instruct me to revenge.
My childe is lost by treacherous neglect
In that false Frenchman, to whose seeming care
I trusted the chief comfort of my life;
My Boy. Nay, read again, 'Tis written, (*Matchil*
here, *reads.*)
He was grown man.

Cash. His man, I think, he *Cash listens to Mat-*
said. *chil, and speaks aside.*
Does your man trouble you. I do not like that.

Mat. And here he writes that in his youthful spring
And heat of spirit, he began to grow
Intemperate and wilde——

Cash. Wilde! Are you there?

Mat. Which drew him on to riotous expence——

Cash. And there again, to riotous expence!
'Tis I directly that he's troubled with.

Mat. And sometimes into quarrels. What o' that?
In all this he was still mine own. O (*Mat. kisses*
boy—— *the paper.*)

Cash. Some slave has writ some fearful information
Against me, and he hugs and kisses it.

Mat. And had his Guardian had a feeling care
(Hang his French friendship) over my dear childe,
As I had over his, these youthful follies
Might have be en-temper'd into manly vertues.

Cash.

Cash. I hear not that.

Mat. But I fall back agen.

From my revenge to grief. Away ; I will not.

[*He reads again.*]

Here's the death-doing point. These slight disorders.

In my young forward sonne (I find it here)
Were, by his churlish and perfidious Guardian,
Interpreted no lesse then Reprobation,
And, by his ignorant cruelty, so punish'd.
For, here he shuts his eare and door against him !
When suddenly the loose licentious world
Soothes on his youthful, injudicious courage
To imminent destruction ; so being engag'd
In a rash quarrel, he in duel fell.
Th' Opponents sword was instrument ; yet I inferre.
Lafoy, his Guardian was his murderer.
Farewell, my boy ; and this is the last teare
Thou shalt wring from me. Something I'll do,
Shall shew a fathers love, and valour too.
I'm young enough to draw a sword in *France*, yet.
But first——Come hither, *Sirrah*.

Cash. Now it comes.

Mat. I purpose streight to order my estate
Look that you forthwith perfect my Accompts ;
And bring me all my books of debtor and creditor,
Receipts and payments, what you have in wares,
And what in cash, let me inform my self.

Cash. 'Tis as I fear'd.

Mat. I'll set all right and streight,
All statutes, bonds, bills, and seal'd instruments
That do concern me, I have in my Closet
Or at my Councels, or my Scriveners.
I'll call in them my selfe. Why dost thou look so
amaz'dly.

Would'ft

Would'ft have me yield a reason? why, I'll tell thee
 I mean to make a voyage; and, perhaps,
 To fettle and proportion out my eftate
 By Will, before I go. Do you as I command you.

Cafh. Whatever he pretends, I know his drift:
 And, e're I'll be discover'd by my ftay;
 Being run out, I'll choofe to run away.—*Ex.*

Mat. My daughter in the firft place muft be
 car'd for.

I'll make her a good match. My next in blood then
 My Knave half-brother, and my whole fool'sifter.
 But the beft is, her Ladifhip has enough;
 And all I have, in *Strygoods* hands, were nothing.
 Therefore I'll purpofe nothing to him. Oh.

Enter Joyce and Gabriella.

The Joy and Torment of my life, at once
 Appear to me. I muft divide them, { *He thrusts off*
 thus. { *Gabriella.*

Hence hated iffue of my mortal foe
 Whom I have foster'd with a Parents Piety
 As carefully and dearly as mine own.
 While the inhumane cruelty of thy Sire
 Has to untimely death expof'd my fonne.
 Thank me I kill not thee; fo leave my houfe.
 There's *French* enough in town, that may befriend
 you.

To pack you o're to *Paris*; what's your own
 Take w'ye, and go. Why cleave you to { To
 her fo? { *Joyce.*

Forfake her, caft her off. Are not my words
 Of force, but I muft ufe my hands to part ye?

Jo. Deare, honour'd father, I befeech you hear
 me.

In parting us you feparate life from me,

And

And therein act a real crueltie
On me your only childe, sharper then that,
Which you can but pretend done by her father.

Mat. Durst thou speak so?

Foy. I cannot live from her.

Mat. O monstrous. Pray, your reason. Why not live?

Foy. You know, Sir, from our Infancie we have been,

Bred up together, by your tender care
As we had been twin-borne, and equally
Your own; and by a self-same education,
We have grown hitherto, in one affection,
We are both but one body, and one mind,
What *Gabriella* was, I was, what I, was she.
And, till this haplesse houre, you have enjoyn'd me,
Nay, charg'd me on your blessing, not to arrogate
More of your love unto my self, then her.

Mat. That was, 'cause I presum'd her father lov'd,
Or should have lov'd my sonne, your brother.

Foy. I never knew brother, or sister, I;
Nor my poor self, but in my *Gabrella*.
Then blame me not to love her, I beseech you
—Upon me knees.

Mat. Th' art knee-deep in rebellion.
Unnatural Gipsie, since thou prov'st my torment
In being the same with her; and hast declar'd
Thy self no more my childe, then she, whom now
I do abhorre, avoid, with her, my fight.
Rise, and be gone, lest thou pull curses on thee
Shall sink thee into earth.

Gab. O rather, Sir.

Let me 'gainst whom your fury first was bent
Suffer alone the sharpnesse of your vengeance:
And let it not be said, 'cause you surmise,
My father lost your son, that, therefore, you

Have

Have cast away your daughter. Hurl me, rather
 Into the ruthless waves to seek my way ;
 Or do but take her, hold her in the armes
 Of your paternal love, and I'll take flight
 To weane her to you.

Joy. She cannot, may not leave me.

Mat. Out of my doors then, with her.—

Enter Lady Nestlecock.

La. What's the matter ? ha——

Mat. Such as you cannot mend, deare Lady
 Sister.

What come you hither with your Ha—for ? Ha—

La. To comfort you, dear brother, if you'll heare
 me.

Your sonne is dead, they say ; and heare I finde
 Your daughter is rebellious 'gainst your will.

Mat. You speak much comfort, do you not,
 think you.

La. But is it so *Joyce* ? ha ! —— I thought you
Joyce,

Would have rejoyc'd your father in obedience,
Joyce;

And not afflict him with your stubbornnesse.

Mat. O this impertinent woman !

La. But my brother,
 Let me advise you, rather then suffer her
 To be an eye-fore to you, put her out,
 Where she may learne more duty. If you please
 I'll take her home, and shew her how it should be.

Mat. Yes, as you have shewen your *Nestlecock*,
 your sonne.

La. I, there's a childe ! Brother, you'l pardon
 me,

If

If I aspire in hope, that he shall be
Your heire, if *Foyce* miscarry in rebellion.

Mat. And therefore you would breed her. How
the devil
Works in a covetous woman! Though a foole
too.

Your sonne's an Assé ; an Ideot ; and your self
No better, that have bred him so. Do you tell
me

Of your sweet fugar-chop't Nettle coxscombe ?

La. Ha——

Mat. He's fit t'inherit nothing but a place
I'th' Spittle-house, Fools Colledge, yond, at
Knightsbridge.

La. And did I come to bring thee consolation ?
Now let me tell thee, I rejoyce in thy
Just punishment, thy scourge of crosses. Thou,
That for these six years space, until this day,
Hast kept continual feast and jollitie
For thy wives death, who was too good for thee.

Mat. Right, for she was my Master, a perpetual
Vexation to me, while she was above-ground
Your Ladiship could not have spoke more comfort
to me

Then the remembrance of that shook-off Shackle,
Which now, in my affliction makes me smile,
And were I on her grave, I could cut capers.

La. A further punishment I prophesie
Grows in the neck of thy leud insolence.

Mat. I could e'ne finde in heart to marry again,
In spight, now, of thy witchcraft, my son dead !
My daughter disobedient ! and your childe
A very chilblaine. What have I to do
But marry again : all women are not devils,
I may yet get an heire unto my minde.

*Enter Strigood.**Mat.* Art thou here too——*Stri.* Stay, you forget your brother, Mr. *Matchil*.
You have match'd ill once already ; and take heed

You match not worse, your children, though untoward

And taking of the devillish Shrew, their mother,
Were likely of your own begetting ; Yet
Your second wife may bring you a supply
Of heires, but who must get them, first is doubtful*Mat.* Thy impudence amazes me.*Str.* Ha, ha.*La.* I'm sick at sight of the leud Reprobate.*Stri.* Dee cast about for heirs ; and have besides
Your daughter here, a brother and a sifter ?*La.* Call not thy self our brother. He appears
Unkinde to me, but thou insufferable,
I loath to look upon thee.*Stri.* He has spoke
Against her Aunt, her Moon-calf sonne. I'll make
her love me best, and presently.
Brother, I say.*Mat.* I cannot look upon thee.
Provoke me not to speech, I charge thee.*Str.* Give me leave to speak ; Hold you your
peace ;Hear but my brotherly advice ; and then
Give your consent in silence. (*Mat.*) *hum hum, &c.**La.* Hear him not. (*Mat.*) Nor you neither,
*hum—hum—hum.**La.* I am not angry with you now ; and therefore
I charge you, hear him not. (*Mat.*) *hum hum—**Stri.*

Stri. My advice is thus, that for your daughters good.

For mine own good, and for your Sisters good,
And for her sonne, your Nephew's good.

La. How's that? ha!

Stri. And chiefly for your own good, and the credit
A wife man would desire to hold i'th' world,
Think not of marrying, nor of buying hornes
At the whole value of your whole estate,
But match your daughter while you have the meanes
In your own hands; give her a good round portion,
Here are deserving Gentlemen i'th' house.

Next, think of me your brother, that has spent
In down-right fellowship (heaven knows what
All fraudulent purposes to make any man
A miser or a gainer by't) a faire estate.

And now do want a brotherly supply.
A hundred a year or so: but above all
Fasten your land unto your Sisters sonne.

That hopeful Gentleman, sweet *Nehemiah*. (*Mat*) *hum*.

La. Now brother you may hear him,

Stri. What though it straggle from the name of
Matchil.

Remember yet he is your mothers Grandchilde.

La. Why dee not hear him, brother? (*Mat*) *hum*.

Stri. As I hope

To be a landed man my self,
Had I a thousand yearly, I would leav't him.

La. Trulie, I thank you. Now I'll call you brother.
Y'are a good natur'd Gentleman if you had it.
Come home, and see my sonne. — Will you not
hear him? ha!

Mat. I need not, nor your selfe. I see you gape
Like monsters that would swallow me alive.
I know your mindes; and I will do mine own.
And, thus it is. Stay, let me stay a little.

La.

La. Look you how wilde he looks.

Stri. He's falling mad,
Stark staring mad.

La. I would he had a wife then,
For nothing else can tame him.

Mat. So it shall be.
First, I'll be Master of mine own estate.
Next—

Stri. Take a wife to master that, and you.

Mat. Next, you *Madamoiselle*, (on whom with
patience
I cannot look) forsake my house, and suddenly ;
Linger not for a man to wait upon you,
But let your black bag guard you, 'tis a fashion
Begun amongst us here by your own Nation.
And if I longer must call you my daughter,
Forsake you her.

Joy. What mine own heart ? dear Sir.

Mat. At your own choice, I can force her
departure,
Though not perswade your stay, determine quickly
Either to leave her, and enjoy a father,
Or never more expect a fathers blessing.

Gab. Dear, mine own heart, leave me, obey
your father.

Joy. It must be to my death then. [*Weepes.*

Mat. I'll be sudden.
Therefore be you as brief in your resolve.

La. Alas, poor hearts. Just so loth
To part was I and my sonne *Nchemiah*
To day when I came forth.

Stri. Neece *Joyce*, let me
Advise you.—

Mat. Pray, Sir, none of your advices.
Let her advise her self ; whilest I impart
To you my next intention ; which is thus.

To

To end your strife for shares in mine estate
I'll venter on a wife : indeed I'll marry.

La. Will you so ? ha !

Mat. Yes indeed *La*,—

Stri. If then

You'll estate nothing on me for my life
Give mee a fee to help you to a wife,
I can, a good one.

Mat. I'll none, Sir, of your good ones.
Besides, Sir, I'm provided.

La. You are not, are you ? ha.

Mat. Let it suffice, I say't, so quit my house.

Stri. Shall I expect then nothing ?

Mat. Pray sir, do.

'Tis all I can afford you. You have wit,
Yes, you can daunce, tread money out of rushes,
Slight and activity to live upon.
A nimble braine, quick hands and airie heels
To get a living.

Stri. Hah.

Mat. Pray fall to practice.

Stri. I may. sir, to your cost, if you put off
Your daughter with her Sweet-heart, her *Mon Coeur*
There, as she calls her. Dear, my Lady Sister ;
You see how churlishly this Merchant uses us.
He has forgot, sure, he was borne a Gentleman.
Will you be pleas'd, I speak to you in your eare.

La. Anyway, brother *Strigood*, Hang him, *Nabal*,
To warn me out o's house ; and not alone,
To turne a stranger from within his gates,
But offer to cast out his childe too, ha !

Stri. 'Tis about that *I'd* speak, pray Madam heark
you.

Enter Erasmus, Valentine.

<i>Er.</i> Noble Mr. <i>Matchil</i> , though we ate your meat	
(c)	I Before

Before we saw you, you will give us leave
To take our leaves, and thank you ere we part.

Mat. O Gentlemen.

Val. We have heard your cause of sorrow.

Mat. But I have over-past it. Hark ye Gentlemen. [Ladies.

Eraf. You'll give us leave first to salute the

Mat. Nay, if you love me, heare me first.

Er. Val. Your will, Sir.

La. Neece, you shall no way disobey your father { *Talk*
afide

In being rul'd by me.

Stri. So, so, it takes. [me

La. You and your second selfe shall home with
Until his furious humour be blown over.

To which the first meanes is to shun his sight,
And then let me alone to make your peace.

Joy. Gab. We thank your Ladiship.

La. So let us slip
Home to my house together.

La. Hift brother, lead the way.

Str. As glad as ever Fox was of his prey. } *Exit om.*

Mat. 'Tis even so, Gentlemen, for- } *Pet. Mat.*
row findes no lodging. } *Er. Val.*

In my light heart sometimes she knocks at door,
And takes a drink, but here she must not sit by't.

Val. Y'are happy Sir.

Er. Yet I have heard you say
You never tasted joy for divers yeares
Till your wife died: since when, a King of mirth,
And now to marry agen is such a thing.

Mat. Yes sir, 'tis such a thing that I will marry
That I foreknow can never disobey me
And I'll defie the devil to dishonest her.

Er. Is she so ougly?

Val. No, he means so vertuous.

Mat. Well-said, sir, you shall drink before me.
Rachel, Mawdlin. 'Pro-

'Protest you shall though't be in my own house.

Er. Now he resumes his humour.

Mat. Rachel I say,
Bring me a kan o' sack.

Er. But how can you
Presume before the dangerous marriage-trial
That she whom y'have chosen will be obedient.

Val. D'ye think he has not tried her? There's
a question!

Mat. Well-said agen. I was about to say so.
Rachel, some sack, I say. Yes, I have tried her, fir,
Tri'd her, and tri'd her again: all over and over
These five yeares day and night; and still obedient.

Er. Then you are sure to her.

Mat. No, I never us'd
A marriage-question, nor a woing word.
But do all by command, she is so obedient.

Val. And yet she's chaste and vertuous withal.

Mat. Well-said again, fir, so I was a saying.

Er. But we have talk't away the Gentlewomen.

Mat. No matter, let 'hem go. Would they were
far enough. *Ent. Rach.*

Enter Rachel, silver Kan and Napkin.

Come, the sack, the sack. — Who taught you that
courtesie maid.

Pray try a better to the Gentleman.

Protest you shall begin.

Val. In your own house, fir?

Mat. I'll rather g' ye my house, then break my
word in't.

Val. Y' are Lord here, and may command me, fir.
And so my service to you.

Mat. I'll do you reason, fir. ——— *Val. drink.*
Be ready with your Napkin, and a lower douke maid.

I'll hang dead weight at your buttocks else. So.
Is not this obedience, Gentlemen, Mr. *Erasmus*?

Mus, I will call thee *Mus*, I love to be
Familiar, where I love; and Godamercy
For your friend here; you both shall see my
daughter.

But my French Damofel and I are parted
I hope by this time. So here's to you *Mus*.

Er. To me, to me, to me. [*M. drinks.*

Mat. Ha boy, art there? dispatch [*Er. drinks.*
Your court'sie quickly, and go cal my daughter.

Rach. She is gone forth, forfooth.

Mat. Forth, ha? when? whither?

La ye, she thinks I'm angry, and the finger
Is in the eye already. Is not this
Feare and obedience, Gentlemen? who went with
her.

Rach. She went with my Lady *Nestlecock*, to
bring *Gabriella* on her way they said.

Mat. I would

They were all in *France* together.

Er. What, your daughter?

Mat. She comes again, I doubt not. Dry you're eyes.
And drink that sack, without a court'sie, drink it.
You do not know my meaning, Gentlemen.
Stay: now gi' me't agen.—Now go and dry
Your face within —— without a court'sie? ha!

—— *Ex. Rach.*

Now is not this obedience, Gentlemen?

Val. But this is not the rare obedient peece
That you will marry?

Mat. You do not hear me say so.
But I presume, as much obedience
In her I have made choice of.

Er. Marrie a maid.

And we will be her Hench-boyes, if you please.

Mat.

Mat. No, I'll have no such blades 'bout my wives hanches.

But come, to end this tedious Scene, in which
I ha' past the Purgatorie of my Passions
Of sorrow, anger, feare, and hope at last.
I am refin'd, sublim'd, exalted, fixt
In my true Sphere of mirth ; where love's my object.
And bloodie thought of black revenge cast by.

Val. Could your faire breast harbour a bloody thought ?

Mat. For some few minutes, in which extasie
I meant t' ha' gone, as other Gallants do.
To fight in *France*, forsooth, and charg'd my man
To draw up his Accompts, call in my moneys,
Thought to have made my Will—.

Er. I saw your Cashier
Go forth e'ne now with a strong lusty Porter
Loaden with money : I will not say my teeth
Water'd at it. *Val.* But 'twas enough to make
A very true mans fingers itch.

Mat. I cannot
Think he is run away ; but yet I like not
His carrying forth, when *I* say, fetch in money.
But this is from my purpose. Love ye mirth ?
Let's in, and drink, and talk. That gives it birth.

Act. II. Scene. 1.

Camelion, Hannah.

Cam. I prithee now, I prithee, prithie now
Urge me no more in this case ; for I cannot,
Nor I wo' not so I wo' not, I be jealous

Of

Of mine own wife, mine own dear flesh and blood?
That's such a thing! I pidgee speak no more on't.

Han. You shew you love *Rafe*.

Cam. So I hope I do *Nan*.

My cock, my pity nittle nanfie cocksie,
Do I not shew my love when I deny thee
Unreasonable requests? I never heard
Of woman that desir'd a loving husband
To be a jealous Master over her.

Especially a City-Shopkeeper.

The best part of whose trade runs through the hands
Of his faire wife too! 'Tis unreasonable.

And thou the first that e're take up the humour.

Han. And you the first that e're I knew befotted
Into a wilful confidence, which renders
Me to a vile construction; and your selfe
By leaving me to all assaults and hazards
Have got the reputation of a Wittal.
Or one that seems contented to become so.

Cam. *Hon soit qui maly pense.*

My Cock, my Nanfie Cock, my Cocksie Nanfie,
Kisse me, and use thine own conscience: I scorn
The yellow sicknesse, I let 'hem all say what they
will.

D'einty, come thou to me. I will not lose
An haire's breadth o'my humour, nor retain
An ill thought o'my Cocks honestie
For all the wealth i'the Exchange, not I

Han. I not desire you should, but only that
You will not seem so carelesse of my credit,
Exposing me to all temptations
Of the wilde Gallantry of the wanton time.
By whom (although my chastity remains
Untouch't) my name and your discretion suffers.

Cam. Pish, *Honi soit* again: Cock, I desie
Calumniation and detraction I.

When

When I am jealous, let the horne-curse take me ;
and let me be with hornets stung to death.

Han. Still you flie from the point, I would not have

You vex yourself with causelesse jealousie
Over my constant love ; but only seem
A little watchful o're my reputation.
Whereby you may decline mens leud attempts.
And not to throw me upon opportunities
To draw them on ; as if I were a thing
Set out, as in your shop, for common sale.

Cam. Cock, Thou shalt never tie me to't : not I.
I must not lose my harmlesse recreations
Abroad to snook over my wife at home.
Thought'ft ha' me like the hair-brain'd Point-tagger,
That us'd to hammer his fingers at one end
O'th' shop, while's wife was bargaining at the other ?
Not I ; sweet *Cock*, pidee lets heare no more on't.

Enter Foot-post.

Now friend ! Is your businesse to me or my wife ?

Post. This Supercription will inform you, sir.

Cam. To my deare daughter Mrs. *Hannah Camellion*, at her shop or house in or near the New Exchange.

Cock. Take it quickly, what a Knave art thou to put a letter in my hands, that is directed to my wife. Sbobs I would not ha' open'd it for fourty pound.

Post. If all husbands in the City were of his minde, it were a Forrest of fooles indeed.

Cam. Cock, I must leave thee.

Han. Pray stay a little. This letter's from my father.

Cam. I hope the good Captaine's well.

Han. Yes, very well, pray read his Letter here.

Cam. Cock, You shall pardon me. Not I.
I have a match to play at the ducking-pond.
Prithee fore-slow not my occasions, Cock,
As I forbear to pry into thy secrets.

Han. Here's nothing but what I would have you see.

There's for your postage, friend. It needs no answer.

Post. I thank you, Mystris. *Ex.*

Han. But if you will not stay to reade this Letter.

You shall not deny me one thing.

Cam. What is it, quickly? my sweet *Nanny Cock.*

Han. Here, take this pen : write here a word or sentence.

What you please. But keep it well in minde,
And look that you be sure to know't agen
When I shall shew't you.

Cam. 'Tis done, there : I defie, and dare the
devil and all his Clerks to counterfeit my hand.
So, my sweet *Cock*, a kisse and adieu.

Han. Well *Rafe*, remember that you won't be jealous.

Cam. Not I, Sbobs yonder comes one of the
Blades,

That thou would'st have me have an eye to ; He
That lives by his wits, and yet is seldom sober :
That goes so gallantly, and has no credit,
Nor ever buyes with ready money ; But
Barters commodity for commodity.

(Such as it is) with Tradefmens wives, they say.
What call you him, oh *Askal* ; there's another
Comes with him too. Into thy shop, good *Cock.*

I wo'not stay, not I. So, farewell *Cock.* *Ex.*

Han. And farewell *Coxscombe*, some wife would
say now. I

I am much troubled at his fillineffe.
And would to right me, straine a woman's wit,
Knew I with modesty how to answer it.
Something I'll do.

Enter Erasmus, Valentine.

Er. Was ever such a humour in a man, as this
mad Merchant *Matchil* is possessed with.
To marry so, to spite his childe and kindred.

Val. He has made his daughter by't a match
worth nothing.

And there your hope is gone.

Er. And yours in me.

For as I said before, good *Valentine*.
I must returne you to your City wives.
By the old trade to pick your maintenance
Out of 'em, as you boast you can.

Val. 'Tis well, sir.

And now to let you know that I can live
Without the helps of such cool friends as you,
I'll shew you a present probability.

Val. Dost see yond pretty mumping peece i'th'
shop there?

Er. Yes, is that one——?

Val. One o'th' fourty, boy,
That renders tribute in to my Exchecquer

Er. Didst ever lie with her?

Val. How plain you are. Not I, not I.
That's her fool-husbands word.
Let it suffice that I have seen her thrice.
And that I lay with, drink, and weare her money.
O 'tis the sweetest Rogue.

Er. How got you acquainted.

Val. I'll tell you that, walking by chance as now,
Before her shop, where a young Gentleman

Was

Was bargaining, he call'd me by my name,
Val Askall. Instantly her eye was fixt,
 And streight ran over my delineaments,
 Which I fet to her view ; and took occasion
 To ask her how the object pleas'd her.

Er. Bold-face.

Val. I never lost by that.

She then demands, Is your name *Askall*, sir ?
 I answer, Yes. Pray of what countrey, sir ?
 I told her ; when a sudden flaming blush
 Did in her face betray the fire of love,
 That was at th' instant raging in her breast.
 She look't me through and through. Sigh'd, turn'd
 away,

Then look't again under her hat-brims thus.
 And thus I nimbly catch't her with mine eye.

Er. I, thou hast a devilish catch i'that same eye.

Val. Sir, what I have, I have. I gave a leere
 With that same eye that made her turne her
 whites up.

Er. But to the point.

Val. Why do you think a woman's so quickly
 brought to the point ?

Er. What follow'd then ?

Val. I saw she was struck ; and thus I gave her
 line

To play withal. I whisper'd in her eare,
 The way to finde my lodging and my service.
 Next morning early comes a message to me,
 Inviting me to dinner : Chear and welcome
 Plenteously flow'd ; and sir, before we parted
 Upon some private conference, twenty pieces
 Were clutch't into this hand, but with a caution
 To be discreet and thrifty of her purse,
 And keep a friend in store. I have been modest,
 And have not struck her since, but for ten more.

Er.

Er. And that's your last.

Val. I'll hold you ten o'that
See she has spied me.

Han. What lack ye, Gentlemen ; faire cut-work
bands, boot-hoofe, or boot-hoofe tops, shirts, waft-
coats, night-caps, what will you buy ?

Val. I come not now to buy.
But in plain termes to borrow. Do you not know me?

Han. Not on these termes.

Er. Sure thou mistak'st the woman.
This is not she, thou talk'st so freely on *Bounce*.

Val. She's cautious before thee. Walk off a little.
Now you may hear me, Lady.

Han. Give me leave
A little, first to wonder at your rashnesse,
To talk so openly before a stranger.

Val. My intimate friend : I'll trust him with
my life.

Han. What's that to my unblemish't reputation?
'Tis not your life can salve that, being wounded.
But thus it is, when women out of goodnesse
Hazard their fortunes to relieve the wants
Of such as you, that carry no respect,
But to your own licentious Appetites.
And think no favour's sweet, unlesse you may
Have priviledge to boast 'hem to your shame.

Val. I do not boast of yours.

Han. Pray, boast no more.
Then you have found, and much good may they
do you.

'Tis not poor thirty pieces can undo me.

Val. No, nor ten more I hope ; and that's the
fumme

I would entreat : all makes but fourty pound.
I'll pay thee like a Gentleman, as I am one,
Either in money, or doest hear me, Rogue,

In what shall please thee better. Come, be wife,
Thy husband's a dull ducking Gamester. And
Kennels his water-dog in *Turnbull-street*.
We'll answer his delights with better sport.

Han. There's your presumption.

Val. No, 'tis my ambition.

When shall we walk to *Totnam*? or crosse o're
The water, or take Coach to *Kenfington*
Or *Paddington*; or to some one or other
O'th' City out-leaps for an afternoon,
And hear the Cuckow sing to th' purpose? when?

Han. A woman were a wise one that would trust
Her self in such wilde hands as yours; to have
Her name made Tavern-talk among your blades,
And thrust i'th' list of your loose-hilted Mystresses:

Val. O no; fie no: you cannot think how close
And careful I will be. Hearn in thine eare.

Er. I cannot blame this fellow now so much
For using of his wits to get a living,
Though in an idle way; as for traducing
People of worth and vertue, as this woman
Who I am credibly inform'd is vertuous
And too discreet for him to shark upon.
Therefore to grace himself, he slanders her.
I have always lik't his company till now,
And shall hereafter be more wary of him.

Han. Well sir, upon your faithful protestation,
And vow of secresie, here's ten pieces more.
You have found a tender-hearted woman of me
Over your wants; and all the satisfaction
That I desire, is, that I may not suffer
Under a lavish tongue; 'tis easie payment.

Val. Yes, but I'll pay thee better. Therefore
tell me, when we shall meet and have a spirt abroad.

Han. Your friend staves for you, sir.

Val. Pish let him stay

Han.

Han. You flight him now, but he knows all your Councils.

Val. By this good tongue, no more then the unbegotten *Hans* that I mean to clap into thy *Kelder*.

Nor ever shall: doest think I am so foolish To talk away my hopes? No, thou art my Faery, Pinch me to death when I discover thee.

Han. Go to, avoid suspicion then, besides I have occasions that do call me hence. *Ex.*

Er. Your stay was somewhat long.

Val. Yet 'twas to purpose.

As here you may behold, but I must make no word's on't. [1, 2, 3, 4, &c.]

She has enjoyn'd me that, O 'tis a cunning Gypsie.

Er. So't seems, by trusting thee that hast no power to keep a secret.

Val. Troth, to tell you true,
My conscience will not beare't, I cannot be
So ungrateful to receive a courtesie,
But to acknowledge it.

Er. Yet thou hast the conscience
To work a mans estate out of his hands
By his wives frailty, even to break his back.

Val. 'Tis rather to be fear'd she may break mine.

She's a tight strong dock't Tit.

Er. O Tradesmen, why do you marry?

Val. Why? to make Tradefwomen
For Gentlemen that want money and commodity.
You know the thing that I call father-in-law
That had my mothers whole estate, and buried her,
Allows me nothing.

Er. Thank your own sweet courses.

Val. My courses are sweet courses, they serve me to live upon.

Er.

Er. But I shall put you off
 O'one of your sweet courses, or at least
 I'll strain a point of friendship to be satisfied
 Touching this woman, 'twil be worth discovery.

Val. But why these cloudy looks? do not you
 like my courses? ha!

Er. I cry thee mercy, *Val.*
 I was upon our former subject *Matchil.*

Val. I there's a hasty match clap't up. You ask't
 Why Tradesmen marry, there's a marriage now!
 A humorous Coxscombe that could never laugh
 In all his last wives dayes; and since her death
 Could ne're be sad. For him to marry his Malkin
 For poor and course obedience. Well, I hope
 To take my course in his house yet for all
 Her boasted chastity and obedience.

Er. Wouldst thou touch such a thing?

Val. What, not for money?
 She can pay well, and her ugliness cannot fright me.
 I can do that work winking.

Er. She can be no such woman.

Val. Tell not me
 What any woman can or cannot be.
 You'll give me leave to try my fortune with her.

Er. Yes, and walk with you towards it. *Ex. Ambo.*

Scæn. 2. Enter Lady Nettlecock, Ephraim.

La. No newes, no tidings of 'em, *Ephraim*, ha!
 Was ever such a 'scape?

Eph. Not since the Rape
 Of *Hellen* I'm perswaded. I have search't
 With narrow eyes (as I may say) with care,
 And diligence in most secret places.
 And can no way inform my self, what is
 Betide of the young Damosels, or old Squire.
 Your Neece, and the *French* Virgin, and the man
 Un-

Unworthy to be call'd your brother *Strigood*.

La. O hang him Villain.

Eph. Doubtleffe 'twas his plot
To work upon your Ladiships good nature
To harbour them, that he might take th' advantage
Of stealing them away.

La. What to do, ha?

Eph. To do? much may be done, by his seduce-
ments,
On two such tender Virgins, though he should
But plant them in our suburbs: but my feare
Is that he has transported them beyond seas
Into some Nunnery. Your Ladiship
Knows he is adverse in Religion.

La. I know he is of none.

Eph. Satan will work
The stronger in him, then to their subversion.

La. How shall I answer now my brother *Matchil*?
But he is justly serv'd to marry fo.
The thought of it torments me. Where's my
comfort?

Where's *Nehemiah*, ha?

Eph. He's busie, Madam.

La. What, at his book? or at his musick, ha?

Eph. That is, his Ballet, or his Jewes Trump. No,
Madam. He is busie at his exercise of Armes
With a new Castingtop, a Cat and Carstick,
I bought and brought him home.

La. I thank you for 'hem,
My careful discreet *Ephraim*. I like
His harmlesse exercises well.

Eph. I hope
Your Ladiship can say since I have had
The Government of him under your Ladiship,
I have been careful of the Gentleman,
And have his love withal so much, that I

Dare

Dare say (I hope you'll pardon the comparifon)
 That had you married me (which was as likely
 As that your brother would have ta'ne his Maid)
 I think that Mr. *Nehemiah* would not
 Have run away in hatred of our Match,
 As Mrs. *Joyce*, it seems, hath done of theirs.
 I hope your Ladiships pardon, I understand
 My duty.

La. And you speak but reason *Ephraim*.

Eph. I have given her there a touch of my affection.
 Who knowes how it may work?

La. Go call him in.

I would not have him over heat himself.

Eph. 'Tis a good care. And Madam, by the way,
 Let me advise, that since his riper yeares
 Require, and that faire Propositions
 Of marriage are tender'd for him, that
 We gently by degrees do take him off
 From childish exercife, indeed plaine boyes play.
 More manly would become him.

La. You would have him
 Do worfe then, would you? and be nought, you
 varlet?

What! would you have him play at Mans game, ha?
 'Fore he be married, ha! what, what! how now!
 Is it but up and ride w'ye, ha!

Eph. I humbly
 Befeech your Ladiships pardon, I will call
 Sweet Mr. *Nehemiah* to your worship.

La. Go, th'art an honest man. I know thou
 lov'st him. *Ex. Eph.*

Indeed he's all my comfort and my care
 And I must naturally respect all those
 That do partake with me my care of him.

Enter Nehemiah, looking down and eating.

La. My boy *Negh*, Sonne *Nehemiah*. *Neh.*

Neh. F'footh.

La. That's my good Lamb. Hold up thy head ;
and thou
Shalt have a wife.

Neh. But mother f'footh, when I have her,
Will she play with me at peg-top ?

La. At any thing, my boy.

Neh. And she ha' not good box and steel, I shall
fo grull her.

And then at Mumbledepeg I will fo firk her.

La. But when y'are married, you'll finde other
pastime.

Neh. Whate're I say, I have a meaning though :
But yet, I doubt, I shall not forsake all
My old fagaries in a yeare or two.

La. I know thy will is good to leave thy wag-tricks,
And I commend your understanding in it.
It shews you man, and ready for a wife.

Neh. Amardla, f'footh, I think so ; I Amardla.
For I did beat a boy as high as my selfe
Yesterday, with one hand.

La. Where was thy tother.

Neh. The boy had but one hand f'footh. I uf'd
both.

La. Well th'art too witty to live long, I feare.
But as I was saying, sonne, I do expect
Sir Swithen Whimlby to bring his Neece.

Neh. Who f'footh, the crying Knight, he that has
wept
E're since his Lady di'd ; and mournes in colours ;
Speaks nothing but in verse, and gives me Ballats ;
The old Knight *Powel* that pronounces what dee
call 'hem ?

La. Odes childe and Elegies. He has been in-
spir'd
With the infection of Poetry

E're

E're since his wives departure; and 'tis thought
Nothing can put him out, or cure him of it
But a new wife to kill the furious itch of it.

Neh. But is not his Neece too big for me? I
would be loth
To be over-match'd.

La. O witty, witty, still.

But when she comes *Nchemiah*, What'll you say to her?

Neh. I'll give her the time of the day or the night
I warrant her, come at what houre she will.
Why if I eat not all before she come
(And she must try her, if I don't) I'll ask her
If she can speak with plums in her mouth; and then
I'll offer her a long one and two round ones,
And nod at her.

La. You will not, will you, ha?

Neh. Mother, I know both what to say and do.
I trust I am not to be taught to woo.

La. Too witty still, I say, to be long-liv'd.

Neh. But heark you mother f'footh; I am told
that you
Beare a moneths minde to that Sir *Whimlby*
And a crosse match is talk't on betwixt you
And the old Knight, and me and his young Neece.
O ho—is't so?

La. This is no crafty childe.

Neh. Let me but see how you will handle him now
And mark how I'll come over her with small Jerks.

La. O th'art a witty wag. A blessing on it.

Enter Ephraim, ushering Whimlby and Blith.

Eph. Madam, Sir *Swithen Whimlby* and his
Neece, Mrs. *Blith Tripshort*.

La. They are very welcome,
Noble Sir *Swithen*.

Neh. Noble Mrs. *Blith*.

[*Kisse.*

[*Kisse.*

La.

La. Sweet Knight, y'are welcome.

Neh. Welcome, sweet Lady.

La. Still weeping.

Whi. O good Madam.

Neh. Still weeping for a husband.

Bli. Ha, ha, ha.

Neh. Mother, she puts me on't,
She laughes.

La. Laugh with her then.

Neh. Amardla, so I will, and if you laugh
At me, I'll laugh at you again, so I will.

Bli. Ha, ha.

Neh. Are you there with me? I'll be here with
you then.

Will you eat any Sugar Plums? no, I'll eat 'em for
you.

There's ha, ha, ha, ha, for you now.

La. Do you note, Sir *Swithin*, what a wag it is.
Walk into the next room *Nehemiah*. Did you note
him?

Ex. Neh. Blith.

Whi. Madam, to tell you true.

My love to you

Springs from the joy,

I take in your sweet boy. {—*Eph.* And that's
I can take no delight {the way to win her.

But in his fight,

Nor any pride

Since my dear *Griffel* di'd,

In all, I see on earth or finde in books,

But that which overcomes me in his lookes.

La. O sweet Sir *Swithen*, you have all woo'd and
won me.

Eph. Then all my hopes are frustrate.

La. My sonne shall have your Neece, and for mine
own part

You loving him so well, of what's in me

I can deny you nothing.

Whi. Gentle Madam.

Eph. She offers up her selfe; now may the proverb
Of proffer'd service light upon her.

La. Nay, Sir *Swithen*,

Let me entreat you to leave weeping now.

Whi. *Madam, I cannot so*

Forego my woe.

For while I strive

My solace to revive,

I do but still restore

My grief, before

That did beti'd

When my dear Griffel di'd.

And when your Ladiship appears in sight,

(Pardon) I cannot chuse but cry out-right.

La. Alas, good Knight. He weeps pure Helicon.
He has not wherewithal to quench his love,
But his own teares. A wife would cool him better.
Why fir, does sight of me renew your grief?

Whi. *O Madam, Madam, yes ;*

In you the blisse,

That I do misse,

I finde inshrined is.

And till to ease my paine,

I shall regain

In you the Bride,

That in my Griffel di'd.

So oft as she in you to me appears,

My numbers cannot cease to flow in tears.

La. Good fir, collect your selfe, and be assur'd
I am your own, so *Neh.* may have your Neece,
With her full Dowry of foure thousand pounds.
My personal estate is full as much.
That and my self are yours on the crosse marriage,
You making me an answerable Jointure.

Eph.

Eph. Is't come so near ; I'll crosse it, or my star
Drop crosses on my head. O vain, vain woman,
To dote on Poetry in an old man.

Ladies may love it in the young and bold,
And when they are sick give gally-pots of gold,
For cordial Electuaries to chear

Their crop-sick Muses ; but to an old and sere
Man that out-lives his labours, who can be
So vain to give her self away but she.

I had been fitter for her, and I'll watch
Occasion yet, perhaps, to crosse the match,
I can turn Poet too.

Ex.

La. Dry now your eyes, and answer me in prose,
Are you content to yield to those conditions
I have propounded, ha !

Whim. I am content
And now for joy could weep,
Finding my *Griffel* in your Ladiship.

La. I hope the young ones do accord as well.

Enter Nehemia, Blith.

Bli. Protest, I cannot abide you.

Neh. Nor I you.

Amardla, that I cannot.

Whim. They'r agreed.

Madam, it seems they both are of one minde.

La. I donotlikeit. What's the matter *Nehemiah*?

Neh. She is no wife for me, she has broke my
Jewes-trump ; look you here else. And almost broke
my head with one of my bounding stones.

La. blesse my boy ; she has not, has she, ha !

Neh. And yet after all that, and for all I offered to
teach her to shoot in my Trunk and my Stone-bowe.
Do you think she would play with me at Trou, Ma-
dam ? no, nor at any thing else. I'll none of her.

And yet I'll have her too. If she will promise to do as I would have her hereafter.

La. There, do you note him there, Sir *Swithen*?

This childe has no childish meaning in't, I warrant you.

Whim. No, Madam, no, I know him inwardly.

He is my joy, and she shall be conformable,
Or fare the worse.

La. She will, I know she will.

Will you not have my son, sweet Mrs. *Blith*?

Bli. Sweet Madam, what to do? ha, ha, I shall be quickly weary with laughing at him. His fooling will soon be stale and tedious; and then to beat him would be as toilsome to me; and lastly, to be tied to nothing but to cuckold him, is such a common Town-trick, that I scorn to follow the fashion.

La. Can she talk thus? ha!

Whim. A merry harmlesse Girle.

Fear not, good Madam, she will come about.

Bli. A thousand mile about rather than meet him.

La. I much desire she would; for now my sonne Is set a marrying, I warrant it pure thing

It is in paine, till it be at it: ha!

Pray bring her on, Sir *Swithen*, let him kisse her.

Poor heart, he licks his lips; and look how arseward she is.

Whi. Fie *Blith*, be courteous, *Blith*.

Nch. Mother,—— she has spit Amard just in my mouth.

Bli. Amard, what's that? if you speak *French* you wrong me.

La. Gip, Mrs. *Tripshort*. Is this the manners your Mother left you?

Bli. Speak not you of Mothers, Madam.

La. Sir *Swithen*, will you see my childe abus'd
fo, ha?

Whim.

Whim. I can but grieve for't, Madam.

Neh. My mother is as good as your mother, so she is, for all she's dead.

La. I, well said *Neh.*

Eli. Yes, it appears in your good breeding. Your fine qualities expresse her vertues sufficiently.

La. How dare you Hufwife talk thus to my son, of me, and before my face too? ha! Sir *Swithen*, can you think well of me, and suffer this, ha?

Whim. Alas, good Madam, I am down again. I know not what to think of living woman now.

La. Do you bring your Neece to abuse me?

Whim. I'am so drown'd in teares, that I cannot see what to say to't.

Neh. Mother, Amardla, the more I look on her, the better I like her. *La.* Sayest so, my boy. *Neh.* Besides, I have a conceit she can out-scold you, and that's more than ever woman did, I think f'footh.

La. For thee, I do forbear her.

Enter Matchil, Rachel.

Mat. By your leave, my Lady *Nestlecock*, I have brought a sister of yours here to salute you.

La. Though unworthy to be of your Counsel, or at the Ceremony, I heard you were married brother. And by a Sisters name you are welcome.

Rac. I thank your Ladiship.

Mat. Sir *Swithen Whimlby!* and your pretty Neece! well met, what affairs have you in hand here? what do you cry for your old wife still or for a new one? But hark, you Lady Sister, where's my daughter?

La. Now for a tempest. Truly sir, I know not.

Mat. Is she not with you, ha?

La. No truly, fir.

She's flipt from me with her good Uncle *Strigood*.

Mat. That Thief has fold her then into some Bawdihoufe.

Was this your project for her education,
To steal my childe to make a whore of her ?

Are you turn'd Lady-baud now for your Neece
Because you have no daughter ? O the devil !

If there be Law, I'll trounce your Lady Hagship.

La. What, what ? how now ? do you taunt me,
firrah, ha ?

Mat. I'll make thee an example.

La. Thou hast made thy self an example, and
the scorne of thine own childe in marrying of thy
drudge there ; and thats the cause of her running
away thou mayest think, because she hates to live
where she must call her mother that was thy droile.

Ra. Droile, I think, she said.

Mat. Speak to her, I charge thee on thy obe-
dience to speak to her.

Ra. The droile is now your brothers wife, Madam,
and in that setting your Ladiships lavish tongue
aside, as good a woman as your selfe, none disprais'd, ha.

Mat. Well said *Rachel*, hold thine own *Rachel*.
And so to you, fir *Swithen*.

Neh. Mother, come away, mother.

La. By and by, my boy.

Rac. Do you presume to call me drudge and
droile, that am a Ladies Sister every day in the
week ; and have been any time these three dayes, ha.

Bli. That's not every day in a whole week yet.

La. Thou shalt not dare to call me sister Huf-
wife.

Ra. Cods so, and why troe ? because a Lady
scornes to be a hufwife, ha. If you be no hufwife,

I scorn to call you Sister, I ; though my husband be your brother. From whence came you troe, ha ?

La. I know not what to say to the bold-face.

Neh. Pray f'footh come away, I am afear'd she'll beat you.

La. Thanks, my good childe, but do not be afraid my Lamb.

Ra. Boldface, ha ! Her brothers wife's a bold-face, but her face is not varnish't over, yet like his Lady-sisters face, but it may be in time when she learns the trick on't, and have as many flies upon't, though not so troubled with 'hem, as a bald mare at *Midsummer*, hah.

La. I know not what to say to her, she has charm'd the vertue of my tongue.

Mat. I never heard her speak so much in all her life, Sir *Swithen*, nor half so loud. Thank heaven, she has a voice yet on a good occasion. And so farre I'll maintain her in it. Nephew *Nchemiah*, when saw you your Cousin *Joyce*.

Neh. O Lud, O mother f'footh, look you, mine Uncle holds me.

Mat. Ah, naughty man, did a so gi'me a stroke, and I'll beat it, ah—

La. Your wife has taught you to play the rude companion, has she ? Pray take her home fir, and let her discipline your owne childe if you have one, and let mine alone. You know the way you came, fir ; or if you have a minde to stay here, Come Sir *Swithen*, come away children ; I hope I shall finde some other room in my own house, free from your assaults, if not, I'm sure there's Law against Riots. Come Sir *Swithen*.

Mat. Not yet good Madam *Nesflecock*, you shall hear me.

You have entic'd away, then lost my daughter.

(c)

And

And now y'are a jugling with your widow wit,
And your small worme here, to catch up for Gud-
geons.

Sir *Swithen* and his Neece, I know your plot.
She's not fit match for you Sir *Swithen*; and her son
Much leffe for your faire Neece. Come dry your eyes,
And look upon him, and not only look,
But laugh at him, I charge you.

Bli. I could now for him heartily.

Mat. Mark how his mothers milk drops at his
nose, while I shew you the mother and the childe.

He was her youngest sonne, and all that's left of
seven, and dreaming that he needs must prove a
Prophet, she has bred him up a fool.

Neh. F'footh mother he mocks me, oh.—

La. O prophane wretch, worse then thy brother
Strigood.

Do not cry, *Nehemiah*, peace, good boy, peace. So
fo.

Mat. A tender mother I must say she has been.
For till he was fifteen, none but her selfe
Must look his head, or wash his pretty face
For making of it cry. Laugh at her good Sir
Swithen.

And before that, till he was twelve yeares old
She would dance him on her knee, and play with's
Cock.

Whim. Ah ah ah ah.—

Mat. So well said, Sir *Swithen.*

Whim. Just so efac my mother would serve me,
ha, ha.

Is not this better then whining.

Yes, or perhaps then wiving either.

Rac. Do you say so.

Wh. Ha, ha.

Mat. Well said, Sir *Swithen*, laugh on.

I hope I ha' done a cure on him, by shewing him a more ridiculous object then himselfe, to turne the tide of's tears.

Wh. Ha, ha.

Mat. Laugh still, defie the fiends, women, and all their works.

Wh. Ha, ha, ha, let the dead go, and the quick care for themselves. You buri'd your wife, and cri'd, and I buried mine.

And laugh : which is the manlier Passion.

Ra. He knows not that he is married agen.

Whi. You are the merriest Merchant, ha, ha, ha. I think I shall not marry again in haste, ha, ha.

Mat. Well-said, hold there. And for your Neece Let me alone, I'll fit her with a match.

I know a Lad that's worthy of her.

Whi. Ha, ha, ha——

Mat. He'll laugh too much, I feare.

Ra. He may at you,
For your officiousnesse.

Mat. How's that ?

Whi. Ha, ha.——

Ra. To thrust your self into unthankful offices.
In things concerne you not. Will you turne Match-maker

For others unintreated, 'tis enough.

For you, I hope, that you have match't your selfe, ha.

Mat. Hah ! Do you hah, or talk to me ?

Ra. Why else

Should talk or give you counfel but your wife ?

La. Well-said *Rachel*, hold thine own *Rachel*.

Mat. I am match't again.

Whi. Ha, ha, ha.

Mat. Pax, cry again, or burst thy self with laughing.

Whi. La. Ha, ha, ha. Laugh fon *Nehemiah*.

(c)

Neh.

Neh. Ha, ha, ha.

Mat. What am I ? what do you make of me ?

La. Nay, what ha' you made your self ? best ask the Chimney piece that you have married there.

Mat. Durst thou advance a voice against me, ha ?

Ra. You did commend it in me against your Sister.

And I may better be familiar with you

Hah, are you not my husband ? I am sure

'Tis not so long since we were married, that

You can forget it, or repent so soon.

I am not now your slave, to have my face

Wash't with your snuffes, nor to be kick't and trod on

Without resistance, nor to make you answers

Meerly with silent court'sies, run when you bid go

To fetch and carry like your Spaniel,

In which condition I liv'd long enough,

And was content until you freed me out on't.

Now free I am, and will be a free woman,

As you are a free-man, ha.

Whi. Ha, ha ha.

Mat. O base-borne begger.

Ra. You wrong your wife in that.

Mat. How she holds up the wife,

Ra. I never beg'd

Nor mov'd a lip to be your wife, not I.

You held my service portion good enough,

And for my blood 'tis no more base then yours,

Since both are mixt in marriage.

Mat. Come your way.

And let me hear you speak so much at home.

Ra. I hope I may be bolder in mine own house.

So Madam, for the love I have found in yours

You shall be welcome thither, when y'are sent for.

La. What a bold piece of Kitchin-stuffe is this ?
Brother y'are match't.

Whi.

Whi. And catch't ifac la, ha, ha, ha.

La He has not a word to speak.

Mat. Follow me home and durst. *Ex.*

Ra. Yes, fir, I dare without more leave taking,
ha. *Ex.*

La. war ever combe fo cut.

Whi. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Neh. There's a new Aunt indeed, she brought me
nothing.

Whi. I have not laugh't so much I know not when,
H'has me laugh until I cry agen.

La. Again, you are welcom, Sir. *Mrs. Blith*
Now the unwelcome guefts are gone, lets in
And dine, then will we after meat.

Whi. Of Joinctures, Madam, and of Nuptials
treat.

La. Right fir.

Bli. Love, as I shall adore thee for a deity.
Rid me of this ridiculous society.

ACT III. Scœn I.

*Enter Matchil, Rachel, between Erasmus and
Valentine.*

Eraf. Good Mr. *Matchil.*

Val. Mystris, be not so violent.

Ra. Ha.

Mat. I'll rather run my Countrey, Gentlemen, then
endure her.

Ra. You were best to kill her then, and then
you'll have no other course to take, unlesse you
stay and be hang'd. *Mat.*

Mat. I'll make thee glad to flie first.

Ra. From my house and husband shall I? from my possessions shall I? And leave you all to spend in riot shall I? No sir, I'll stay and spend my share if you go to that, that will I. And make all flie as well as you, and you go to that, that will I, ha.

Mat. Whoop, whow.

Er. Nay, fie be not so loud.

Mat. What didst thou bring thou drudge thou.

Ra. That which you were content to drudge withal, I am too sure o'that. The drudge you speak of is no worse then your own wife, I am too sure o' that.

Mat. I know not what to say to her.

Ra. Did you not say for better, for worse? And if 'twere worse than 'tis, 'twere all too good for you. And that I hope I shall finde some good Friend to know.

Val. That I like well, I'll be her first man.

Ra. I trust you have found the drudge to be a woman fit to content a man, and if you grant not that, some better man perhaps shall be a Judge, betwixt you and the drudge.

Val. Better still.

Mat. She threatens hornes, I think.

Ra. Hornes. I think, you said. If 'twere so 'twere too good for you. Cannot your own wife content you, ha?

Val. She holds up that point stoutly.

Ra. That shall be tri'd.

Mat. O for an expert Chyrurgion now to cast her in a deep sleep, and geld her.

Er. In troth you will be both sorry, when your passion gives but least way to your understandings.
Mr. Matchil, let me perswade with you.

Mat. Never unlesse you bring her on her knees, to crave forgiveness at my foot. *Val.*

Val. If you but yield an inch, he treads upon your neck. I will not give an under spur-leather for you. But bear it out bravely, and I'll be your servant.

Er. Mrs. *Matchil.*

Ra. Mrs. *Match-ill* indeed, to be so match't.

Mat. So match't! how match't? what from the hurden smock with lockram upper-bodies, and hempen sheets, to weare and sleep in *Holland*, and from the dripping-pan to eat in silver, ha. Do you repine at your match, ha. Is wealth contemptible to you?

Ra. I was better content in my povertie. I have not been my selfe, Gentlemen, since he married me.

Mat. You may be poor again as soon as you please, the door is open, depart at your pleasure; you know the way to your old Aunt the Apple-woman, at *Hockly-hole*. Take your knitting Needles again, and live with her, go.

Ra. No sir, I'll stay with you, and make you as poor before I have done wi' ye, as I was before you had me Gent. I shall not be myself till then.

Mat. The devil you shall. Was ever such a crooked condition crept into a thing like woman?

Val. Yet this sir, is the rare piece of obedience You boasted of, and said you would defie The devil to dishonest her, I am sorry Your judgement led you into such an errour, Already she's my Mystresse.

Mat. Is she so?

Ra. Yes, and I'll call him my servant, Gentlewomen use it.

Val. Do so, Mystresse.

Mat. If she, sir, be your Mystresse, Then am I Your Master-in-law, out of my house I charge you.

Er. Doeſt thou conspire to grieve him?

Val.

Val. Troth, fir, I did but jest. You have my pity.

Er. All are not times for Jest, friend *Valentine*.

Mat. O my affliction! [*She looks in her Watch.*]

Er. Have a little patience, fir,
While I talk calmly with her.

Mat. Leave me then

A while unto my thoughts. Go into the house.

Ra. Pray servant help me here a little. Do so much

As winde up my Jack, for me, my Watch I would say.

Val. Her Jack! she's in the Kitchin still.

A pretty Watch this, Mystresse, what did you pay for't.

Ra. Nothing, my husband ga't me.

Val. Pity the spring is broke, but I can get it mended.

Ra. Good servant take it with you then to the Jack-makers, I would say, the Watch-makers. Come Gentlemen, shall we have a crash at cards?

Er. With all my heart. What is your game?

Ra. I can play a many old games. One and thirty bone-ace, Tickle me quicklie, and my Ladies hole, and sichie. But you shall teach me new ones, though I lose money for my learning, Gleek and Primero, Gresco faut, primofistula, I know all by hear-say. Come let us have a bout at somewhat. I have money enough.

Val. And I'll make shift to ease you of some on't. *Ex. three*

Mat. Affliction on affliction hourly findes me,
And layes me on the Rack, tearing my heart
Like greedie vultures, O my heart, this heart
That I so long suppos'd impenetrable
By all the darts of sorrow, is now transfixt,
Shot through and through with torments, and by
this. This

This last made sensible of all the rest,
My sons untimely death, my daughter's losse.
My Sisters follies, and my Brothers vices.
My servants falshood, and the jeers of strangers
Now wound me all at once ; and all through this
Predominant blow, pull'd on me by mine own
Impetuous rashnesse. Let me here confider,
While my hearts torture keeps my soule awake,
The moving cause of all these ill effects.
Mine owne unbridled wilde affections.
Scorne of example, and contempt of counsel.
I cannot but observe withal, how just
A judgement follows mine own wilful acts,
In the same kinde of doing ill for ill.
For my lost sonne, I rashly wrought revenge
Upon an innocent Girle ; and with her
Have lost mine own ; and for th'unmanly joy
I took in one wives death, because a Shrew.
(Though otherwise vertuous) I am in another
Treblely tormented ; not alone with noise,
But with a feare of unchaste purposes,
Which if they come to act, my purse must pay for.
I see my faults, and feel the punishments.
And rather then stand out in my defence
T'enjoy some peace, I will endure some sorrow
And bear it civilly. Within there.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Mat. Go call your Mystresse, pray her to come alone.

Ex. Ser.

My resolution brings me yet some ease :

Men that are borne to serve, must seek to please.

I

Enter

Enter Rachel.

Mat. Rachel.

Ra. Your pleasure quickly, I have left
My company, my servant, and my friend yond,
Sawing against one another at Corne the Caster,
till I come to 'hem.

Mat. And then all three to In and In, is't so?

Ra. My servant, and my friend and I are e'ne all
one.

They are the goodest Gentlemen, the best com-
pany.

Mat. Your servant and your friend.

Ra. Yes, and my servant playes for me now in
my absence, as farre as ten pieces go that I left
him.

My plow goes there, though I am here.

Mat. Your plow makes vile baulkes of my
money the while.

Ra. I am not so ill a huswife as you imagine.
And my friend, and my servant have promit'd to
carry me abroad, to this town, and to that town,
and tother town, and whow, I know not whither.
And my servant will have me to *Hide Park*, he
fayes, to see and to shew all, as well as the brave
Gallants.

Mat. This is gallant indeed.

Ra. And my friend will carry me to a whatdee-
call, a new Academy, where I shall see the rarest
musick and dancing, he fayes, and learn the finest
Complements, and other courtly qualities that are
to be had for money, and such instructions for the
newest fashions.

Mat. She will flie to the devil for fashions sake.
Pray stay a little, and let me take talk calmly
with you. You have almost broke my heart.

Ra..

Ra. But not altogether, I hope. I would not win so great a game, without some sport in playing it.

Mat. Hear me.

I know you put on this affected carriage,
But to try masterie, and the disease
Being so general among all women,
Is in you therefore more excusable.

Ra. O, are you coming?

Mat. Hear what I say to you.

And finde in that a husbands good affection.
I love my peace, and would preserve my honour,
Both which are in your breasts to save or spoil.

Ra. And can you think the way to purchase peace
Is by a war with me? hah, you are cozen'd.
Do you think your domineering looks, or noise,
Or blowes, can fright me into quietnesse,
Or that you shall have honour by abasing
Your wife?

Mat. You will not understand me.

Ra. Hah.

Mat. Though I love peace, and would preserve
my honour,
I'll yield in both to you, and can, (I have been
So us'd to thralldome) But the world, the world
Is such a Talker.—

Ra. I have found the man.

Mat. There I would save a reputation.

Ra. He's loth to bring it out; I'll close w'ye.
You'll be content so, I will suffer you
To bear a loud command o're me in publick,
That I shall carrie it in private. Is't not so?

Mat. Truly wife, yes.

Ra. You'll give me leave to beat you
In private then.

Mat. Nay, we'll bar blowes at all times.

Ra. But if I chance to give you a rap or two,

(c)

L 2

Or

Or now and then a nip, and you strike me
 Again, I'll strike you some way else, as you
 Would not be struck. And so observe my carriage.
 The Gentlemen are coming.

Enter Erasmus, Valentine.

Er. O, here they are.

Val. And not by the eares : that's wonderful.

Ra. Sir, I perceive my errour, and repent it.
 Promising you in all my after life,
 To be a faithful and obedient wife.

Val. He has fetch't her about, it seems.

Mat. Grammercy *Rachel*, binde it with a kisse.
[*Kisse.*]

Er. And thus it should be.

Mat. Gentlemen, have ye found us?

Er. With joy to see this reconciliation.

Mat. Thus shall ye see it ever, Gentlemen.

I knew she would yield, or I should make her
 heart ake.

What were a husband, if he were not Master?

Val. You have wonne the field, it seems, yet I
 may hope

I have not lost a Mystresse.

Er. Nor I a friend.

Mat. In a faire way, Gentlemen, I shall
 Abridge her of no courtly priviledge.
 But no more haytie twaytie tricks, I charge you.
 She shall not jaunt to this nor that town with you.
 (I thank you for your care) nor to *Hide-Park*.
 Nor to the Academy you tell her of, without my
 leave.

Val. And do you say so Mystresse?

Ra. Truly yes.

I am no such woman as you took me for,
 With Mr. *Matchils* leave you may be welcome
 Home to his house in good and seemly sort. But

But pray expect no further entertainment
Then he shall well allow of.

Val. I have lost her.

Er. This change is admirable.

Mat. Why do you admire it.

Is she not mine? how could you think she durst
Stand out in her rebellion? although the devil
Who soothes all Upstarts dispositions
Into an over-weening of themselves.

Possess her for a time, had not I power
And vertue do you think to conjure him out?
What have I studied for, think you, e're since
My last wife di'd, but how to rule the next?
Go get you in, there's something in the house
Worth looking after.

Er. I be sworn, he frights her.

Ra. Would I had you within to perform
covenants.

Mat. What do you grow rebellious again.
Why stir you not else, ha? prithee Sweetheart
Respect my dignity, or seem to do it.

Ra. Yes, I will only seem to do it.

Val. He makes her tremble.

Ra. Gentlemen, I must about my house-affaires.
So, I take my leave.

Er. Val. Good Mrs. *Matchil*.

Mat. Aha.

Ra. And Mr. *Matchil*, at your own good pleasure.
[*Curt'sie.*

Having in private something to impart to you,
I would entreat your presence.

Mat. Well, Anon, anon.

Ra. Your care before I go good Mr. *Matchil*.
[*Curt'sie, Pinch.*

Val. H'has brought her to her servile old obedience.

Mat. O—oh.

Ra. That is a private touch, fir, of the bufineffe.

Mat. Pox of your Lobster-claws. There waanip !

Ra. It will be worth confideration, fir.

Mat. Well, I'll come to you prefently.

Ra. I humbly take my leave. *Ex.*

Er. Any ill newes that you change colour fo ?

Mat. No, nothing, nothing but a womanifh feare.

Val. Well, you are a happy man that have o're com her.

Mat. You know not me yet Gentlemen, I know a word in private would do it.

Val. Yet fhe defires to have you again in private.

Mat. Tis her abundant love, and pure obedience.

Er. She comes again.

Enter Rachel.

Ra. Since y'are not difpos'd to enter, fir.

One word more Mr. *Matchil*, if you please. [*curt'fie.*

Mat. Oh, —I underftand you. Go, I'll follow you.

Ra. Again I take my leave. *Ex.*

Mat. I muft weare Lantern-hornes upon mine arms,

If fhe ufe this. Well, Gentlemen, at your own time Lets fee yee. My *Rach.* fhall make you welcome, And for me, you know me, I will ftill be Mafter.—

Enter Rachel.

I come, I come, I come. So farewel Gentlemen.

Ex.

Val. Ha, do you run ?

Er. What doft thou think of this ?

Val. I'll lay all the tricks I have againft his brags. She mafters him in private, and that all This fhew of her obedience is diffembled.

My hope revives again, we muft abroad with her.

But

But tell me, what new Academy's that
You told her of. I understand not that yet.

Er. Nor have I seen it, but we both will shortly.
'Tis but of two or three days standing yet.

Val. Where is it ; who are the Professours,
And what the Arts ?

Er. I'll tell thee all I know.

It carries a love-found ; but I am told
It is but private lodgings kept by
Both men and women, as I am inform'd, after the
French manner.

That professes Musick, Dancing, Fashion, Complement.—

Val. And no drabbing ?

Er. A little perhaps in private.
But guess now in whose house all this.

Val. I cannot.

Er. Even in your City-Mistresses, that lends you
Money so freely

Val. Who *Camelion* ?

Er. Yes sir, I doubt, your borrowing of the wife
Has broke the husband, put 'hem off their trade,
And now they seek new ways to live by projects.

Val. And could you keep this from me all this
while,

Till I am there, each step's a tedious mile.

Er. But not without me, good *Val.* We'll find
a time.

Together, and our Mrs. *Matchil* with us. *Ex.*

Scen. 2. Enter Camelion and Hannah.

Cam. Cock, I protest Cock, I commend thy course
Thou hast taken in brave Lodgers, gallant Guests,
Guests o'th' Game Cock ; and my house is counted
A house of quality and recreation, Cock,

In civil fort and gentle fashion, Cock,
Sbobs Cock, I know thou wouldest not have
it otherwise

For all the wealth i'th' Exchange.

Han. But *Rafe* you care not
What people say, so I bring you in profit.

Cam. Not I, not I, my little Cocksie, Nanfie,
Not I, pish, *Hony soit qui maly pense.*

Han. Some do not stick to say, I know what's
what,

And that our house is no better than it should be.

Cam. Pish, *Hony soit* agen, i'th' very teeth of 'hem,
Let 'hem all say what they will. Dainty come
thou to me.

Han. But I know what I know, and that our
house is

Better then it should be, if some of them
Had but the keeping of it, that speak so ill on't.
And that the Gentlewomen in our house
Are well condition'd, and as chaste as courteous.
And if you saw, (as they desire I should
See all betwixt their great Reforts and them)
You'd be in love with their sweet way of living.
Then for their dancing, 'tis so neat and graceful.
See 'hem anon at practice.

Cam. Not I, Cock, I'll see nothing.
I will not leave one ducking pond, for ten dancing
schooles.

Yet I can dance, and love it : you know that Cock.
And though you are a Gentlewoman borne,
You took me for my legs, not for my armes.
Is not that a good Jest, Cock. Sbobs 'twas out before
I was aware. Here comes their father.

Enter Strigood, Cash, disguiz'd in bravery.

Cam. It seems he has brought in some new
scholar. *Stri.*

Stri. Where are my daughters, Landlady.

Han. Clofe in their chamber, fir.

Stri. Are none of our Academicks come yet ?

Han. Not any, fir.

Stri. I look for fome anon.

Pray bid the Girles come down
To practife.

Han. Yes, fir.

Ex.

Cam. Sir, when I was a Batchelour, I practis'd,
Dauncing sometimes.

Stri. Indeed, good Landlord ?

Cam. And maugre wedlock, I have something left
Yet in these legs, that can expresse at least
Love to the quality.

Stri. That shall not be lost,
If I can further it.

Cam. I saw last night
Your new French daunce of three, what call you it ?

Stri. O the Tresboun.

Cam. I think I could make one in't.

Stri. This Gentleman's another, call the Musick.
I'll try what you can do.

Ex. Cam.

Cash, Thou art welcom, I am glad I met thee.

Cash. But that you had foreknowledge of my
habit,

And seen it in my out-leaps, as you call 'hem.

I might ha' past. But you in this disguise,
None but the devil himself that is your Inmate,
And lodges with you in it, could have known you.
Sure he devis'd it.

Stri. No, you are short.
I learn't it of a Jesuite.

And 'twas but easie : shaving of my old
Gray haire and beard off ; clapping on this perrule
After the fashion ; having but few wrinkles.
(For which I thank my Batchelourship, I passe

For

For a brisk youth. But for my *Hannibal* eye here.
 And by my brothers
 Courteous advice I have ta'ne a course to live
 Upon my stock of wit, flight and activity,
 With nimble braine, quick hands, and aery heels,
 as he told me, ha!

Cash. He could not think you would have stolne
 his daughter to ha' fet up withal.

Stri. But now I care not
 What the wretch thinks, so he discovers nothing,
 I dare trust thee *Cash*, partly on thy Oath
 Which I have ta'ne you know: but more respectfully
 Upon your fourty pieces here, friend *Cash*,
 Which I have also ta'ne: but most of all
 For that I know you dare not make discovery,
 For feare of Little-ease. That were a prison
 Too fearful for such bravery to stoop into.

Cash. That keeps me still in awe. 'Tis well you
 know it.

But it is better, he has no suspicion
 That I am run away.

Enter Camelion.

Cam. The Musick's ready, sir.

Stri. Play then,——the Tresboun.

Daunce.

Stri. 'Twas very well done, Landlord, I protest
 I love your house the better for your quality.

Cam. But if you saw me at the ducking pond,
 Me and my Trull.

Stri. Your Trull?

Cam. I mean, my bitch, sir.
 O she would ravish you.

Enter

Enter Hannah.

Stri. Some other time.

Here comes your wife. The newes good Landlady ?

Han. Newes out of *France*, your fame is spread abroad.

Stri. How out of *France* ?

Han. Two young *French* Gentlemen.
New come ashore, the daintiest sweetest Gentlemen
That e're I saw (now you be jealous *Rafe*)

Cam. Not I.

Han. Are coming to lodge here, having heard
It seems, that you professe *French* qualities.
And instantly desire to be acquainted
With you and your sweet company.

Stri. Can they speak English ?

Han. One very well : and the tother can say
Tree *Fransh* crown for two English kisse already,
Now be jealous *Rafe*.

Cam. Pish, *Hony soit qui maly pense*.

Stri. You can speak *French*, Landlord.

Cam. So much as you have heard, not one word
more.

I assure you but this, *Adieu Monsieur* and so
I leave you

Han. Will you not see the Gallants *Rafe* ?

Cam. Not I, I wo'nt be jealous Cock, and so
By the Back-door to the ducking pond I go. *Ex.*

Stri. Enter then Landlady, where be these Girles ?

Han. Here they are come. *Ex.*

Enter Joyce, Gabriella,

Stri. Stand aside *Cash*, and be not yet discovered.
How Ladies, how do y'like your way of living ?

Joy. I do not like it Uucle.

Gab. Troth, nor I sir. *Joy.*

Joy. We eat and lodge well ; and we weare good cloathes,
And keep our credit in the house we live in.
But what we suffer in our reputation
Abroad, is dangerously doubtful.

Stri. So, so.

Gab. Here we are view'd and review'd by all comers.

Courted and tempted too, and though w'are safe
In our chaste thoughts, the impious world may say,
We are set out to common sale.

Stri. So, so.

Cash. And so you are to th' utmost of his power
I dare be sworne ;

Joy. But Uncle, for the time that you intend
To stay, I pray admit no new acquaintance;
Nor any more, lest I for my escape
Venture to leap two stories deep.

Stri. Ha ! you said ?

You know I have disclof'd you to no eye
That could take knowledge who or whence you are,
And for the forrein strangers, and such Townsfolks
As knew us not ; what need we weigh their thoughts.
Their gold is weight ; let that be all we look to.
While our deserving arts and qualities
Require it from 'hem. If they think us wicked,
And hope to get Virginities for salary,
And pay for their deluded hopes before-hand.
What is our act but Justice on their follies,
In taking of their prodigal coine ?

Gab. I hope,
You deal not that way for us.

Stri. Never fear it.

Joy. But Uncle, though you have taught us
Courtly Gypsie tricks.
That somewhat trench upon our modesties.

Pray

Pray let it not be thought we'll sell our honesties.

Stri. Trust to my care.

Cash. And thats the way to do it.

Stri. And in that care be confidently seen,
By a deserving Gentleman, whom I
Present to kisse your hands.

Foy. I will see none.

Cash. You need not feare me, Lady ; for I can
But tell your father, if you flight his servant.

Gab. Blesse us ! what Metamorphosis is this ?
'Tis *Cash* your fathers man.

Foy. Is this the habit of a Merchants Prentice ?

Cash. Is this the lodging of a Merchants daughter ?

Foy. Has his great marriage turn'd my fathers
house

Into a sumptuous Palace that he keeps
Such costly men. Or doth the bravery
Of his late beauteous Bride require such gorgeous
Attendants ? Pray what office may you fill
About her person.

Cash. Will you home and see ?

Gab. We are betray'd ?

Stri. Ha, ha, ha. Be not afraid of *Cash*.
I know him, and he knows us. He is our friend
And we'll be his. As for his bravery
'Tis no new thing with him. I know him of old.
This sute's his worst of foure.
And he's one

Of the foure famous Prentices o'th'time.
None of the Cream and Cake-boyes, nor of those,
That gall their hands with stool-balls, or their Cat-
sticks,
For white-pots, pudding-pies, stew'd prunes, and
Tansies.

To feast their Titts at *Islington* or *Hogsdon*.

But

But haunts the famous Ordinaries o'th' time,
Where the best chear, best game, best company are
frequent.

Lords call him Cousin at the Bowling Green ; And
the great Tennis-Court.

Thy fathers money

Would rust else, Girle. Keep thou our Councel *Cash*.
And we'll keep thine, though't be to the undoing
Of him and all the wretches of his brotherhood,
That love their money, and their base desires,
Better then blood or name.

Gab. But can you hold
It good in any servant so to hazard
His Masters livelihood.

Stri. Can you hold your peace ?
He's wise, and saves by't all this while : He knows
His friends are bound in full two thousand pounds,
For's truth, and his true service, and perhaps,
He is not out above one thousand yet,
Where's your wit now ?

Cash. Mystresse, I'll do you service, and be true
to you.

I'd not have mist of this discovery.——

Stri. You see she hearkensto him. Talk aside *Cash*.
And touch her boldly.

Cash. I would not have mist it.
For all the wealth your father has : and at
Convenient privacy. I'll give you reasons,
That shall gaine your belief to't.

Stri. The French Gallants.

Enter Papillion, Galliard.

I had almost forgot them. They are a paire
Of delicate young Monfieurs. If they have
But crownes enough, they are the likeliest

Mer-

Merchants for my new Mart that I can choofe.
She faid they can fpeak *English*, that's a help.
For devil of *French* have I to entertain hem [*Salutes*.

Gab. See mine own heart, here's more temptation
ftill.

Foy. I'll not endure the onfet.

Cafh. I'll defend you.

Foy. Yet there are graces in their looks methinks,
That do invite my ftay.

Pap. *N' entendes vous, la langue françois Monsieur dittez.*

Stri. I would be glad to heare you fpeak the lan-
guage

I better underftand, and that is *English*.

In which you are moft welcome.

Pap. Your faire courtefie
Merits our greateft thanks.

Gali. I tanck you, fir.

I have bid *Fraunce* adieu to come and learn

De *English* very well ; I fpeak a lietel,

But de *English* Meftereffe can teach de beft.

I fhall be glad to take my commencements,

Or my firft Leffons from thefe Ladies lips. [*Salute*.

Stri. A fine forward fpark ?

Gali. O fweet, O delicate.

Ladies, if you will breath into me *English*,

I fhall, if you please, put *French* into you.

Une pour l'autre, dat is one for anoder.

Cafh. So they might make a hot bargain on't.

Foy. Are thefe your Civil Gentlemen, Landlady ?

Han. He feems a little waggifh : but the other
Is wondrous civil. He comes blufhingly.

Pap. You are before me in the Salutation
Of thefe faire Ladies, *Monsieur Galiard* :

Gal. *Il E'vray Monsieur Papilion*, I kiffe before,
then you mofe kiffe behind.

But

But let me pray my tardineſſe be excuſ'd. [*Salute.*

Joy. You pronounce English well, ſir.

Pap. I am glad

You like it Lady.

Gab. I like the others as well.

Pap. I have before ſpent many monethes in
England:

And my great love unto the Nation,
Eſpecially to the beauties of your Sexe,
Retracts me hither, where my friend was never.
Till now that my perſwaſion wonne his company ;
And happily, I ſuppoſe, we are arriv'd :
That, to the ſight and knowledge we have had
Of Muſick, Dances, Courtſhips, and Behaviour.
Through all parts of our Countrey, *France*, with an
Addition of all *Italy* affords.

Where (by all beſt opinions) even the choiceſt
Of ſuch court qualities, and active graces,
Have had their Spring, we now as Fame ſuggeſts,
Shall in this faire Society, diſcerne
More then by all our former obſervation.

Stri. Report, ſir, ſpeaks too loud on our behalfe,
And let me pray ye, that it not beget
Too great an expectation on our weakneſſe,
By your too gentle ſuffrage. What we can,
We'll do.

Gali. O wee dats de beſt. Doe is de ting
De Franſh man loves : If all your both two daugh-
ters

Shew all ; all makes but more deſire to do.
Speak I no good *English*. *Madamoifelle* ?

Joy. I underſtand you not.

Gali. You no underſtand me,
Becauſe you tinck I lie. But if you lie
With me, I make you underſtand me preſently.

Caſh. This hot-rein'd *Monſieur* takes 'em for the
ſame. *Strigood.*

Strigood would have 'em be. I came in time.

Stri. At afternoon we'll have an exercise
Of courtship, Gentlemen. In the *Interim*,
If you will have to stir the appetite,
A dance before our Ordinary we are for you.

Gali. And we for you *Alloun al Egremant Alloun
Monsieur Papillion pour l'honneur de France.*

Pap. What are your dances chiefly in request.

Stri. Good Landlady, bid the Musick be in
readiness.

And then see dinner set upon the table. *Ex. Han.*

We have Sir for Corants,—*La Miniard*,
La Vemimde, *Le Marquesse*, *Le Holland*,
La Brittain, *Le Roy*, *Le Prince*, *Le Montague*,
The *Saraband*, the *Canaries*, *La Reverree*.
For Galliards, the *Sellibrand*, the *Dolphine*,
The new *Galliard*, the *Valette Galliard*, and *lepees*.

Gali. 'Tis all very good *Monsieur Papillica
Effontes Mon Amy.*

Cash. And heark you, *Monsieur Strigood*, you
will be put to't.

Stri. I feare no *French* flashes. Beare up *Cash*.
If we cannot daunce them of o'their legs, our
wenches can, I warrant thee. Musick be ready.
Gallants, what are you pleased to daunce? *Phil.*
tells what, &c.

After the Daunces, Enter Hannah.

Han. Gentlemen, your dinner stays, meat will be
cold.

Fran. And we are hot, 'tis better that take cold
then we.

But come, one table for us all.

Phil. Stri. Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Cash. I say so too.

But to my self reserve what I will do. *Ex. omnes.*

(c)

M

Act.

ACT. IV. Scœn. I.

Nehemiah, Ephraim.

Neh. **E***Phraim*, thou hast made me a man, both without, witnesse this sword, and within, witnesse this precious book, which I have gotten almost by heart already.

Eph. But sir, beware you fall not back again Into your childish follies : but go forwards In many actions : for *non progredi est regredi*.

Neh. I know the meaning of that too, *Ephraim*. That's once a man and twice a childe. But if I turne childe again, while I have teeth in my head, I'll give Mrs. *Blithe* leave to dig 'hem out with Sugar-plums, as she almost did these two of 'hem yesterday, with her knuckles. I would they stuck both in her bum for't, till I were married to her, and that shall be shortly, they say I wo not turne boy again for that trick.

Eph. I hope you will not.

Neh. Thou mayest be sure ou't, *Ephraim*; for if I would turne boy again, I ha' not wherewithal to set up again. Thou sawest that, assoon as I had tasted the sweetnesse of this delicious book here, I tore and burnt all my ballats as well the godly as the ungodly. In my conscience as many as might have furnish't three *Bartholomew* Faïres, and then for love of this sword, I broke and did away all my storehouse of tops, gigs, balls, cat and catsticks, pot guns, key guns, trunks, tillers, and all ; and will I turne boy again canst think ? yet I am half sorry, being towards a wife, that I did
not

not keep 'him for my children : some money might have been fav'd by't. And that is a manly and a good husbandly consideration, I take it. But hang covetousnesse : There comes not a mouth into the world, but there's meat for't ; and if I finde 'em not play games, their mother will finde friends, that shall, for them and her selfe too.

Eph. I'm glad to heare such good things to come from you,

And hope that now your judgment's strong enough

To manage my affair. You know my minde, fir.

Neh. Amardla *Ephraim*, 'twill be hard to compasse. For the old Knight will never let me have his Neece, unlesse he have my mother. He meanes to truck for her, though, I confesse, I had rather call thee father then any man, I know, yet I know not how to bring it about, unlesse he marry her first ; and then she be weary of him, and take thee afterwards to mend her match. I think it must be so, Amardla *Ephraim*.

Eph. Now you flie out again, that's as impossible, as 'tis unlawful.

La. *Within.* *Negh.* *Negh.*

Neh. Peace, my mother comes.

La. Where are you childe? *Neh.*

Neh. I hear her neighing after me, I'll do all I can for thee, Amardla *Ephraim*.

Enter Lady.

La. Look you sonne, what kinde Sir *Swithin* has sent you. A dancing frog, you would think it were alive, and a ballet of burning the false prophets before they be tried. And another fearful one of the new Antichrist.

Neh. Hang bawbles, burn ballets, I am a man, and desie boyes tricks. (c) *La.*

La. A sudden change, I pray it be good.

Neh. Tell me of toys : I have a sword : offer me ballets ? I have a book. Speak to me of Sir *Swithin*, I'll talk to you of *Ephraim* that gave me these blessings ; and is fitter to be father, (so he is) then the foolishhest Knight of 'em all. [*Reades.*]

La. Blessè my sonne from too much learning. That book has done him no good, I doubt. He talks and looks so wildly o'the sudden.

Neh. A ha !

La. What book is't. Let me see it.

Neh. I'll tell you first. It is a book all of Bulls, Jests, and Lies. Collected by an *A. S.* Gent. Mother I 'footh, there be such things in it ! If you never reade it, it is the rarest book that ever you read in your life. Open it where you will, and you shall learn something. As here now. One refusing to eat Cheesecakes, was ask't his reason. He told them he lov'd the flesh well, but was afraid of the bones. Then here's the next to't. One asking whence Lobsters were brought : his fellow repli'd, one might easily know their countrey by their coat. They are fetch't from the red sea. Now would I might never eat more of 'hem, as well as I love 'hem, if I know what Cheese-cakes were made of, or from whence Lobsters came before.

La. Is this your book-learning ? In troth thou mak'st me laugh.

Neh. Laugh on, good Mother. And while you are in the merry mood, let me speak a good word for *Ephraim*. I have a minde f'footh, because he has made me a man, to make him my father, f'footh.

La. What, what ! How now.

How durst you, sirrah, move my sonne in this ? ha.

Eph. Madam.

La. It is but so ? ha !

Neh.

Neh. Pray f'footh hear him speak. He can speak Poetry (he sayes) as well as Knight *Whimlbie*.
Speak *Ephraim*:

Eph. *Madam, Faire truth have told*

That Queens of old

Have now and then

Married with private men.

A Countesse was no Blusher,

To wed her Usher.

Without remorse

A Lady took her Horse-

Keeper in wedlock. These did wisely know

Inferiour men best could their work below.

Neh. Mother f'footh, Is it not fine ?

Eph. Nay, Madam, more then so,

I'le further go.

La. But you shall not, Sirrah. What ! what, how now ! I'st but up and ride ? ha ! Out of my doors thou varlet.

Neh. I must out too then, mother I am afraid, oh——

La. Good *Neh.* be pacified, I'le give him a better answer.

But not a word on't now, sweet childe, I pray thee.
Here comes Sir *Swithin*.

Enter Whimlbie, Blithe.

Whi. Ha, ha, ha, Madam, ha, ha, ha. [*Kisse.*

La. I marry Sir *Swithen*. This is better then O Madam, O,—. when you wash't your handkerchiefs in the suds, and then to wring 'hem out in Poetry.

Whi. My tears with the memory of the dead are all fallen into Lethe; and nothing but joy left in me, sine my hopes are confirm'd in your lap. And hang

(c)

Poetry,

Poetry: I study profit now. Therefore, look you, Madam, here is a draught of my marriage-instrument to your lap.

Eph. His instrument being drawn, I must put up my pipe and be gone. *Ex.*

Whi. And here is another draught for sweet Master *Nehemiah*, for my Neece *Blithes* Joincture.

Neh. O but she sayes she will not have me.

Whi. When did she say so?

Neh. Now, now, she spat the word out of her mouth. And I say, if she ha' not me, you shall whine both your eyes out before you have my mother; and see ne're the worse, I warrant you.

Neh. A crosse marriage, or no marriage, I say still.

La. I say so too, sonne, Sweet boy, be content.

Whi. Blithe. You spoke well of him behinde his back: and made me think you lov'd him, and would marry him.

Bli. Behind his back, I may do much to please you. But when I look upon him, he turnes my stomach worse then a fool made of soure milk.

La. Marry Gip, Mrs. *Queasie*, my sonne's as sweet as you, I hope, and as wise as you. And suck't as sweet milk as ever the good Cow your mother gave.

Bli. Ha, ha, ha.

Whi. Patience, good Madam.

Eph. I hope the crosse marriage is crost. This is untoward wooing.

La. Uds so! do you flirt out your unfavoury comparisons upon my sonne?

Bli. Flirt not you at me, Madam, lest I flirt your milk-sop under the snotty nose here.

Neh. Yes, and I have a sword, and you ha' got ne're a one.

La. You wo' not will you, ha! Do you flie at him, ha! *Whi.*

Whi. Fear not, good Madam.

La. Ephraim, save my boy.

Bli. Ha, ha, ha.—

Whi. She shall not hurt him. Leave her to me good Madam.

La. I ever fear'd he was not long-liv'd he was so witty. And now I feare she will be the death of him. I would not he should marry her for a million.

Neh. Say not so, mother. I love her better and better still.

I never had play-fellow i my life, but we fell out and in agen.

And I must and will marry her, I take my death on't aforehand.

La. O me! he is bewitch't to her.

Whi. Leave all to me, dear Madam.

La. As I am to you, I think, Sir *Swithin*.

Whi. Let me alone with her: I'll win her, and he shall wear her, feare not. As I was saying, Madam, she speaks as well of him behind his back, as your owne heart can wish. And told me she was content to marry him.

La. Behind his back? did she so?

Whi. Yes truly, Madam,

Neh. Loe you there, mother. Let her marry me behind my back then: And when we are marri'd, I'll make her stick to't before my face, I warrant you; or if she will make back-play. I'll play at nothing but back gammons with her.

La. Well, Heaven bleffe thee, thou art but too good for her.

Whi. Speak gently, Neece, I charge you.

Bli. Madam, I hope your Ladiship shall finde me too good for him. If e're he has me.

La. Ha, say you so?

Whi. She meanes in well-doing, Madam.

La. Nay then, I thank you Mrs. *Blithe*. Assuring you that you shall be no way so good to him, but I will be as good to you.

Neh. Agreed again of all hands. But look how she turnes and keeps cut like my Sparrow. She will be my back Sweet-heart, still I see, and love me behind.

Whi. She is yet raw, and has not much been abroad to see the manners of the time. In which my melancholy has been her main hinderance. But Madam, there is now that is worth all our sight and observation; A new Academy, where they say, the newest and most courtly carriage and behaviour is taught and practised both for young Gentlemen and women. Have you not heard on't?

La. Yes, Sir *Swithin*; and that the *French* tongue is taught there with great alacrity; and my sonne is wish't thither, but soft I warrant you.

Whi. But let him see it: at least in our company it will embolden him; I mean to carry my Neece thither. I have been a Lover of Arts and Exercises; and know somewhat since my youth. Pray let us spend one houre of this afternoon there.

La. Pardon me good Sir *Swithin*.

Neh. But he shall not mother if you love me: for I mean to perfect my dancing there; and to learn *French* there, For I mean when I am married to travel into *France*. But I will first be perfect in the tongue. I shall learn it the sooner when I am there you know. Pray let us go to th' Acomedy, what dee call it?

Whi. The Academy.

La. Say you so sonne? then come sir *Swithin* Come Mrs. *Blithe*, we will all go.

Bli. I'll wait upon you, though my heart sayes no.

Ex.

Scen.

Scæn. 2. Enter Joyce, Gabriella.

Joy. O mine own heart ! how near were we both
fallen

Into the Gulf of Ruine ?

Gab. Thanks for our delivery !

We were upon the brink of main destruction.

Joy. Was ever such a Friend as this mine Vncle ?
Pretending us his children too, and call'd us daughters

To those he bargain'd with to sell our Maidenheads ?

Gab. 'Twas a most damnable practise ! fie upon
him.

Joy. And had the *Monseurs* been as capable
Of our Virginities, as he was of
Their moneys, how had we then resisted.

Gab. By *Venus* (mine own heart) my Gentleman
Came up so close to me, that if my voice
Had not been stronger then mine armes (O me !
I tremble for it yet) I had been vanquish't.

Joy. But did you note the vertue of the Gentlemen ?

When they were sensible of our feares and tears,
How gently they desisted, and with what humanity,
When they perceiv'd how we had been betray'd,
They pitied our conditions ; and woo'd honestly
Our loves in way of marriage. Provided that
Our births and fortunes might no way disparage
Theirs, being free and generous.

Gab. I confesse

I love 'hem both so well, that if they prove
(As they pretend they are not) our inferiours
In blood and worth, I would take either of 'em.

Joy. Troth (mine own heart) 'tis just the same
with me.

(c)

I

I care not which I have. And mark a sympathy,
 How equally all our affections strike.
 We both love them, they both love us alike.
 But peace. *Cash*, though he has done us good service,
 Must not know all. How goes it within *Cash*?

Enter Cash.

Cash. And why *Cash* pray. Ha' not you chang'd
 your names

From *Joyce* and *Gabriella* to *Jane* and *Frances*.

And is not your Uncle *Strigood* now become

Your father, by the name of Mr. *Lightfoot*

The nimble dancing Master? And must I still

Carry the name of *Cash*? and having lost

My nature too, in having no cash left?

(Pox o'the dice) call me Mr. *Outlash*.

Joy. My father will fetch you homewith an Inlash
 One o' these dayes.

Cash. But after you, faire Mistris,

Now to your question for the squares within.

Joy. I with the Frenchmen, and my Uncle *Stri-*
good.

Cash. Your father *Lightfoot*, you forget agen.

There's a drawn match made: For the *Monsieurs*

Have ta'ne their money again: And you have still

Your Maidenheads, I hope. But to have heard

The coile they kept, the wrangle, and the stir;

And how the young Blades put the old one to't;

Would ha' perplext you more then keeping of

Your Maidenheads from men you love.

Gab. You cannot tell that.

Cash. O how the old man chafes that you would
 offer

To make you mone to 'hem to move their pity,

And not to make his bargain good; and then

How

How they put home his baseness to him ; to make
false

Of his own blood and honour in his children.

(They knew they said some parents in their country,

After their children were turn'd whores, would share

To live upon the profits, but to sell

Their souls before they were damned, fie, fie, fie, fie.)

Till he confest indeed you were none of his.

But children of some friends of his decess,

Left to his care for breeding ; which he had

Plenteously given, and thought it might seem reason-
able

To raise his money out of you again.

Joy. What an old devil is this ?

Cash. Baser and baser still.

The *Monsieurs* cri'd, and swore if they could finde

Your Parents were Gentle and vertuous,

Being their first Loves, they would marry you,

To free you from this miserable thralldome.

Gab. Brave honest Gentlemen.

Gab. Be advis'd though, Mistress.

Joy. I hope I shall.

Cash. Beware of Travellers, many passe abroad

For gallant fellows that have run their country,

For picking pockets.

Joy. And some you know at home

For cozening their Masters.

Cash. You are pleas'd.

But you have known my love ; for *Gabriella*

Let 'hem share her betwixt 'hem. You and I

Made one, may soon make peace with the old man

At home.

Joy. O Rogue ! I'll tell you more anon *Cash.*

Enter

Enter Strigood, Pap. Galliard.

Stri. Come Gentlemen, *Monfieur Papillion*.
And *Monfieur Galliard*, all friends, all friends.

Pap. Agreed, agreed, fir.

Gall. And agree for me.

Agree poor tout.

Stri. Chear up your faces Girles.
'Twas but my trial of your chaſtity.
And ſince you have ſtood firme, I am proud of you.
Truſt me, 'twas but to try you.

Gall. Wee wee All, but for try. Trimount, trimount.

No more, but all for try : no man can tinck,
But 'twas too very moſhe to take two hundred
Crowns for two puſillages, no, no was but
For try : but and ſhe had not ſqueek and ſcraſh too
Like to de leetel chat, I had Trimount
One, two, tree five time, for all your try.

Stri. What's paſt let be forgot. According to
Agreement, Gentlemen, y'are now content
To joyne with us in Academick fellowſhip,
And for your paſtime profeſſe Art and Science,
As we do for our profit : y'are expert,
I finde ; and ſhall winne wonder of our Nation,
To your own much delight out of their follies.

Cafh. And then for Gameſters, Gentlemen. If
you'll play.

I'll bring ye thoſe ſhall venture money enough.

Pap. We are planted to our wiſh.

Gall. All very good.

All very good ; but I would ſee thee firſt.
What Ladies will come here to praſtiſe complement.

Stri. You are ſtill hot upon the female *Monfieur Galliard*.

Monfieur Papillion here flies over 'hem.

Enter

Enter Hannah.

Han. Ha, ha, ha, what will this world come to?

Stri. Landlady, the newes?

Han. The old will to't.

As well as the young I see.

Stri. To what Landlady? { *He takes her aside.*

Han. To fashion following; { *And that while the*
A Reverend Lady { *young men and*
Of fifty five; and a Knight of { *maids court and*
threescore { *confer at tother side.*

And upwards, are come hither to learn fashion.

Stri. Do you know their names?

Han. Yes, yes: and them; 'tis that
Begets my wonder.

'Tis the Lady *Nestlecock*. and one Sir *Swithin*
Whimlby.

Stri. Wit be merciful unto us.

Enter Hannah, Cash.

Han. The Ladies man's without: who came to
know if the house were ready to entertain 'hem;
do you know 'em Mr. *Lightfoot*.

Stri. I have heard o'th' Lady. *Cash*, see if it be
Ephraim.

He cannot know thee. Let him not away, [*He looks*
out.

By any meanes, his not return to them may keep
'hem back.

Cash. 'Tis he, I see him hither.

Stri. Landlady, is your husband come from
ducking.

Han. Yes, overjoy'd with the good sport he has
had.

He'll play th' good fellow then. Entreat him *Cash*.
To

To help thee, put a cup or two upon
That fellow ; and hear'ſt me, ſpice his cup,
I mean, grave *Ephraims* cup with this ſame powder,
'Twill lay him aſleep, and quickly.

Cafh. I know the trick on't. *Ex.*

Stri. And Landlady, when the Knight and Lady
come,

Say we are ready for 'em.

Han. That I ſhall ſir,

Pap. 'Tis then an abſolute contract, I am yours.

Joy. And I am yours as firme as faith can binde.

Gall. To which we are de witneſſe. Be ſo for us.
I am her husband, And ſhe is my wife,
Speak you.

Gab. 'Fore Heaven, I do acknowledge it,
But ſir, the Church muſt be obſerv'd.

Gall. For that.

We'll ſend for one Miniſter that ſhall marry
Us all at once. One kiſſe till then ſhall ſerve. [*Kiſſe.*

Stri. 'Twas well done *Monſieurs*, I no ſooner turn
My back, but you are on the Damoſels lips.

Gall. A leetle in de honeſt way will ſerve,
But he ſhall know no-ting.

Stri. On with your Maſques Maids,
And take eſpecial heed you bluſh not through 'hem.
For here are ſome at hand will put us to't.

Joy. 'Tis not my father, nor my Lady Aunt ?

Stri. I cannot promiſe you. Be bold and ſafe.
Beare it out bravely, or our ſchool breaks up
Immediately : and we are broke for ever,
Beſides, there is no ſtarting.

Gab. That's enough
To make a coward fight, and mine own heart ;
We muſt ſtand ſtoutly to't, or we loſe our loves elſe.

Joy. Well, I am arm'd.

Gab. And I.

Stri.

Stri. Fall into complement.

Masques on.

Enter Whimlby, Lady, Neh. Blithe.

La. I muse we lost my man thus.

Neh. By your leave, fir.

Are you the Regent of this Academy ?

Stri. I am fir.

Whim. And are those of your Assistants.

Stri. Yes fir, and all Professors of Court-discipline,
By the most accurate, yet more familiar
Rules, then have ever yet been taught by any,
For quick instruction both of young and old.

Whim. You promise very fairly. For us old ones,
We know and could have done things in our youth,
Which still we have a minde to : but we leave
The practice to our young ones : Here's a paire
Would faine be at it. We'll pay their admittance.

La. But I'd be glad to see first by your leave,
Some probability of what they shall learn.

Stri. And reason good, good Madam. Pray
observe there.

Pap. Fair star of courtship, my unworthy humble
self, a

Protest servant to the integrity of beauty, makes
this

Clear testimony of your merits, that every eye that
sees you

Owes you his heart for tribute, and that unjustly
your beholders live, that live not in your service.

Neh. Mother f'ooth, is not this *French*?

La. Peace childe. Hear more on't.

Joy. Noble fir, you are so exactly deserving in the
opinion of all righteous judgements, that the least
syllable of your fair testimony, is able to re-edifie
the ruines of a decayed commendation.

Whim. The best that ever I heard, since I woo'd
my *Grissel*. *Stri.*

Stri. Was not that a sweet bout, fir ;

Whim. Yes, yes, it puts me in minde of some sweet bouts I had with one before I married her.

Stri. Has he married my Sister troe ?

Pap. I am forc't to give you over, Madam, you have such a preventing and preoccupying wit in all things.

Neh. That goes like English Mrs. *Blithe*. I could learn some of that me thinks.

Bli. Best tell your mother so ; she may rejoyce at it.

Stri. There, Lady, was a taste of sweet complement between persons equally affected. May it please you now to let your sonne passe upon this damosel. Who being to her a stranger, and raw (as I imagine) in courtship, shall meet with reprehension, that may be for his instruction.

La. Do *Neh.* speak to her.

Whim. Put of your hat and say——

Neh. What ! and her masque on ?

La. That was well said. Why are they mask'd, I pray fir ?

Stri. We are commanded it by the policy of wise authority ; for feare young heires might fall in love with 'em, and sink their fortunes.

La. You have well fatisfied me.

Neh. What should I say to one I never saw.

Whim. When I was young and bold, I would have said, Lady, you are most auspiciously encountred. And speak it boldly.

Neh. Lady, you are most suspiciously accoutred, I speak it bouldly.

Whim. Auspiciously encountred man.

Neh. Auspiciously encountred woman, I say.

Gab. I commiserate your encounter. 'Tis a most hungry, verminous, impoverish't word fir. It seems you are a stranger by't, to the Innovation of courtship.

Neh.

Neh. What should I say to that now ?

La. He's a weak scholar forsooth, and would be glad to learn.

Gab. The acknowledgement of his weaknesse is the first greece of gradation to perfection, and his gladnesse the scaling-ladder of resolution.

Neh. Pray f'footh, can you teach me a complement to offer you sugar-plums, and eat 'hem my felfe : to save my manners and my plums too ?

La. What a wag it is ?

Gab. What walking dunghil is this ? made of the dust swept from the house of ignorance.

La. What, what ! how now, ha ? you are a Flapfe to terme my sonne so, ha !

Stri. O good Madam. This is but school-play.

La. I'll put her by her school-tricks and noonly unmask, but unskin her face too, and she come over my heire apparent with such *Billingsgate* Complements.

Pap. Sweet Madam, no harm was meant, and nothing said in earnest : 'Twas meerly but school-practice, but to shew the sweet young Gentleman how he might be subject to the scorne of Court, before he be seen in Complement.

La. Say you so ?

Pap. 'Twas told your Ladiship before, that by reprehension he might finde instruction.

Whim. Right Madam ; For no Fencer learns his Science before he receive some hits and knocks too : Oh, I have had many.

La. Nay, I am satisfied, and pray, that my rash error may prove pardonable Lady

Gab. Rather let me implore your mercy, Madam——.

Stri. 'Tis well, 'tis well. Lets hear an Interchange or two now, of complemental acknowledgement of

courtesies past betwixt Ladies, for the edification of this faire one, who seems not yet to have ta'ne notice of us, but looks o'the ground still.

Bli. 'Tis not to finde a fescue, sir, among the Rushes.

To pick out a lesson in your crisse-crosse-row of complement.

Stri. Sharp and sudden. She has a good wit I see.

Whim. Observe, good *Blithe*, observe.

Gab. Can your poor servant expresse acknowledgement enough, Lady, for favours so incessantly heap't upon her, besides the accumulation of many secret benefits?

Joy. I cannot but admire, Madam, your noble and illustrious Gratitude, that can give beauty to benefits of so low a birth and condition.

Whim. O, my *Griffel* comes to my minde agen, she was the gratefulest woman.

Gab. If such favours, Madam, should passe under an humble name, Honour would grow idle, and a thankful Nature beguil'd of her employment.

Joy. You'll make my zeale hereafter, too bashful to serve your most curious acknowledgement.

Bli. Curious acknowledgement! There was a thrird drawn out.

Gab. I am bound by many kindneses, Madam, to celebrate the faire memory of you; as the trouble of your Coach twice in one day, besides those inestimable Jewels, the Monkey and Dormouse your Ladiship sent me.

Neh. I would you could lend me a sight of 'hem forsooth, I love such things devoutly.

Joy. You do but open a privie door to my thankful remembrance, Madam, for the bounty of your Squirrel and Paraquitoe.

Bli. Fagh, shut that privie door.

Neh.

Neh. And shut in the Squirrel and the Paraquiteo to be stifled, shall she ? O that I could see 'hem !

Stri. Now Madam, and Sir Knight, Is not this neat and handfom ?

Whim. Truly, truly, 'tis most admirable pretty.

Stri. Nay, if you heard our Lectures, saw our Daunces.

Relish't our Musick and harmonious voices,
Observ'd our Rules for fashion and attire.

Our many exact postures and dimensions,
Fit to be us'd by way of Salutation,
Of courtesie, of honour, of obeisance,
To all degrees of man or womankind,
From the low bent of vassalage, to the head
Of towring Majesty, you should admire.

La. But do you reade and teach all these to your scholars ?

Stri. Stand forth, *Monsieur Galliard.* Stay w'are interrupted.

Enter Eras. Val. Rachel.

Up maids, and quickly ; or 'tis not your Masques
Can keep you undiscover'd. Go, be ready,
With Musick and your voices, when I call to yee.

Ex. Joy. Gab.

La. Why are we interrupted ? pray proceed.

Neh. Mother, it is my naughty Aunt, so 'tis.

La. No matter, sonne, we'll take no notice of her.

I wonder at the boldnesse of the drudge though.

Ra. I can turne taile too, as well as the great Lady, Hah.

Val. And so, Mystresse, give her a broad-side.

Well-said, we'll make our partie good, I warrant you.

Er. Sir, we have heard your Fame ; and love your Arts.

And pray that our ambition be excus'd,
Which drew on our Intrusion.

Stri. To me and to the place you are all welcom.

Val. And so to all I hope, chiefly to you,
Good Madam Dowager, hoping in good time
I may get good, by doing much good upon you.
How likes your Lap : my complement.

La. Do you bring your rude companions to
affront me ? Are you so hot ? you stir up your cinders
before they be cak't.

Val. Still in the Kitchin-dialect.

Ra. No ruder then your self, hah.

Val. I brought her, Madam,
T' advance my suit to you.

La. Will you see me abus'd
Sir *Swithin*, look to your Neece, the t'other talks
to her.

Whi. Kinde merry Gentlemen, Madam, when I
was young I would have done the like. Their coming
hither, was as ours was to note th' instructions
That are taught here. Pray fir proceed. On with
your exercise, that we may all be edified.

Stri. We shall do so, Sir.

Val. But fir, your Gentlewomen,
That past upon our entrance, where are they ?

Stri. Sir, they were call'd in haste to private
practice

With some great Ladies in an upper room.

Val. *Umh*——private practice. Well, I shall
know all.

Stri. And they being absent, we shall for the
present

Only deliver by these Gentlemen,
Some heads of Sciences.

A

A Song, a Daunce, and then
Entreat you take a taste of a collation,
And all most fairly welcome. Speak *Monsieur*
Galliard,

The heads of our chief Arts. Your silence, pray you.

Gal. The first is the due carriage of the body,
The proper motion of the head, hand, leg,
To every severall degree of person,
From the Peasant unto the Potentate ;
To your inferiours how and when to use the Nod,
The Hum, the Ha, the Frown, the Smile,
Upon the fit occasion ; and to your equals,
The exactest, newest, and familiar motions
Of eye, of hand, of knee, of arme and shoulder,
That are in Garbe, in Congee, Crindge, or Shrug,
In common Courtesie, or Complement.
Lastly, for your Addresses to Superiours.
The Honours, Reverence, or Obeysances,
Proper unto the quality or estate
Of person whatsoever. And so much
For carriage and behaviour. In the next place
You shall have rules for the more graceful wearing
Of your Apparel, with the natural Reasons,
Why some mans hat does better in his hand
Then on his head, and why his coat hangs neater
Upon his elbow, then upon his back,
As also Reasons for Tunes bringing up.
And marriages, together of the fashions
Of man and woman, how his Callet, and her
Black-bag, came on together ; how his pocketcombe,
To spruce his Perrule, and her Girdle-glasse,
To order her black pashes, came together ;
How his walking in the streets without a cloak,
And her, without a man came up together ;
Of these, and of a hundred more the like,
We shall demonstrate reasons and instructions.

Shall render you most graceful in each fashion.
The next are skills in instruments, song and dancing.

Stri. Enough, those shall be made familiar to you
By voice and action instantly. A Song there.

S O N G.

Whim. Admirable pretty still.

Er. Are these your Gentlewomens voices, fir?

Stri. They are.

Val. What do you keep 'hem up like Nuns,
To sing and not be seen?

Stri. Not alwayes fir.

But may it please yee Gentlemen and Ladies,
Now to observe the practice of our feet
In active dancing.

Neh. That came I to learn,
And to speak *French*, do you think fir, you can bring
My mouth to handle the *French* tongue handfomly.

La. He's apt to learn, fir, I can tell you that.

Gal. Yes, I shall bring his Mout to it. But his
Mout is yet a leetel too wide. But he shall have
some of de water dat de woman use for anoder ting,
to bring it better together; and he shall speak like
de *Fransh* Lady.

Neh. Pray fir, if you can like the Ladies daugh-
ter of *Paris* properlie.

Er. Now *Val.* thou knowest the way.

Val. I wonder fir, 'Mongst all your Arts and
Sciences

You have so little judgement in a face,
Does his mouth appear wide to you? what false
glasse

Are your eyes made of?

Gab. What do you mean?

Er. Nay, friend.

Stri.

Stri. Pray sir take no offence. Here was none meant.

Val. Slander is no offence then. He has injur'd, By breathing an asperſion on that face, The life of beauty, and the ſoule of ſweetneſſe. Wide mouth Y—.

Gal. Begar *Monſieur*, you ſhall no point out mouth, No, nor out-face the French man with your great Bullbeef, and Muſtard Engliſh looks.

Er. Nay, gentle *Val.* forbear.

Val. I'll ſtop.

This mouth that knowingly ſayes he dares except Againſt a tittle of his face or perſon.

But as he is an ignorant ſtranger, and I muſt reſpect the company. I forbear.

La. However ſir, I can but thank your love in't.

Er. Now it works in her.

Val. Pardon my plainneſſe, Madam.

I never was ſo ta'ne with Maſculine beauty. And till I winne a woman that is like him, Or has been like him, I can but languish.

La. They told me I was like him, when I was younger. *[Aſide.*

And let me tell you y'are a comely Gentleman.

And be you but as honeſt as y'are handſom, you deſerve well.

Val. Umh, 'tis a hard matter to bring thoſe ends together.

Neh. Mother f'ſooth. Here's a man now for you to make my father! Beyond the Knight or *Ephraim*!

La. Were I free from the old Knight, I could look well upon him.

Ra. Come, ſervant, come away.

Val. By no meanes, Myſtreſſe, I do but ſooth her up to jeare her for you.

If you out-stay her not, you lose your honour,
She'll brag she has out-look't you, If you start.

Ra. Nay, and she go to that, I hope I can,
Look as ill favouredly as her selfe, or a better
Woman then she, and stay in spight of her, hah.

Val. 'Tis well done, Mystris, Madam shall I tell
you.

But I would pray you not to storme, but laugh at it.
She sayes you are no match for me.

La. Ha, ha, ha.

Val. And knowing I aim at none but some great
widow.

Tells me she knows her husband's but short-liv'd.
I feare she means to break his heart.

La. Say you so?

Val. No words, good Madam.

Whim. Yet more whispering.

Pray Madam let us go. Neece come away,
For I fear Madam, as you wisely doubted,
This is no companie for us.

La. Sir, I hope
I am not yet so tied, but I may safelie
Use my own freedom, I'll go when I please.

Whim. O *Griffel, Griffel*, when would'st thou
have said so?

Bli. Loves power, I hope, hath wonne on destinie.
T'appoint this day for my delivery.

Er. Nay, good Sir *Swithin*,——Ladies——we
have yet

Dauncing to come, and a Collation promis'd.

Enter Camelion.

Stri. Yes Gallants, now w'are readie, we but
stayed for this fourth man here.

Val. O *Camelion*.

Where is your wife? I hope your jealousye

Locks

Locks her not up.

Cam. Pish, *Honi soit.* I hate it.
No, she has been preparing of a banquet,
Which now is ready for you, worthy Mr. *Lightfoot*,
And your faire company ; jealousy I defie
The base horne Ague, Mr. *Askal* I.

La. What does he call you ? *Rascal* ?

Val. *Askal* Madam.

My name is *Askal*. But the R in Master
Runs into't so, that sometimes it sounds doubtful.
I must be Knighted, *Euphoniæ gratia*.
Sir *Valentine Askal* will come fairly off.

Cam. Now note me Mr. *Askal*, and tell me if ever
jealous man came so lightly off.

Enter Hannah.

Daunce.

Han. Sir, your collation stayes.

Stri. 'Tis well, Gallants and Ladies
Wilt please you enter.

Omn. Agreed, agreed, of all sides. *Ex. Omn.*

ACT. V. Scœn. I.

Enter Lafoy, Hardy, Matchil.

Laf. **I** Nhospitable ! 'tis inhumane, past
The cruelty of infidels.

Mat. Thou speak'st
But thine own barbarous cruelty, hollow Frenchman.

Laf. Abominable hypocrite.

Mat. Cunning Villain.

Har. Fie Gentlemen, forbear this unknown lan-
guage. And

And either speak to others understanding,
If you speak Justice.

Mat. Give me then my sonne.

Laf. Thou hast thy sonne, give me my sonne
and daughter.

Har. Pray Gentlemen, if you'll not hear each
other, yet both hear me.

Mat. I pray Captain speak.

Har. You had his sonne to foster ; he your
daughter.

You faithfully affirme you sent his sonne
For *England* a moneth since.

Laf. And mine own with him.

Har. You have confest you put away his daughter.

Mat. And mine own with her, through her dis-
obedience.

But 'twas upon advertisement by letter,
That he had first cast off my sonne to an
Untimely death.

Har. Some Villain forg'd that letter,
And let me tell you sir, though in your house,
Lafoy's an honest and a temperate man.
You are rash and unadvise'd, what *Lafoy* speaks
I will maintain for truth : what you have done
I wish you could make good ; But I may fear
You are mark't out by your own wilfulnesse,
The subject of much woe and sad misfortune.

Mat. I know not what I am ; but did you know
The number, and the weight of my afflictions,
You could not chide me thus without some pity,

Har. Indeed I pity you, and now y'are calme,
Know that *Lafoy* sent his sonne over with yours,
And but for some affaires he had wth me,
I'th' Isle of *Wight* he had imbarqu'd himself
With them, and brought 'hem to you.

Mat. There's hope then yet
That my boy lives.

Hard.

Hard. And is come over feare not.

Mat. You comfort me, and now *Lafoy* y'are welcome.

Laf. But to what comfort, having lost my daughter.

Mat. Lost or lost not, mine's with her. And I purpose now to be sad no longer. For I think I ha' lost my wife too, there's a second comfort.

Har. Take an example here *Monsieur Lafoy*. And shake of sadnesse ; mirth may come unlook't for.

Har. I ha' lost a sonne too, a wild roaring Lad, About this town. And if I finde not him, I doubt not I shall finde, that he has spent me A hundred pound since I last heard of him. By the way sir, I sent you a bill of change Last moneth, to pay a hundred pieces for me.

Mat. 'Twas paid. I have your bill for my discharge.

How now ?

Ha' you found your Mystresse.

Enter Servant.

Ser. No tidings of her, sir.

Mat. She has found then some good exercise, I doubt not.

That holds her so.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman Craves instant speech with you.

Mat. Who ? or whence comes he ?

Ser. He will be known to none before he sees you And, when you see him, he says he thinks you'll know him.

He's a brave gallant, one o'the Alamodes, Nothing but *French* all over.

Mat. Fetch him me quickly,

It

It is my sonne. Grammercie mine own heart,
That wast not light so suddenie for nothing,
Pray Gentlemen, who e're you see, name no man
To me, unlesse I ask you. He comes, he comes.

Enter Cash.

I'm grown a proper man. Heaven make me thankful.

Just such a spark was I at two and twenty,
Set cloathes and fashion by. He thinks to try
If I can know him now. But there I'll fit him.
With me sir is your businesse?

Cash. I presume
You do not know me, sir.

Mat. As well as he that got him,
Pray Gentlemen keep your countenances. Not
know you sir?

'Tis like I may have known you heretofore,
But cannot readily collect; perhaps
You are much chang'd by Travel, Time, and Bravery,
Since I last saw you. There he may finde
I partly guesse, but will not know him yet.
Good Gentlemen say nothing.

Har. What ailes he thee.

Cash. He knowes me, I feare, too soon. If now
my plot faile, and he have a Counterplot upon me.
I am laid up.

Cash. Do you not know me yet sir.

Mat. Know you, or know you not sir, what's
your businesse.

Cash. You sometimes had a sonne sir.

Mat. Now he comes to me.

I had sir. But I hear he's slain in *France*.
And farewell he. Mark how I handle him.
And what sir of my sonne?

Cash.

Cash. He's dead you say.

Mat. I muse the Knave askes me not blessing though.

Cash. But to supplie his losse you have a daughter

That may endear a sonne, fir, to your comfort.

Mat. Whither now flies he trow ! Sir, do you know her.

Or where to finde her ?

Cash. First upon my knees
Let me implore your pardon.

Mat. Now he comes home : And I can hold no longer.

My blessing boy, thou meanest. Take it, and welcome

To a glad father. Rise, and let my teares,
If joy confirm thy welcom.

Cash. I may not rise yet fir.

Mat. No ? why ? what hast thou done ? where's young *Lafoy* ?

My true friends soone here ? whom I now must lock

Up in these armes, amidst a thousand welcomes :
Where's the young man ?

Cash. I know not who you mean fir.

Mat. Distract me not.

Laf. I feare you are distraught.

I know not him. How should he know my son.

Mat. Let me look nearer.

Cash. Sir, I am your Prentice.

Mat. Whow——whow, whow, who—my Thiefe
and Runaway.

Cash. Pray fir afford me hearing.

Mat. Sir, your cause
Requires a Judges hearing.

Cash. I have put me

Into

Into your hands, and not without much hope,
To gaine your pardon, and your daughters love.

Mat. 'Tis roundly spoken. Gentlemen, I'll tell
you.

This gallant youth, has gallanted away
A thousand pound of mine.

Cash. For your advantage sir : For
By this way
Of Gallantry, as you call it, I have travell'd
Through the Reforts and Haunts publike and pri-
vate

Of all the Gallants in the Town. In brief
I have found your daughter, where she had been lost
For ever in your brother *Strigoods* hands.

Mat. Canst bring me thither ?

Laf. Is my daughter with her ?

Cash. Madam *Gabriella*, the French Damsel's
there.

And others, men and women, whom you'll know
when you come there.

Laf. Good sir, lets hasten thither.

Mat. You'll aid me, sirs ?

Har. Yes, with our lives and fortune. *Ex. omnes*

Scæn. 2. Enter Erasmus, Blithe, Camelon.

Er. Be fearlesse Lady, and upon my life,
Honour, and faith ; you are secure from danger.

Bli. Sir, I have put me in your hands you see
So liberally that I may feare to suffer,
If not a censure, yet a supposition
Of too much easinesse, in being led
So suddenly so farre towards your desire.
But my opinion of your noblenesse
Joyn'd with your Protestation, pleads my pardon

At

At least it may, the wretchednesse considered,
To which I was enthrall'd.

Er. It is not more my love
Unto your vertue, and your faire endowments.
Then pity in me labours your release.
Nor is it rather to enrich my self.
Then to save you from so immente a danger,
As you had fallen into by yielding under
Your Uncles weaknesse in so fond a match.

Bli. Blessè me from being fool-clog'd.

Er. Now you are free.
If you can think your self so, and but yield
Unto my present Counsel.

Cam. Do so Lady
Before you are mist within. Here is the Closet,
And here's the Key in your own hands. And presently I'll fetch a Priest.

Er. You see
I still deal fairlie w'ye; and give you power
To keep guard on your self.

Bli. And yet I yield
My self your prisoner.

Cam. In: some body comes.
She will be yours. And let me tell you, sir,
I wish you as much joy with her, as I
Have with my Cock.

Er. You have befriended me
In this good enterprize: And one good turne
Requires another. And now for that I told you,
Touching your wife, your Cock you so rejoyce in.

Cam. Alas, alas, good Gentlemen, you would
fain
Ha'me be jealous. *Honi soit, y'are short.*

Enter Val. Hannah.

Er. Stand by and observe.

Val.

Val. Do you begin to boggle,
And when I fend for twenty pieces, do you
Send me but ten ?

Cam. What's that ?

Er. Nay mark.

Val. I pray,
What have I had in all by your account.

Han. At several times, you have had fifty pounds
of my poor husbands money.

Val. What's that to the free pleasure of my body
Which must afford you sweet and lustie payment ?
You froward Monkey. But perhaps you ha' got
Some new-found Horn-maker, that you may think,
Deserves your husbands money better, for
Doing his Journey-work, one o'the *Monfieurs*,
Or both perhaps i'th' house here under's Antlers,
It must be so, why else of all the town,
Must I be one o'th' last that must take notice
Of your new College here, your brazen-face Col-
lege
Of feates and fine fagaries ? do you grow weary of
me ?

Han. Do you grow wilde ? speak lower, do you
mean to undo me ?

Val. Will tother fifty pound undo thee, I have
loft
All that I had within among your *Monfieurs*.
And you must yield supply or lose a friend
Of me.

Cam. What a way would so much money have
gone in betts at the ducking pond ?

Han. Will no lesse serve your turn then fifty ?

Val. No lesse. All makes (you know) but a
just hundred.

And there I'll stick ; and stick close to thee too,
Else all flies open. What care I who knows

Your

Your credits breach, when you respect not mine.

Cam. 'Tis too well known already; All's too open.
My house, my purse, my wife, and all's too open.

Han. O me, undone.

Cam. Was ever loving husband
So much about'd ?

Val. Enquire among your neighbours.

Er. Be patient man.

Cam. O thou close whore.

Val. Take heed sir, what you say.

Eene now you said she was too open, sir.

Y'are in two tales already.

Han. I feare he's mad

Or jealous, which is worfe.

Val. Pish, *Honi soit.*

He jealous, he defies it.

Cam. Do you deride me ?

Sir, you can witnesse with me, he confest
Receipt of fifty pounds my wife has lent him,
(False woman that she is) for Horn-making,
Job Journey-work.

Han. You are deceiv'd.

Cam. I know.

(At least I think) I am deceiv'd in both.

My money and thy honesty, but the Lawes
In both shall do me right, or all shall flie for't.
I'll instantly to counsel.

Han. Hear me first.

Er. By all meanes hear her first, Pray grant her
that.

Cam. I dare not look on her, lest I be tempted
To yield unto my shame and my undoing

Val. Will you not heare your Cock, your Nanfie
Nanny Cock.

Han. Time was you would not ha' denied me
that.

O

Cam.

Cam. Nor any thing, if my Cock had but stood upon't.

Such was my love, but now,

Han. But now y'are jealous.

Cam. Have I not cause?

Han. Here's tother fifty pieces. take 'hem fir.
They are full weight, and truly told.

Val. Brave wench.

Han. If you will law, fir, you shall law for something.

Cam. What dost thou mean?

Val. I hope she 'll humble him so,
That he shall keep our chamber door for us,
While we get boyes for him. A dainty Rogue,
She tempts me strongly now. Would she would
call me

About it presently.

Han. That money fir
May serve to countenance you among the Gamesters
Within, that blew you up. The Lady widow
May think the better of your credit too,
Being so good i'th' house.

Val. I'll streight amongst 'em.

Cam. Councel me not fir. All my joyes are gone.
I cannot think now what a ducking pond
Can be good for, except to drown me in't.

Er. Alas, poor man, I was in this too busie.

Han. Stay, you shall promise me before my husband,

That you will never more attempt my chastity.

Val. That bargaine's yet to make. Though before him

I may say much, I will not stand to that
For all the wealth he has.

Han. You shall protest
Then, fairly, as you are a Gentleman

You

You never have enjoy'd me.

Cam. I like that.

Val. No, no, I cannot safely, for in that I shall furrender up my interest In's house; and he may warne me out on't. No, Take heed o'that. 'Tis not his tother hundred Shall make me flip that hold.

Cam. I am lost again.

Han. What a bold thief is this! Pray heare me, fir.

You may remember that I ask't you once What Countreyman you were.

Val. Yes, when you first cast your good liking on me, and I told you.

O'th' Isle of *Wight*: And what o' that?

Han. And you

Call Captain *Hardyman*, their father-in-law.

Val. You wrong me basely, to say I call him any thing: for he gives me nothing.

Han. You wrong him basely. Look you, Can you reade.

Val. I had done ill to venter (as I ha' done) On *Salisbury* plain else. Hah, what's here That daughter. I sent you order to receive for me an hundred pounds. If you finde that your brother the Spendthrift *Val. Askal*, (Zookes that I) be in any want, furnish him according to your own discretion. I am *Val. Askal*, where's the money? My hundred pound, ha' you't.

Han. It seems a Sister of yours had it. Ha' you a sifter?

Val. He had a daughter by my mother, but He plac'd her out a childe, I know not where. Where's that young whore trow? *Hannah* I think her name was. Hang me if I know directly.

Cam. My wives name's *Hannah*, fir.

(c)

O 2

Han.

Han. I am that sifter, brother, but no whore.

Er. Now *Val.* your brags to make men think you lay with her.

Han. You have your hundred pound fir. Look you, husband.

This is my fathers letter which you wrote on.
That which you dar'd the devil and Clerks to counterfeit, reade your own hand.

Cam. *Honi soit qui maly pense.*

Er. I must admire this woman.

Val. Dost think I did not know thee.

Han. No fir, nor would I that you should,
Till I had foil'd you in your course,
And had my will to make my husband jealous.

Cam. My Cock, my Cock again, my Nanny cock
Cock-all, my Cock-a-hoop, I am overjoy'd,
See, see thy father too.

Enter Matchil, Hardy, Lafoy, Cash.

Mat. This is the woman.
To whom I paid your money.

Hard. 'Tis my daughter—
My blessing on you.—What are you here too.

Vol. And ask you blessing too. Your hundred pound Has bound me to't. Heaven bleffeyou. Here's halfe one still, yes, and the better halfe, for tother's spent.

Hard. O y'are a great good husband.

Val. I would be one. And here's a good rich widow

Now in the house, your countenance may help me,
My Sister and my Brother both can tell you,
How orderly and civilly I live.

Cam. O wag.

Hard. 'Tis like fir, I shall prove your Furtherer.
What is she?

Val.

Val. That Merchants Sister, and a Lady fir.
I would not have him heare.

Hard. We'll talk aside then. [talk aside,

Mat. In that I'm partly fatisfied.

Er. I love you fir,
And waited on your wife but as your Spie,
For feare he might have led her to more folly.

Mat. But saw you not two such Damfels here ?

Er. Here are
Some in the house that would not be seen by us.

Cash. Because they thought you'd know 'hem.

Er. And if that
Old fellow be your brother *Strigood*, 'tis most
ftrange.

Mat. You know not him here do you ?

Er. No not I.

Mat. 'Tis my man *Cash*.

Er. Most wonderful.

Mat. We shall know more anon.

Laf. Pray haste fir, to discovery : I would faine
Once see my daughter.

Mat. I would see a little
The fashions o'the house first.

Cash. Pray obfcure
Your selves in that by-room there, where you may
See and hear all that paffes, nor can any
Passe out o'th' house without your notice.
The Gentlemen and I will mix again
With the Society, if they please.

Er. Agreed.

Within Strigood. Where are you Gentlemen ?

Er. Come away *Val*.

Mat. Is not that the Hell-hounds voice ?

Cash. Yes, 'tis your brother.

Mat. Good Captain go with us upon discovery.

Han. I'll feat you to see all, and be unseen.

Cam. Do so good Cock. Do so now sir, I'll
fetch the Priest. *Ex. Han. Hard. Mat. Lafey.*

Enter Strigood.

Stri. O Gentlemen, you have lost such sport, the
Lady

And Merchants wife have been by th' cares.

Cash. Could not
The old Knight part 'hem?

Stri. He has done his best,
And almost lost his eyes in the adventure
Betwixt the Furies tallons.

Er. But are they friends agen?

Stri. And deep in complement.
Our school affords no such in act or language.

Enter Lady, Rach.

La. Sister, Indeed I am too much your trouble.

Ra. Pray Madam let me serve you truly truly.
I'll be your servant for a yeare and a day.

La. Indeed, indeed you wrong your self, I am
yours.

Ra. I am your servants servant, and will serve
Under your Ladiships Cook to do you service.

La. Indeed you may not.

La. If I may not be
Accepted for your household servant, let me
Become your Chare-woman in any office
From Cupboard to Close-stool, I can do all
To do your Ladiship service.

Val. This now favours of Complement indeed!

Ra. In sooth, 'tis sooth, forsooth the tale I told
you.

Enter

Enter Neh.

Neh. Well acted mother.

La. Y' are too obsequious
Good gentle Sister.

Ra. I am short of good.
Gentle I grant I am, for I bite nobody.
Command me then sweet Madam.

Neh. And very well acted Nant.

La. O you shall pardon me.

Ra. I am no Pope, for your sake would I were.

La. Your courtesie o'recomes me.

Ra. O not so.

I wish it could forsooth, would it were better for you.

Neh. Exceeding well acted o'both sides.
Mother and Aunt f'footh, Amardla you have done't
Better than the two School-Mystresses to day
Could do their Whatshicomes, their Complements
I think you call 'hem. But I ha' lost my Mystresse
To complement withal. Mrs. *Blithe Tripshort*
Has out-strip't me, Amardla that she has.

La. Where's her wife Uncle should ha' look't to
her.

Neh. He's crying all about the house for her,
But cannot finde her. How shall I have her now?

La. Thou shalt not have her boy, she's naught.

Neh. Then he's
Naught too. You sha'nt have him.

La. Nor will, I feare not.

Neh. Think of the Gentleman mother that out-
fac'd

The Frenchman for me. I would you had a thou-
sand such in *France* now.

Val. God-a-mercy boy.

Er. Peace, hear a little more.

²⁷ VOL. II. (c)

Enter

*Enter Camelion.**Cam.* Sir, come away.

I have found a carelesse Curate, that has nothing
but a bare Coat too loose shall chopt't up presently.
And give him but a piece, he'll fear no Cannon.

Er. I am bound to thee for ever. *Ex. Cam. Er.**Stri.* Whither goes he ?*Val.* No matter, let him go t'untrusse perhaps.*Enter Whimlby, Ephraim.**Eph.* I say she is i'th house.*Whim.* She's gone, she's gone.

Whim. She's flown out of a window, or chim-
ney top then.

I'm sure I watch't the door with open eyes
E're since you entred, as my Lady charg'd me,
Left her childe might slip out to play i'th' street.

Neh. And I am here you see. He cannot see
He has no more eyes then a sucking pig,
And yet he weeps like a roasted one.

Whim. I am abut'd,
And render me my Neece,
You have stolne her for your sonne.

La. My sonne defies her,
As I do you, old whining wither'd fellow,
That has no moisture in him but for teares.

Val. That is my Cue. A young well-govern'd
man

Were fitter, Madam.

Ra. Where have you been servant ?*Val.* I speak to my Lady.

Ra. My Lady, I think you said.
Are you so stout sir, hah ?

La.

La. I rather think he plays the cunning hypocrite
With his false teares, and packt her hence himself.

Ra. My Lady mindes you not, and I can learn
To give you a broad-side too.

Eph. Madam, that cannot be, for I have seen
All that went out, or came into the house
Since you. Here came a Church-man in ere while.

Whim. A Church-man ! then I fear she's closely
married unto her wo and mine.

Neh. Perhaps to me.
Behinde my back you said she would do so.
And before him came in your brother *Matchil*.

La. My brother, who her husband ?

Eph. Yes, with others.

Ra. My husband, I think you said. What a foule
house these washing dayes make ?

Val. Nay, 'tis no Jest. Now Ladies let me tell you.
And sad Sir *Swithin* ; pray lend all your eares.

Stri. Cash, we are betrayed *Cash* if we be not
nimble.

I smell a Fox, Hy thee up quickly *Cash*,
And hurry down the wenches. We'll make bold with
My Ladies Coach to hurry us away.

Enter Matchil, Hardy, Lafoy, Hannah.

Mat. But not too fast. Go sir, fetch down the
wenches.

Thou shamelesse Reprobate. Dost thou hang thy
head now ?

I'll take a course to hang the rest o'thee.
Your Ladiships well met at the new school,
So is your Chare-woman. Ha' you profited
By the devils doctrine here ? you weep sir *Swithin*
For the iniquity of the times.

Neh. You mean
His Neece, pray Vncle did you meet her.

(c)

She's

She's gone away too, after my Cousin *Joyce*,
And the French maid, I think, she is here agen.

Enter Eras. Blithe, Camelion.

Amardla, wipe your eyes, and look Sir *Swithin*,
The tother honest Gentleman has found her.
And let him take her for his paines for me.

Er. I thank your love. But fir, 'tis your consent
We only seek.

Mat. Sir *Swithin*, let 'em have it,

Mat. This is the Gentleman I would have spoke
for:

In birth, in meanes, in person every way
Deferving her, Take him upon my word.

Hard. And Madam, since you stick but upon
Joyncture,
Having heard lately well of his husbandry.

Han. Thank a good sister, fir.

Hard. I will secure you
Three hundred pounds a year, your brother knows
me.

Mat. Will make good his word. Agree by your
selves.

Lad. Upon these termes, 'tis like we shall agree.
Sir *Swithin* are you pleas'd.

Whim. Pleas'd or displeas'd.
It seems they are married.

Cam. Yes, I assure you,
I saw their hands joyn'd, and I heard 'hem both
Answer the Priest.

Whim. I will no longer whine.
Heaven give you joy, As y'are your owne, y'are
mine.

Cam. There are more weddings i'th' house, your
daughters,
Are linck't by this time to the two young French-
men.

Mat.

Mat. His daughters ? ours I fear ? what *French* ?
where are they ?

Enter Cash, two sounes, Joy, Gab.

Cash. Here sir, undone I feare.

Mat. What are you married.

Mat. Jun. Sir, she is mine, I must and will maintain it.

Laf. Jun. And she is mine.

Laf. This is your sonne. And this
Is mine.

Mat. This is your daughter. And this mine.
Each married to her brother.

Laf. Jun. *Mon Pere Je desire vestre Benediction
Four pour moy & ma fennue.*

Laf. You are lost children all, was ever thread
By fate so crossely spun, so crossely wed ?

Mat. I know not how to blesse you, or to look
On your incestuous eyes.

Laf. Jun. What is dat Incest,
We have commit noting, we have no time,
Since we were marry for so much as kisse,
Begar no point so much as but one kisse.

Har. Be not dismay'd. These marriages are none.
The error of the persons nullifies
The verbal ceremony ; and 'tis well
They past not unto further rites : I'll finde
A lawful way to clear all this. And then
As you and they consent, they shall exchange
And marry in due order.

Laf. Jun. Sir I tanck you.
You've speak very well. And we shall make.
De exshange presently. A new exchange,
De new Exshange indeed, for de husbands
To shange the wifes before they can be wearie.

Prenez mon frere, la voici la' une pour lautre.

Dere, is one for anoder

Har.

Har. Is each party
Agreed, and so content ?

Mat. F. Gab. We are.

Jo. And we.

Laf. Ju. Wee wee, *I en suis tresbien contult.*

Mat. Ju. Provided that we have our fathers
leaves and counsels.

Mat. Can you seek fathers leaves or counsels now,
That have run from 'hem in your disobedience,
Into the snares of hell : too farre I fear
To be releast. O hell-bred Villain.

Stri. Your brother o' one side.

Mat. Ju. Lend but a patient eare.
And by my hopes of your desired pardon
I'll quit you of your feare. 'Tis true, my duty
At my Arrival should have wing'd me to you,
But hearing of your late, ill talk't on marriage.

Mat. O that root of mischief.
And of my Sisters flight, as loth to appear to you,
As to presume a welcom ? I was curious
First to observe the Town, and taste the newes ;
When more by Providence then accident,
Here we made choice of lodging, saw and lik't
The practices of the Society,
Until this wicked man, (who still presumes
To call you brother,) finding us youthful strangers,
And (as he might suppose) wanton——

Mat. He made
A bargain with you for their Maidenheads.

Cash told me that, and how that hellish purpose
Was vertuously declin'd.

Stri. O counterfeit *Cash*.

Mat. But must you therefore, knowing whose
sons you were.

Marry you knew not whom.

Mat. Ju. Pardon me, sir,

Our

Our loves were noble, and by due enquirie,
Fetch't from each others faithful breast, the know-
ledge
Of each other.

Mat. What! and marry then
Each his own Sister? Riddle me not to death.

Mat. Jun. Sir, I have done. And now that I
have said
The worst that might have hapned by his practice,
To make his shame or his repentance greater,
Who only was my aim. We are not married,
None of us all are married one to other.

Cam. No, I assure you sir. Howere I li'd
At their request, (small matter for a friend)
I saw all the hurt the Priest did here to day.
That was upon them two there.

Er. Thank you sir.

Mat. You shall be then. And so take hands in
earnest.

Is't not a double Match *Lafoy*?

Laf. Without
All manner of condition I consent.

Mat. I am full of joy.

Cash. O can you pardon me sir.

Mat. Good boy, good boy. I know not how a City
Could stand without such Prentices. And hope
This wants few such. But what canst thou now say
Brother, o'one side for thy selfe. Speak quickly,
While the good humour holds me to be friends
With all the world: yet yonder's one lies heavy
Athwart my stomach.

Stri. Y'are full of joy you say.
And I say had it been within my power,
To have broke your heart, I had don't. Therefore
in me
Be comforted and love me; for I finde

I have no power to hurt you, and will therefore Attempt no further.

Mat. Brotherly spoke in troth.
And worthily worth an hundred mark a month,
Shall ha't.

Stri. Know then into the bargain, that
I forg'd the letter that suggested to you
My Nephews death, in hope of means that way.

Mat. Honestly said again. Now what say you?

Ra. I say that I am humbled on my knees.
I beg your pardon.

Mat. All's too well me thinks.
But heark, before you break up school; lets have
One frisk, one fling now, one cariering dance.
And then pack up.

Omn. Agreed, Agreed, Agreed.

Stri. Play then *Les tous ensembles.*

Neh. That's the French name on't, Uncle, 'tis in
Dutch call'd All-to-mall; and I call it in *English.*
Omnium Gatherum, 'tis the daintiest daunce.
We had it here to-day. I and my mother,
My Aunt and all can daunce in't, as well as the
best,

With everyone in their own footing. Now observe

Daunce.

Mat. You have done well. Now pray lets break
up school.

Hard. But yet not break up house. My sonne
and daughter
Have given me power to call their Supper mine.
To which I'll give you welcome, Ale and wine.

Deus dedit his quoque finem, laus Deo.

FINIS.

THE
Q U E E N
And
CONCUBINE.
A
COMEDIE

BY RICHARD BROME

*Asperius nihil est Humili cum surgit in Altum.
———Si vis vincere, disce pati.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for *A. Crook*, and *Hen. Brome*, at the
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Drammatis Personæ

Gonzago. King of *Sicilie*.

Gonzago. His Son the Prince.

Horatio. An old humorous Courtier.

Lodovico. *Eulalia's* faithful Counsellor.

Flavello. alias *Alphonso*, *Alinda's* Sycophant.

Four Lords, two Bishops.

Sforza. }
Petruccio. } Two Rivall Generals.

Two other Captains and Souldiers.

Strozso. }
Fabio. } Two cashier'd Lieutenants.

A Doctor. }
A Midwife. } Suborned false witneffes against *Eula-*
lia.

Pedro. A Gentleman of *Palermo*.

Poggio. }
Lollo. } Two chief Inhabitants of *Palermo*.

Three or four Countrey-men of *Palermo*.

Curat. }
Cryer. } Of *Palermo*.
Guard. }

Andrea. *Eulalia's* Fool.

†ago. }
ugio. } Two other her Servants.

Jaylor. Women.

King's Guard *Eulalia*, The banish'd Queen.

Petruccio's Servant. *Alinda*, the veil'd Concubine.

Genius of Eulalia. Three or four Girls.

The Scène *Sicilie*.

The

The first Song, for pag. 88.

W Hat if a Day, or a moneth, or a year
Crown thy Delights
With a thousand wish'd contentings ?
May not the chance of a Night or an Hour
Crofs thy Delights
With as many sad Tormentings ?
Fortune, Honour, Beautie, Birth,
Are but blossomes dying.
Wanton Pleasures, doating Mirth,
Are but Shadows flying.
All our Joys
Are but Toys,
Idle thoughts deceiving :
None hath power
Of an Hour
In our lifes bereaving.

The second Song, for pag. 111.

(Hours
H Ow blefs'd are they that waft their wearied
In solemn Groves, and solitarie Bowers,
Where neither eye nor Ear
Can see or hear
The frantique mirth
And false Delights of frolique earth :
Where they may sit and par
And breath their purfy Soul
Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want
Afflicts ; nor fullen care controuls.
Away false Joys, ye Murther where ye kisse.
There is no Heaven to that, no Life to this.

A C T



ACT I. SCÖEN I.

Enter Horatio, Lodovico.

Hor. **T**He clouds of Doubts and Fears are now
dispers'd,
And Joy, like the resplendent Sun, spreads forth
New life and spirit over all this Kingdom,
That lately gasp'd with Sorrow. *Lod.* Now the
Court
Puts on her rich Attire, and like fresh *Flora*,
After the blasts of winter, spreads her Mantle,
Deck'd with delightful Colours, to receive
The jocund Spring, that brings her this new life.

SCÖEN II.

*Enter Flavello bare before the Prince, the Queen
Eulalia, Alinda, Attendants, Hoboys,*

Hor. The Queen comes on, Joy in that face ap-
pears.

That lately was overwhelmed in her tears,

Lod. and Hor. Health and perpetual Joy unto the
Queen,

Eul. Thanks my good Lords, I am prepar'd to
meet it.

How neer's the King? *Hor.* At hand, my Sovereign.

Eul. Welcome that happy word that leads the way,
but yet he is not come, he is not here :

Never so sweet an expectation

B

Appear

Appear'd so tedious : pray set on apace,
 That I may live yet to an interview
 With my lov'd honour'd Lord. *Hor.* That your delay
 May seem less grievous, hear this by the way,
 A brief relation of the Kings success
 In this late well-won Battail.

Eul. Be it so.

But mention not his dangers, good my Lord.

Hor. That were to make his Conquest nothing
 worth :

It would make Victory upon his head,
 As she had flown into his Burgonet,
 To throw her from a storm, and not to sit
 Or rather stand triumphant on a foot,
 With display'd wings upon the utmost Sprigg
 Of his high flourishing Plume, vaunting her safety
 So perch'd and so supported by his Valour.

Prin. Pray Mother hear the dangers too ; the
 worst

Will make the best the sweeter : I could hear
 Of dangers yet to come ; and Women may
 Discourse of Perils past each Holy-day.

Hor. Well said, young Prince, right of the Kings
 own Metal :

And gracious Madam, let me tell you, though
 You do not love to hear of blood and danger,
 Y'have brought a Warrior forth, I do foresee't :
 I love to speak my thoughts, I hope you trust me,
 A right old Courtier I, still true to th' Crown.

Prin. How this old fellow talks ! you said, my
 Lord,

You would discourse the Battail. *Ho.* Excellent
 Prince,

I was i'th' way : but the Queen put me out on't.

Eul. Well, well my Lord, deliver't your own way.

Hor. Then, humph, humh, humh, in my own way.
 But by the way, no way to derogate From

From the Kings matchless resolution.
 A word or two of the best Soldier
 In all the world, (under the King I mean,
 I know my limits) that's our brave General,
 Lord *Sforza*, Madam, your stout Country-man,
 Though our Kings Subject now; that bore him so
 At the great marriage-Triumph in Tourneament,
 Tumbling down Peers and Princes, that e'er since,
 He's call'd your Champion, and the Queens old
 Souldier.

Eul. But what of him now in the battail ?

Hor. Marry but this, That as we have a King,
 And as the King brings victory, nay life,
 Home to his Queen, his Country and our comforts,
 Next under Heaven we are to give the praise
 To this old Souldier, to this man, the man
 Indeed, another man is not to be
 (Except the King) nam'd in this Victory.

Eul. You seem my Lord to honour *Sforza* yet
 Before the King.

Hor. Excuse me gracious Madam,
 I know my limits : what ? before the King ?
 I am an old Courtier I, still true to th' Crown,
 But thus it is declar'd, that in the battail,
 When in the heat of fight the mingled bloods
 Of either Army reek'd up to the Sun,
 Dimming its glorious light with gory vapour,
 When slaughter had rang'd round about the field,
 Searching how by advantage to lay hold upon our
 King.

Eul. Prithee no more. *Prin.* Good mother.

Hor. At last she spied and circled him about
 With Spears and swords so thickly pointed on him,
 That nothing but his sacred valour could
 Give light for a supply to his relief,
 Which shin'd so through and through 'his wals of foes,

As a rich Diamond 'mongst an heap of Ruines,
 And so was found by the quick eye of *Sforza*,
 When like a Deitie arm'd with wrath and Thunder,
 He cut a path of horror through the Battail
 Raining down blood about him as he flew,
 Like a prodigious Cloud of pitch and fire,
 Until he pierc'd into the straight, wherein
 The Royal Person of our King was at
 His last bare stake of one life to a thousand.

Eul. I dare not hear it, yet.

Hor. Then in a word, old *Sforza* fetcht him off,
 And with his sword which never touch'd in vain,
 Set him i'th' heart of of 's Army once again.

Eul. That I like well.

Hor. That did your Champion, Madam,
 The Queens old Souldier, and your Father, Lady :
 D'ye fimple at it ? such a Souldier breaths not,
 Only the King except : now note the Miracle,
 The King receiv'd and gave new life at once
 Of and unto his Army, which new life
 Was straight way multipli'd, as if the lives
 Of all the slain on both sides were transfus'd
 In our remaining part, who with a present fury
 Made on with that advantage on the Foe,
 That the whole field was won as at one blow.
 I am prevented. [Shout within, Victory]

Scœn. III.

*Enter Captain, Drum and Colours, King and
 Sforza, Souldiers.*

*The King embraces and kisses the Queen, the Prince
 and Alinda.*

King. Now cease our Drums, and furle our En-
 signes up: Dif-

Dismiss the Souldiers, hostile Armes surcease,
Whiles we rejoyce, safe in these Armes of Peace.

Sfor. Go Souldiers, better never stood the shock
Of danger, or made good their Countreys cause.
Drink this to the Kings health and victory.

Sold. Heaven blefs the King, and our good Ge-
neral *Sforza*.

Again. Long live the King and *Sforza*, *Sforza*
and the King,

Kin. The King and *Sforza*, *Sforza* and the King,
Equal at least, and sometimes three notes higher,
Exit Capt. and Sould.

Sound *Sforza's* namethen doth the Kings : the voyce
Of the wild People as I pass'd along
Threw up his praises neerer unto Heaven
Ever methought then mee : but be it so,
He has deserv'd well, now let me again
Embrace the happie comforts of my life.
Through deadly dangers, yea through death it self,
I am restor'd unto my Heaven on Earth,
My wife and Son : a thousand blessings on thee.
Say, dearest life, whose prayers I know have been
Successful to me in this doubtful War,
How welcome am I ?

Eul. That's more than I can speak :
For should I bring comparisons of the Spring,
After a Frosty winter to the Birds,
Or rich returns of ventures to the Merchant,
After the twentieth currant news of Shipwrack,
Redemption from captivity, or the Joyes
Women conceive after most painful Childbirths,
All were but Fabulous nothings to the Blifs
Your presence brings in answer to my Prayers:
Heaven heard me at the full : when I forget
To send due praises thither, let me die
Most wretched, though my gratitude shall never
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Sleep to th' inferior means, e'en to the meanest
 Souldier assistant to your safe return,
 Especially to you good *Sforza*, Noble Souldier,
 I heard of your fidelitie. *Sfor.* My duty Madam.

King. Are you one of his great Admirers too ?
 The world will make an Idol of his Valour,
 While I am but his shadow : Ile but think on't,
 Indeed he's worth your favour, he has done wonders.

Sfor. Let me now speak, I may not hear these
 wonders bounc'd.

King. You do forget yourself. *Eul.* What says
 my Lord ?

King. Nay I have done.

Gonzago, you and I have chang'd no words yet ;
 I have brought Victory home, which may perhaps
 Be checkt at when my heat shall fall to ashes.
 How will you maintain your Fathers quarrels ore
 his Grave ?

Pain. I do not hope t' outlive you Sir, but if I
 must,

I sure shall hope to keep your name and right
 Alive whilst I live, though I cannot hope
 To have so good a Souldier at my Standard
 As Warlike *Sforza*. *King.* This is more and worse
 Then all the rest : the childe has spoken plainly,
 I had been nothing without Warlike *Sforza* :
 Ile make him nothing, and no longer stand
 His Cypher that in number makes him ten.
 My Lords, my thanks to you for your due care
 In my late absence.

Hor. All was Loyal Dutie,
 As we are old Courtiers Sir, still true to th' Crown.

King. I have found you faithful. *Hor.* It befits
 true Statesmen

Watchful to be at home 'gainst civil harms,
 When Kings expose themselves to hostile Arms.

King.

King. There's a State-Rime now : but *Horatio*,
Has not *Petruccio* visited the Court
Since our departure? *Hor.* Pox on *Petruccio*.
Bless me, and be good to me : how thinks your
Grace of my Allegiance, and can ask
Me that Question? *King.* Now he is in his Fit.

Hor. The Hangman take him. *Petruccio* King?
Peugh, peugh ; I hate to name him.
How can you think your State had been secur'd
If he had breath'd amongst us? That vile wretch,
Whom in your Kingly wisdom you did banish
The Court for a most dangerous Male-content,
After his just repulse from being your General,
When he durst stand in Competition
With brave deserving *Sforza* here, the best
Most absolute Souldier of the world.

King. Still *Sforza* ! *Hor.* Except your Majesty.

King. There is an Exception wrung out,

Hor. He comes at Court by my permission?
I should as soon be won to set your Court
On fire, as see him here.

King. Send for him speedily.

Hor. [*Starts*] Your Majesty is pleas'd to have it so.

King. And upon your Allegiance
Which you so boast of, let me have him here,
And very speedily ; Ile have your head else.

Hor. Nay since it is your Highness pleasure, and
So seriously commanded, I will send
My own head off my shoulders, but wee'll have him :
In what you can command, I dare be Loyal.

King. Look to it, [*goes to the Queen*] *Hor.* It must
be so, this is one of his un-to-be-examin'd hastie
Humours, one of his starts : these and a devillish gift
He has in Venerie, are all his faults.
Well, I must go, and still be true to th' Crown.

Exit Horatio.

Lod.

Lod. *Petruccio* sent for ! who for braving of
Brave *Sfarsa* here, so lately was confin'd.

Flav. I cannot think the Court must hold 'm both
At once, less they were reconcil'd, which is
As much unlikely : what do you think my Lord ?

Lod. I know not what to think.

King. She *Sforsa's* Daughter, say you ?

Queen. Yes my Lord.

King. She's a right handsome one : I never knew
he had a Daughter.

Eul. He brought her o'er a Childe with me,
when happily I came your Bride, bred her at home,
she never saw the Court, till now I sent for her to
be some comfort in your long absence.

King. *Sforsa's* absence, I fear you mean, [*aside.*

Eul. And trust me Sir, Her simple Countrey In-
Innocence at first

Bred such delight in me, with such affection,
That I have call'd her Daughter, to embolden her.

King. O did you so ? *Eul.* And now she has got
some spirit,

A prettie lively spirit, which becomes her
Methinks so like her Fathers. *King.* Very good.
I like her strangely. *Eul.* What was that she said
To you *Gonzago* ?

Gonz. That Heaven might ha' pleased
T' have fashion'd her out to have been a Queen.

King. Comely Ambition.

Sfor. Reconcile all quickly,
Or you had better never have been born,
Then disobey my last command, which was
Never to see the Court till I induc'd you.
Do you stare at me ?

Alin. I but obey'd the Queen.

I hope shee'll answer't. *Sfor.* No more, I'll talk
with you anon.

King.

King. Come *Sforza*. Welcome to Court, so is your Daughter too, I have tane notice of her: O fairest, welcome. *Kisses her. Sforza storms.* Come you both with me this night, weel Feast: Pray bid us welcome all, as but one Guest.

Eul. I shall in all obey you. *Alin.* And for this. Less then a King I shall abhor to kifs. *Exeunt.*

Scæn. IV.

Enter Petruccio.

Petr. Repuls'd? disgrac'd? and madethescorno'th' Court?

In the advancement of an upstart stranger,
Because he is the Queens dear Countrey-man?
Have I for all my many Services,
Found the reward of being made an outcast?
Could not the King be pleas'd, though he advanc'd
Sforza unto the Honour I deserv'd,
To trust me in his service? could he think
My sword could be an hinderance in the Battail,
Or have delay'd the winning of the Field?
And must his Court and preface which I have
With my observance dignifi'd, reject me
Now, as a dangerous and infectious person!
Tis a new way to gratifie old Souldiers.
So soon return'd? I do commend thy speed.
The news at Court. *Enter Servant in haste: switch.*

Serv. The King's come bravely home,
And every ear is fill'd with Victory,
But chiefly with the Fame of *Sforza's* Valour.

Petre. Sforza? *Ser.* Lord *Sforza* Sir, I cry him
mercy,
The new Lord General.

Petr. Thou com'st too fast [*strikes him*] *Serv.* So
me thinks too, less 'twere to better purpose.

(c)

Petr.

Petr. The Fame of *Sforza's* Valour, good if it last.
What other news ?

Serv. I have told you all the best.

Petr. If thou hast worse, lets have it quicky.

Serv. You shall, That you may flie the danger.

Petr. What is't, without your Preface ?

Serv. Here are Messengers sent from the King to you ; pray Heaven all be well. Ther's the old tutchie testie Lord, that rails, and never could abide you, since the King look'd from your Honour.

Petr. Th' hast made me amends, ther's for thy news.

Is this bad news ?

Serv. Truely my Lord, I think so :
For if the King had sent to you for good,
I think he would have sent one lov'd you better.

Petr. What ? then the old Courtier ? thou knowst him not.

Ile shew him thee. He is the onely man
That does the King that service, just to love
Or hate as the King does, so much and so long,
Just to a scruple or a minute, and then he has an
ignorant Loyaltie, to do as the King bids him,
though he fear immediate death by it.

Call him in. *Serv.* They come.

Scœn. V.

Enter Horatio and guard.

Hor. My masters, come along, and close up to me :
my Loyaltie defend me, I shall not dare to trust
me in this devillish fellows reach else. And thus it
is Sir.

Petr. 'Tis thus Sir, I can tell you. [drawes]

Hor. Good friends look well to me.

Petr. You come with strength of armed men, to
bear me From

From mine own House which was my appointed
Prison,

Unto a stronger Hold. *Hor.* Look every way.

Petr. The King it seems now that his Mignon
General is Landed, cannot think him safe, and I not
Faster: which though I can prevent, I will not.
Come, what Gaol will you remove me to?

Hor. I would thou wert in Hell for me:
No Sir, I come to call you to the King.

Petr. What? with a Guard? *Hor.* That's for my
Self. I know thou lovest not me.

Petr. Nor you me, do you? *Hor.* Nor cannot,
less the King could love thee.

Petr. Why perhaps he does, you see he sends for
me.

Petr. Why if he does, I do, but 'tis more then I
know or can collect yet by his Majesties affection.

Petr. Here's an Humour now. *Hor.* I know my
Loyalty, and I know the King has sent for you;
But to what end I know not: and if it be to hang
thee I cannot help it. Look to me now my Masters.
Nor do I care, that's the plain troth on't, while the
King is pleas'd, and thou wert my Brother. I am
an old Courtier I, still true to the Crown.

Petr. I commend your Loyaltie: Come, we are
Friends. *Hor.* Look to me for all that.

Petr. Were you afraid, you came so arm'd and
guarded?

Har. That's because I would not be afraid: look
to me still.

Petr. Indeed my Lord you are welcome.

Hor. Yes, as much as I look for.

Petr. What should the King intend by this? I
fear no ill,

For I have done none; therefore I go.

Perhaps he thinks to make me honour *Sforza*.

Now

Now in his time of Jollitie, and be friends :
 I need not go for that ; he cannot do't,
 Yet I will go to tell him so : my Lord,
 My joy to see the King will post me faster
 Than your grave Loyaltie, or Massie bill-men.

Hor. Yes, prethie keep afore with thy back to-
 wards me, and so long I dare trust thee.
 Have an eye though. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Scœn. VI.

Enter King and Flavello.

King. Her Father hath surpriz'd her then ?

Flav. Yes, and means to hurry her away from
 Court this night : I heard him threaten it.

King. But he must not do't, she is too sweet *Flav-*
ello, and too fit for my embraces, to be snatch'd
 away.

Flav. Now that shee's ripe and ready for your
 use,
 Like fruit that cries, Come eat me. Ile not boast
 The pains I took to fit her to your Appetite, before
 she saw you.

King. How, my carefull Agent ? *Flav.* At first
 sight of her Feature, I foresaw
 She was compliable to your affection.
 Then by discourse I found she was ambitious,
 I ply'd her then with Pills that puff'd her up
 To an high longing, till she saw the hopes
 She had to grow by. Pray stand close, they come.

Enter.

Enter Sforza and Alinda.

Sfor. Has the air of Court infected you already?
Has the Kings kisses mov'd by adulterate heat,
Swoln you into a stubborn loathsomness
Of wholsom Counsell? Come your wayes; Ile try
If Countrey-Air and Diet can restore you
To your forgotten modestie and Duty.

Alin. What have I done amiss? *Sfor.* Do you
capitulate?

But so much satisfaction as may make
Thee sensible of shame, I will afford thee:
Didst thou not after Banquet, when the King
Heated with wine, and lust rais'd in his eyes,
Had kifs'd thee once, twice, thrice, though I
look'd on,

And all the Presence whispered their cold fears
Of the Kings wantonness and the Queens abuse;
Didst thou not then still gaze upon his Face,
As thou hadst long'd for more? O impudence!

Alin. Impudence? Sir, pray give it the right
name,

Courtship, 'twas Courtship Sir, if I have learn'd
Any since I came here.

King. Brave metal'd wench!

Sfor. I am amaz'd.

Alin. Besides Sir, the Kings kisses
Are great inestimable Honours, and
What Lady would not think her self the more
Honour'd, by how much the King did kifs her?

Sfor. And should he more than kifs, still the
more Honour'd?

Alin. It might be thought so. *Sfor.* Durst thou
argue thus?

(c)

Alin.

Alin. I know he dares not beat me here. Pray Sir.

Let me but ask you this, then use your pleasure :
(Cause you stile Impudence, that which I call
Courtship)

What Courtier sits down satisfied with the first
Office or Honour is conferr'd upon him ?

If he does so, he leaves to be a Courtier.

And not the thing we treat of. Did your self
After the King had grac'd you once, twice, thrice,
(As he kiss'd me) expect no further from him ?

Sfor. She's wonderously well read in Court
alreadie :

Who i'th' Devils name has been her Lecturer ?

Flav. Do but your Majesty observe that, and think
What pains I took with her. *Alin.* How many
Offices

Did you run through before you were made General ?

And as the more the King confers upon us,
Is more our Honour, so 'tis more the Kings,
When most his Favours shine upon Desert.

King. I like her better still. *Sfor.* Insufferable
Baggage !

Dar'st thou call anything in thee Desert ?

Or mention those base Favours which the King
Maintains his Lust by, with those real Honours
Confer'd on me, who have preserv'd his life ?

Is it such Dignity to be a Whore ?

Alin. Pray Sir, take heed : Kings Mistresses must
not

Be call'd so. *Sfor.* Dar'st thou talk thus to me ?

Alin. Yes, Sir ;

If you dare think me worth the Kings embraces,
In that neer kind, howe'er you please to stile it :
Sure I shall dare, and be allow'd to speak.

King. That word makes thee a Queen. *Sfor.* The
King dares not Main-

Maintain it. *King.* And that costs you your head.

Alin. Dear Sir, take heed ; Protest I dare not hear you :

Suppose I were advanc'd so far above you
To be your Queen, would you be therefore desperate,

And fall from what you are to nothing ? Pray
Utter no more such words, I'd have you live.

Flav. She vexes him handsomely.

Sfor. As I live she's mad. Do you dream of being a Queen ?

Alin. Why if I should, I hope that were no Treason :

Nor if I were a Queen, were that sufficient
Warrant for you, to utter Treason by,
Because you were my Father ; No dear Sir,
Let not your Passion be Master of your Tongue.

Sfor. How she flies up with the conceit ! d'ye hear ?

Alin. Because you were my Father.
Sovereignty you know, admits no Parentage.
Honour, poor petty Honour forgets Descent.
Let but a silly Daughter of a City
Become a Countesse, and note how squeamishly
She takes the wind of her Progenitors.

Sfor. She has swallowed an Ambition
That will burst her : I'll let the humour forth.

Alin. You will not kill your Child ?

Sfor. Though all Posterity should perish by it.

Alin. Not for the Jewel in your Ear.

Sfor. Impudent Harlot ! she has heard me value
This Jewel, which I wear for her dead Mother,
I would not part with, whilst I wore my Head ;
And now she threatens that : a Kingdom shall not save thy life.

Alin. Know where you are, Sir, at Court, the
Kings House. *Sfor*

Sfor. Were it a Church, and this unhallowed Room
Sanctum Sanctorum, I will bring you to your knees,
 And make me such a Recantation
 As never follow'd Disobedience ;
 I'll take thy life else, and immediately.

King. Flav. Treason ! a Guard ! Treason ! &c.

Omn. Heaven save the King. *Enter Capt. & Guard.*

King. Lay hold on *Sforza*, the dangerous Traytor.

Sfor. 'Tis *Sforza* is betray'd.

King. Away with him, see he be kept close
 Prisoner.

Flavello, see that his daughter have convenient
 Lodging.

Sfor. Let me but speak ; I hope your Majesty—

King. Let not a word come from him : hence,
 away.

What a most dangerous estate even Kings do live in ?
 When those that we do lodge so neer our Breast
 Study our Death, when we expect our Rest. *Exeunt.*

Sc  en. VII.

Enter Lodovico and Eulalia.

Lod. Be comforted good Queen, and I beseech
 Your Grace to pardon me in this command
 The King has laid upon me. *Eul. Lodovico,*
 I do, and must no less submit my self
 To the Kings soveraign will then you : and though
 I am committed to your house and custody,
 I am his Highness Prisoner : and more,
 Though I know not my crime, unless it be
 My due Obedience, I am still so far
 From grudging at his pleasure, as I fear
 To ask you what it is suppos'd to be ;
 But rather wait th' Event, which though it bring
 My Death, 'tis welcom from my Lord and King.

Lod. Was ever Vertue more abus'd then hers ?

Eul.

Eul. Yet thus much, good my Lord, without offence :

Let me demand, Is *Sforza* still close Prisoner ?

Lod. Yes, and *Petruccio* his Adversarie Governs his Place, and high in the Kings Favour.

Eul. I will not ask his Trespas neither, it Sufficeth it is the Kings highpleasure. But *Alinda*, *Sforza's* fair Daughter, what becomes of her ?

Poor vertuous Maid, is she thrown out of Favour Because I lov'd her too ? *Lod.* Alas good Queen !

Eul. What do you weep ? nay then all is not well With her, I fear. *Lod.* Good Queen, I fear so too ; And that all ill proceeds from her to you.

Eul. I may not understand thee, *Lodovico* ; I'll still retain the duty of a wife, Which though it be rejected, shall not throw Me from the path a Subject ought to go.

Lod. Two such wives more might save a Nation. But see *Petruccio* the now-powerful man, under the King.

Eul. *Horatio* with him too, are they such Friends ?

Lod. None greater since the King was pleas'd to grace *Petruccio*.

SCÆN. VIII.

Enter Petruccio and Horatio.

Petr. Madam, howe'er my Person, no less then my Authority, I know is most unwelcom to you ; I must appear, and lay the Kings Command upon you, which you must obey.

Eul. I must ? see *Lodovico*, here's a plain-Dealing Lord, that knows, my Love and my Obedience to the King, and warnes me Faithfully to observe it : good my Lord, I will obey the Kings Command in you :

Lay't on me. What must I do ? C *Petr.*

(c)

Petr. You must go to the Bar, to answer to
Those Accusations that will be brought
Against your Life and Honour, as touching
Your foul Disloyaltie unto the King.

Eul. He is a Traytor to the King and Me,
That dares accuse me of Disloyaltie.
Patience assist me, and controul my Passion.
The greatest Crime that ever I committed
Against my Sovereign, was, To be so neer
The Vice of Anger in the Presence of
One that he lov'd so well ; but pray your Pardon,
Though truly those sharp-pointed words drew Blood
From my oppressed heart: and though you love me
not,

I hope you think me innocent. *Petr.* Would I could.

Eul. You do. *Petr.* I would I durst speak what
I think.

Eul. My Lord, you ever lov'd me, can you think ?

Hor. Come, what I think, I think ; my love to
you

Was the Kings love, if it were love at all :
If he will say, he ever lov'd you, I can say so too.
But to speak truth, I know not if I did,
Or I did not ; but now you're hateful to me ;
That I dare speak, because he hates you soundly.
And your old Ruffian *Sforza*, that fell Traytor,
That would have kill'd the King : do you look up
at it ?

You may look down with sorrow enough :
Your Country-man, your brave old Champion,
He has Champion'd you sweetly it seems,
Is there no honest Woman ?

Eul. What means this unknown Language ?

Hor. Women are always ignorant of Reproof :
I'll tell you what it means, for that loves fake
You thought I lov'd you once. Or do you know
What

What *Mars* and *Venus* meant, when injur'd *Vulcan*
Had 'em in's Net? Good King, how wert thou a-
bus'd?

And this good honest, faithful, loyal Lord,
Full to the brim, of Merit, and true Valour,
By that Blade-brandishing *Sforza*, that meer Fencer,
To this great Martialist : but he is fast enough,
And all's come out, howe'er you'l answer it.

Eul. What must I answer? I know not yet your
meaning.

Hor. Nor ever shall, for me. *Pctr.* You'll know
too much

I fear, anon. Come, Madam, will you go?
The High-Court stayes your coming.

Eul. I must submit me to it, and its Laws;
But to a higher Judge refer my Cause.

Lod. Good Queen, thy wrongs are manifest,
though none

Must dare to utter them, but in our Mone.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scæn. IX.

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Mount, mount, my thoughts, above the
earthy pitch

Of Vassal minds, whilst strength of womans wit
Props my Ambition up, and lifts my hope
Above the flight of Envy Let the base
And abject mindes be pleas'd with servile Bondage;
My Breast breeds not a thought that shall not flie
The lofty height of trowing Majesty.

My power upon the weakness of the King
(Whose raging Dotage to obtain my Love,
Like a devouring flame, seeks to consume

All interpos'd Lets) hath laid a Ground-work
 So sure upon those Ruines, that the power
 Of Fate shall not controul, or stop my building
 Up to the top of Sovereignty, where I'll stand
 And dare the World to dis-commend my Act :
 It shall but say, when I the Crown have won,
 The work was harsh in doing, but well done.

Euter Flavello.

Flavello, welcom! *Flav.* Hail, my Sovereign Queen.

Alin. 'Tis a brave found, and that which my
 Soul thirsts for ;

But do not mock mine Ears. *Flav.* Believe it Madam,
 Joyn your attention but with one hours patience,
 And you shall hear the general Voice o'th' Kingdom.
 Give you that stile, with large and loud allowance.

Alin. Stile thy self happy then, in what Reward
 A Subject can receive, or a Queen give.

How moves our great proceedings? *Flav.* Fairly,
 thus :

Eulalia, for now I must no more
 Give her the Title that belongs unto
 Your Excellence, of Queen. *Alin.* Advance that
 Harmonie.

Flav. *Eulalia* is brought unto the Bar, accus'd,
 Convicted of that high offence, that instantlie
 Shall pull that Judgement on her, that shall crush
 Her into nothing. *Alin.* Appear the proofs manifest?

Flav. That was my care, it behoov'd me to work
 the Witnesse, who swore (in belief) most bravely,
 that they heard Lord *Sforza*, whom you also may
 forget now to call Father.

Alin. That without your instruction.

Flav. They swore, I say, they heard that *Sforza*
 boast

The knowledge of the Queen in carnal Lust.

Alin. Was

Alin. Was that enough? *Flav.* No, but it serv'd to put

The question to her, Was it true or not?

No, cries the Queen, nor can I think that *Sforza*

Would lay that scandal upon himself and me.

Those Witnesses were two cashier'd Lieutenants

That *Sforza* should have hang'd for Mutinies

In the late war, but threw 'em by, it seems,

To serve him in this Office: me they cost

Five hundred Crowns apiece, and well they got it.

But where I left: the Queen denies their Oath.

And though it had been true that *Sforza* had

Affirm'd as much, that had not found her guilty.

Alin. What Witnesses were next? *Flav.* Two dainty devils

Birds, a Doctor and a Midwife, who accus'd

Themselves for Bawds i'th' Action, and depos'd

I know not how many, how many, how many times,

They saw 'em link'd in their unlawful pleasures.

These were the Queens own people, and deserv'd

A thousand Crowns apiece, and had it instantly,

Afore-hand too. *Alin.* What could the Queen say then?

Flav. She denied all, but in such a patient way.

After her foolish fashion, that it gave strength

To th' Evidence against her; then she wept

For their iniquity, and gave them a *God forgive ye.*

And so attends the censure of the Court,

Which straightway will be given: they'll be set

Before my coming. *Alin.* Hast, *Flavello*, hast,

And let thy next news be to this a Crown,

That she is not a Queen, and I am one. *Exit Flav.*

This Father and this Queen I now could pity,

For being hew'd out and squar'd thus to my use,

But that they make those necessary steps

By which I must ascend to my Ambition.

They that will rise unto a supream Head
Should not regard upon whose Necks they tread.

ACT II. SCÖEN. I.

[Loud Musick.]

Enter four Lords, two Bishops, King, Prince : they sit ; Eulalia in black, Crowned ; a golden Wand in her hand, led between two Friars ; she kneels to the King, he rejects her with his hand. Enter at the other door, a Doctor of Physick, a Midwife, two Souldiers ; the King points them to the Bishops, they each deliver Papers, kifs the Bishops Books, and are dismiss'd. The Paper given to the King, He with his Finger menaces Eulalia, and sends her the Papers : she looks meekly. The Bishops take her Crown and Wand, give her a Wreath of Cypress, and a white Wand. All the Lords peruse the Papers. They shew various countenances : Some seem to applaud the King, some pity Eulalia. Musick ceases. King speaks.

King. MY Lords and loyal Peers. *Lod.* A new distinction.
Between Spiritual and Temporal. *Hor.* Good Lodovico, peace.

This is a Cause, the which, but for fair Order,
By which I am constrain'd to be a Judge,
Would rather drive me to a mourning Closet
Then to this Seat ; to shew my equal grief
Against the Crime and Shame of the Deliquent.
I see y'are all amaz'd, and cannot marvel

At

At your Astonishment, who do suffer with you
 In the great Change Honour compels me to,
 Together with Religion, fairly urging
 To an high point of Justice, which to utter
 Draws faintness from my words, chilling my Blood
 Like the departing Breath that separates Life.
 For such I held her, and so many years
 Retain'd her in the Closet of my Heart,
 Its self-Companion : that till these proofs,
 Which now like daggers by compulsive wounds
 Have made their passage, she could ne'er have
 parted.

Lod. Royal Hypocrisie ! *King.* The Proofs you
 see are plain,
 That she was found——Pray speak it for me. *Hor.*
 In Adultery.

King. And that she fought the Life of fair *Alinda*
 By Sword and Poyson both : and of that Cup
 'Tis like myself had tasted,
 For my supposed love to that wrong'd Lady.

Lod. You have given her the Bed-right that be-
 long'd to your wrong'd Queen, these twelve months.

King. Our Laws of *Sicilie* are so well rebated
 With Clemencie, and Mercie, that in this Case
 They cut not Life from one of Royal Blood,
 Onely take off (as is on her perform'd)
 All Dignities, all Titles, all Possessions,
 All means to live, even to her naked hands.
 And such, *Eulalia*, now is your condition.

Lod. To work for her living? if she were as
 young, and no honester then she for whose sake
 this is inflicted on her, she might find something
 else about her, then naked hands, to help at a liv-
 ing shift.

King. Now to this Censure, for due Orders sake.
 And for which end this Parliament was call'd ;

C

Your

Your Voyces are requir'd : do ye all approve it ?

Omn. We do. *Lod.* We must. *King.* What say you, *Lodovico* ?

Lod. We do ; Heaven knows against my heart.

Eul. My thanks unto you all, that do obey
So well with one consent your Sovereign Lord.
And sacred Sir, thus low, as it becomes me,
Let your poor Hand-maid beg, that you incline
A patient Ear to this my last Petition :
That as you cast me off, as an offence,
You will be pleas'd to think me not offended,
But pleas'd in all I suffer : for, Heaven knows,
I am as free from any Passion
Of Anger, Hate, Repining or Distaste,
Nay, as insensible of Grief or Sorrow,
Or whatsoever Anguish of the Minde,
As I was capable, for ought I know,
Of Joy or Blifs the first hour I was born.
Never made happy till I was your Bride,
In which blest state I cannot but remain,
While you are pleas'd, and I obey your will,
Though unto Death, to Banishment or Prison.
Poverty is Blessedness, in which I'll pray
For Pardon of the Sins of my Accusers,
And those that have suborn'd them. *Lod.* O poor
Woman !

Eul. So in the blest continuance of your Dayes,
I shall pray Heaven to smile on all your Wayes.

King. Nay, stay *Eulalia*, I have yet a Business
I would have pass the general Consent
Of this Assemblie, in which your Voice is useful.
Flavello ? *Exit Flavello.*

Lod. Upon my life, his Marriage with that Start-up,
That Snake this good Queen cocker'd in her Bosom,
Is not this Royal creulty ? [*Gonzago kneels to the*

Eul. You wrong your Princely Dignity: *Queen.*
Turn

Turn to the King your Father, kneel to him.

Gonz. And are not you my Mother ?

Eul. I must and can forget what I have been ;
So must not you : your Mother was a Queen.
My present fortune claims no Title in you.
Hurt not your own, by looking down on me.
This I will do as warranted by fate,
Not as a Mother, but Beadswoman, pray
For all that bliss on you a Mother may,
Good Sir, observe the King before his wrath
Take hold on you for regarding me.

[*Loud Musick.*

Scæn. II.

Enter Favello ushering Alinda like a Bride, two Virgins.

The King descends, takes her up : the Lords rise, all amazed.

King. Let your amazement cease, and now perceive

My Lords in general, that I your King,
Am Subject to this all-deserving Lady,
And do require you not alone to hear
What I can say, but without all denial
That you approve, confirm what I will say.
I am by law no less than your consent
Divorc'd, and free from all impediment
To make my second choice in Marriage,
And therefore crave *Alinda* for my wife,
And that immediately we solemnize
Our Marriage, and her Coronation.
I hope none rates our will or his own life
So meanly, as to give least contradiction.

Eul. O let me lead your voices. Long live
Gonzago

Gonzago and *Alinda*, King and Queen of Sicily.

Alin. O grofs Hyocrisie !

Eul. My Lord the Prince, pray let your voyce
be next ;

The rest will follow. Why speak you not, my Lord ?

Alin. She would fain seem to voyce in your be-
half,

But in a way that much perfwades againſt you.

Do but your Highnefs note it.

Kin. You Sir, come from that Woman.

Gonz. She was my mother when ſhe was your wife ;
And that's ſo late, I cannot yet forget it.

But I fear to offend.

Eul. O ſhew it in your Duty then, young
Prince :

'Tis true, the Law of Nature wills a Son

To be a partner in his Mothers woe ;

But Laws above that lay a ſtrong command

On Sons to obey the Edicts of their Fathers.

A Fathers frownes are Comets threatning ruine.

Let all your thoughts be free from his offence :

The moſt Heaven ſeeks, is our obedience.

In all obey the King ; think not of me :

I am no more, nay not ſo much to you

As is the Begger whom yon may relieve,

Since of all theſe comforts I am depos'd.

Lod. Faith thou hadſt not mine, good woman :
I muſt not call thee Queen now.

Eul. Or if you needs will think I am your mother,
Let it be onely in the charge I give you,
That ſince *Alinda* bleſs'd by providence
Muſt be inveſted with the Regal Crown,
You ſhew her that obedience befits a Queen,
And your dread Fathers Wife.

Alin. I fear ſhee'l turn him
Traytor, if he give more ear to her enchantments.

King.

King. Ile shew him a way to give her thanks.
Gonzago?

Gonz. My Royal and dread Father.

King. Put forth that woman :
 Do it without grudge, out of the Court,
 I mean to seek her way. Do you refuse ?

Eul. He does not, shall not, Royal Sir.
 Onely I beg that I may take my leave.
 The wishes a true Subject ought to send
 From the most humble heart up to the Throne
 Of sacred Majesty, I equally divide
 To you my King and Queen,
 Professing by the Powers you present,
 I part as well content with my condition,
 Since it is your command, as ere I was to sit in
 that Promotion.

Alin. Sir, I may not sit to be taunted and up-
 braided thus.

Eul. Pardon me, mighty Lady, I am as far
 From daring to do so, as from a Queen.
 And whilst you love the King, and he is pleas'd,
 I shall no less obey you, then I lov'd you
 When I sent for you to the Court, and there into
 this heart received you.

Alin. I am plainly jeer'd : hence that woman.

King. Away with her. *Exit Eulalia with Gonzago.*
 And let it be proclaim'd according to the extremi-
 tie of Law our Censure be observ'd.

Lod. Alas, how can she live one night ?

King. And now to your consent : have I it yet
 For Marriage with *Alinda* ? If you are pleas'd,
 Then call us King and Queen.

Omn. Long live the King and Queen.

Lod. I mean *Eulalia*. [aside]

King. Tis well : on to the ceremonies then.
 Kings were

But

But common men, did not their Power get fear.

Scœn. III.

Enter presently again, Lodovico, Horatio.

Lod. It is oppression, Tyrannie indeed.

Hor. Speak lower, good my Lord.

Lod. For fear of whom ? of what ?

Hor. You would not that the King should hear you, would you ? *Lod.* Faith if he did.——

Hor. Faith then as sure as your tongue's your own now, your whole head would be his then.

Lod. If it might so excuse the Queen, I car'd not.

Hor. It will do the Queen as much good, as the money it might be sold for in the Market ; That and the Appurtenances to it, would yield little at the Shambles. Come my Lord, speak privately, and purposely keep your head on your shoulders : it becomes the place as well as 't had been made for it. If the King have a mind to turn away his Wife, Ile give him leave to turn mine after her, to wait upon her, rather than to have my head bowl'd at her, though I were sure it should kisse the Mistress.

Lod. Oh but the ensuing danger, my *Horatio* ! The mischiefs that of necessary course must follow, even to the ruine of the State, by the Kings dotage on his second choice, draws blood from Subject hearts : Oh that lewd Woman !

Hor. She is a Woman of middle earth yet. But what shall we dare to say two hours hence ? Come, think upon Law and Regal Authoritie. The Kings Power Warrants his Acts : I know as well as you the Queen *Eulalia* (Heaven blefs her, I hope 'tis yet no Treason to pray for her) is as vertuous a Lady as ever beautified a Court, or made a Kings Bed happy, For all the Articles fram'd against her.

Lod.

Lod. The perfect Pattern of Meekness, Patience, Obedience.

Hor. Of all that's good, or should be wish'd in Woman.

Lod. So obsequious a lover of her Husband, that she gave way unto his loose affections, even to this now-she-start-up that supplants her.

Hor. She consider'd she grows old : she reads in her Sons face nigh twenty years of the Kings love to her : and gives him leave to place it now elsewhere.

Lod. And is so far from limiting his Choice, That she possesses it that seeks her blood.

My soul tels me the witnesses against

The Queen, are by this Concubine suborn'd.

Hor. I will not say so. *Lod.* You cannot chuse but think so.

Hor. My thoughts are warranted by the Proverb. But come, make up your Face, temper your voyce and looks with the rest of the most Honourable Assembly : shake off this discontent, 'tis a disease by which you'll perish else : now all the Court's in height ; you to professe distaste ! Come, be a looker on at least.

Lod. Upon a Court on Fire ? O *Horatio*, Bright Burning Troy gave not a dearer cause Of willingness to those affrighted souls She forc'd to leave her sinking in her ashes, To flie for refuge to another Region ; Nor in their flight could they by looks reverted, See danger in more horrible aspect, Than I upon the ruines of this Kingdom.

Hor. Your stay, my Lord, may prevent danger.

Lod. Yes, if it could remove the Fatal cause, The pride, the crueltie, the Ambition Of that wild Fury, the outrageous Queen, Who treads and tramples down the Government. Consider this *Horatio*, and the means To

To work this great effect : and I am yours,
To stay till it be done. *Hor. Alinda's Death.*

Who's there ? [*Looks about.*]

Lod. Is it not necessary ? no body : what d' ye
fear ?

Or can you find how to preserve the State
At a less rate ? you know too well the King,
How apt his Nature is to sell oppression.
The burden of whose cruelty long since,
If by the virtuous Clemencie of his Wife
It had not been alay'd and mitigated,
Had been a general subversion.
And now that Peerless Princessse being depos'd,
Whose vertue made her famous, and us happy ;
And he re-married to this shame of women,
Whose vileness breeds her envie and our mischief,
What can we look for but destruction ?

Hor. I dare me thinks a little hear you now,
(The Court being surfeited too with wine and noise)
And could almost talk to the point it self,
To your own ear. (*Looks about him at every word.*)
'Tis fit somewhat were done :

I cannot say what : but if the wronged Queen
Be not restor'd, we shew ingratitude,
How much, I may not say : enough to damn us,

Lod. I, now you speak.

Hor. And though I will not speak it : if the
Strumpet :

Be not conveniently and speedily destroy'd,
Though death dance with us in the enterprize,
We shall seem born more for our selves than Coun-
treys.

Lod. Brave noble resolution !

Hor. Nay more, now I will speak.

Lod. This way, good *Horatio*.

Hor. That way, or any way ; If Poyson, Sword,
Policy

Policy or Strength may do it——

Lod. Speak lower, good *Horatio*: see the Migration. [*Enter Flavello and divers Petitioners*]

Hor. What for him? my Ladies Game-keeper, that understands nothing but Monkeyes, Parrots, short-nos'd Dogs and Starlings; Master of her Majesties Foisting-Hounds.

Lod. So, he hears you.

Hor. Let him; he has no Soul to understand, nor Language to answer a Man: he knows how to dyet, disple and perfume the small Cattle he has charge of; for which rare Art, and catching Spiders for principle Pug, he is rais'd prime man in his great Mistresses favour.

Lod. How the Petitioners flock to him!

Hor. Swarm rather, for they are Bees in his head; Oh! he engrosses all the Suits, and commends them to the White Hand, whose disposing will make the whole Kingdom black in Mourning, if Fate by us prevent not. See how he carries it! We might talk what we would, for him. His well-ordered head is so taken up with Particular Affaires, he mindes no General talk.

But my good Lord, 'fore others Ears and Eyes, Pursue we our Design as all were Spies:
You and the Common Good have won me.

Lod. O I embrace you. *Exeunt.*

Scæn. V.

Enter Andrea with a Box.

Andr. Oh--Oh--and Oh-ho--O and alas! O and alack for O--O--O--that ever a true Neapolitan born, should live to see this day in *Sicily*! there O-again, O Queen--O me--what wilt thou do? O--O--what
(c) shall

shall I do ? O--thou maist work and starve ; O--and I may beg and live : O—but from thee I cannot live : O—I cannot, nor I wonnot, so I wonnot.

[Enter Jago and Rugio.]

Jag, See here's poor *Andrea* mourning as well as we,

And all the rest of the poor Queens cast-awayes.

Rug. But I can tell him comfort. *Andr.* Oh--I will hear no comfort. Rug. Yes, and be glad on't too.

Andr. Is my Queen Countrey-woman call'd back again ?

Rug. No, but the Queen *Alinda* has enquired for thee, to entertain thee into her service, whilst we and all the rest of our late Queens servants are turn'd out o'th' Court, and now at this high dinner-time too.

Andr. She would eat me, would she not ?

Jag. That would make it a Feast indeed.

Andr. But Ile not trust her on a fasting night : Fools are meat then.

Rug. Well said *Andrea*, witty in thy sorrow : I know thou wilt back again for a new Mistresse.

Andr. No, no, take you your course, and serve her if you please,
I have play'd the Fool too long, to play the Knave now.

Ile after my old Mistresse.

Rug. Thou maist not serve her ; that will be brought within compas of Relief, and then thou maist be hang'd for her.

Andr. If I be hang'd for doing good, pray let it not grieve you : and as I am an Innocent, I'll never grieve for you though you be hang'd never so justly.

Both. We thank you good *Andrea*.

Andr. Take you your swinge, let me take mine
I pray. [Flourish]

Jag. Hark, the King drinks now to his new Queen. *Andr.*

Andr. So, having turn'd his old Wife out of door,
A man may drink and frolique with his who——
Would have thought it ? did you think to catch me ?

Rug. Not I *Andrea*.

Andr. Catch me if you can : when it shall be
Treason to say there is an honest woman, Ile say my
Countrey-woman was justly condemn'd of Adultery:
and till then, I know what to say ; Catch me if ye
can. [Flourish]

Rug. There again : now the Queen drinks.

Andr. Poore woman, at what River ? *Rug.* I
mean the Queen *Alinda*.

Andr. O the new thing at home here ; I will
not call her Queen, not I : my Countrey-woman is
my Queen.

Rug. Why is not she thy Countrey-woman ?

Andr. She was when she was *Sforza's* Daughter :
But she 'has turn'd a Father out of him.

Rug. As here come some to turn us out o'th'
Court.

Scæn. V.

*Enter Horatio, Flavello, Guard, two or three
Gentlemen.*

Flav. Away with them : out of the gates, away.

Hor. See, here are more of them : more of that
hated womans Retinue : away with all.

Rug. Befeech you, good my Lord : I hope we
are true men.

Hor. As I am true to the Crown, not one of you
pesters the Court a minute longer : go, you are
trash and trumpery : and Ile sweep the Court of all
of ye : follow your Mistresse : go.

D

Flav.

Flav. The Fool my Lord shall stay: the Queen ask'd for him. *Exeunt Omn. præter Andra.*

Hor. Yes yes, the Fool my Lord, shall stay.

Andr. The Fool my Lord will not stay.

Hor. Will not? how dar'st thou say so? ha, Fool, ha? *[Seize and rifle his Pack.]*

Andr. The Fool dare say more than the wisest Lord dares do amongst ye: you will not take my own proper goods from me, will ye?

Hor. See what he carries: I heard of Plate and Jewels lost to day.

Flav. Let's see, Sir, I will see.

[Opens the Box: Coxcomb, Bable, Bells, and Coat.]

Hor. Heyday, here's stuff indeed!

Andr. Your Wardrobe cannot matcht it: pray give me all again; or if you will be the Kings and Queens Takers with that extremitie to force my goods from me, then present this to his Highness, and this to Hers; and tell them, 'tis all the poor discarded Fool could spare them.

Flav. No Sir, you shall take them with you, and a whip for advantage, unless you'll stay and serve the Queen.

Andr. No Sir, to you with an *excusee moy*, If you be your Queens Fool-taker, you may In Countrey, Court and City quickly find Fools upon Fools that I shall leave behind. New Lords (you know the Proverb) make new Laws, New Lawyers of an old make a new cause. New workmen are delighted with new Toolles, And her new Majesty must have new Fools. New fools she wants, not having you about her, While the old Fool makes shift to live without her.

Fla. Let the Fool go my Lord, 'tis but a Fool the less,
For he'll get wit by it, to wish himself here again.

Andr.

Andr. If I get but enough to keep me from Court, I care not. *Flav.* Farewell Fool, take your Trinkets with you. *Andr.* Farewell fine Lords, adieu old Courtier.

Hor. The Court unclouded of this Factious crew, Will shine on us that to the Crown are true.

Exeunt.

Scœn. VI.

Enter Sforza and Keeper as in Prison.

Sfor. Was ever man so hurried into thraldom,
And lock'd up in the ignorance of the cause,
Stronger and darker than his Prison walls?
But I must not be Sepulchr'd alive,
And therefore Keeper, though thy office be
More Devillish than thy visage, yet thy heart
May be humane: let me then conjure thee
To vent the secret forth but in a whisper;
Or shouldst thou utter't in a Tempests voyce,
As loud as are my injuries, thou art safe:
I can be here no carry-Tale: I am fast
In thine own custody, thou feest:
I pray thee tell me, what's laid upon my charge?

Kcep. All I can say, 'Tis the Kings pleasure, and you must obey.

Sfor. Do you barke sentences, Hell-hound?

Kcep. My Lord, y'are off your Command, and under mine,

You much mistake your self and me. *Sfor.* 'Tis true.

Kcep. Lions may rage in toyles: but whilst they do,
They more enthrall themselves: will you sit down,
And promise on your Honour not to force
My counsels from me? Ile deal fairly with you,
(My meaning is, to give him never a word)

Sfor. I will not lift a finger up against thee,
As I am a Souldier : now prithee tell me,
What say they is my crime ? [*shakes his head*] nay
speak it freely.

I can give it hearing : [*shruggs, &c.*]
Or tell me first if thou wilt, how fares the Queen ?
What ? art thou dumb to that too ? Answer me,
Is my Antagonist *Petruccio*
Repeal'd to Court yet ? thence may spring my mis-
chief.

Why dost not speak ? this is dogged silence,
In scorn of me, to mock my misery.
I may not wrong the Honour of a Souldier
In my Revenge, or I would thrattle thee.
[*he makes leggs.*]

You're very civil, Hell take your courtesie.

Keep. I pitie him : but must not dare to shew it.
It adds to some mens misery, not to know it. *Exit.*

Sfor. It is decreed of me, that I must suffer
This Barbarous crueltie ; and Ile bravely bear it :
I ha' not force these double walls to part,
Or mollifie the Jaylors harder heart.
May spirit then assist me to despise
And bear my scorn above my injuries.

Scœn. VII.

Enter Petruccio and Guard.

Petr. Revenge has cast her self into my hands,
Strangling the Life of *Sforza* in these Lines :
His Head is in this grasp, but where is Honour ?
Must that forsake this Brest ? must the pure heat
Of heavenly Honour, yeeld unto the scorch
Of Hell-bred base Revenge ? it must not, cannot :
For as the Sun puts out all baser Fires,

Where

Where Honour shines, thought of Revenge expires.
 Besides, he is below my Anger now;
 And has no life but forfeited to Law,
 Or the Kings Fury, I'll not question which;
 Nor was it justlie, he gave me th' Affront,
 In being made Lord General, when I stood for't.
 But the Kings self, in his Election,
 He wrong'd not me no more then I did him,
 When th' Honour was transfer'd from him to me.
 That's answer'd cleerly, I acquit thee, *Sforza*.
 But now my Loyaltie, how shall I discharge
 That special Duty I am here commanded,
 (Stand back I say) to see the Execution,
 And bring the head of *Sforza* to the King?
 What an addition here is of Advancement?
 To make me first a General, then a Hangman:
 I'll do him better Service: Loyal *Horatio*
 Would think himself now damn'd, to leave a tittle
 Of the Kings powerful pleasure unfulfil'd.

Call the Keeper. *Keep.* Here my Lord. [*Enter*

Petr. I am to see and speak with *Sforza*. *Keeper*]

Keep. Then I doubt not but your Honour has
 brought Warrant.

Petr. My Honour be your Warrant: will not
 that serve?

Keep. I will not lose the Kings Grace for all the
 Honours in the Kingdom.

Petr. Do'st know me, or my place?

Keep. Yes, I both know and honour you, as far
 as my own place gives me leave: but in this I must
 crave pardon; you may not see him my Lord, by
 a less Warrant then the Kings own Signet, and
 that fetches him out, and it please you.

Petr. But have you been so strict to all men else?
 Has no man chang'd a word with him? *Keep.* Not
 since

These Keys commanded him, I can assure you,
 Not even the Prince himself, who much desir'd it.
 I look'd as black on him, as upon you now.
 I am no white Prison-Keeper, I, to venture
 Mine own Neck for a Prisoner's, at a price,
 And give condemn'd men leave to run away :
 No, I am the black Jaylor, I, and 'tis thought,
 Lineally descended from *Cerberus*.

Petr. I must commend thy Care ; see, there's the
 Signet.

Keep. I'll fetch the Prisoner.
 May it please you to come forth, my Lord ?

Enter Sforza.

Sfor. Have I then liv'd to hear Mans voice
 again ?

Keep. Here's the Lord Marshal, and Chief General
 Of the Kings Forces, come to speak with you.

Sfor. Those Titles once were mine, but now I
 must

Attend his pleasure that is Master of them.

Petr. All leave the Room, but be at hand.

Guard. We shall. *Exeunt Keeper and Guard.*

Scæn. VIII.

Sfor. My first object from my long obscurity,
 The man that hates me most of all the world ?
 It is : his news cannot be good : not good ?
 The better : 'tis best to know the worst ; he cannot
 deceive me.

Petr. My Lord, I do presume I am unwelcom,
 Because you are possess'd I never lov'd you :

Sfor. The Court yields me such Complément ;
 this has
 No ampler Comforts in't. But y'are deceiv'd,
 For you are welcom, sowe captious Lord, y'are
 welcom. Be-

Because (love me or love me not) you speak.
 I have been here these two and twenty dayes.
 And never heard the voice of Man till now :
 Meat I have found, and Lodging ; but for Language,
 In what part of the world I am, I know not.
 Proceed ; I value your words well, you see,
 That give you six for one ; why do you not speak ?
 I have been us'd to talk with men that love me not,
 And more with Enemies, I dare besworn,
 Then Friends : come, speak, I pray, what is't you
 come for ?

Petr. Alas ! I pity him : his too too much vexation
 Has over-tam'd him. *Sfor.* Will you not speak and
 tell me ?

Petr. Pray let me ask you first ; Have you been
 kept
 So strictly from the speech of all men ?

Sfor. E'er since I was committed, and from the
 knowledge
 Of why I was committed too ; nay, he that keeps
 me,
 'Till now he call'd me forth, never spake a word :
 If I ask'd him, what News ? here he was with me :
 Or when he heard from Court ? then there again :
 Or, why I was committed ? still the same answer.
 So that I could inform myself of nothing.
 Come, if thou be'st an honest Enemy,
 Tell me something :

As thou dost with my throat cut, tell me something.
Petr. You seem to take no notice of the cause of
 your commitment.

Sfor. Further than this I cannot : 'Twas the
 Kings pleasure to command it.
 Treason was cry'd ; a Guard : away with him :
 But for what cause, unless it were for drawing
 My sword upon (O that Rebellious Girle !)

To save her from the danger of his lust,
 (Which I tell you I was doubtful of) and so Sir,
 Let me ask you, is she still about the Queen?
 My daughter Sir, I mean. *Petr.* Yes, much about
 the Queen.

Sfor. And the Queen loves her? *Petr.* As dearly
 as her self.

Sfor. Nay if you be a Souldier, now speak truly.

Petr. The Queen and shee's all one. *Sfor.* Then
 there's some hope,

The King yet keeps fair quarter with her.

Women are quickly jealous. *Petr.* He knows nothing,
 I'm confident, of all these great proceedings.

Poor man! I pity him: but Ile put him to it.

Will you now answer me as y'are a Souldier
 To some few Articles? *Sfor.* You have engag'd me.

Petr. 'Twere shame he should die ignorant of at
 least

The Accusations are laid against him.

Sfor. Come Sir, your Articles? *Petr.* You are
 accus'd

Of an intended Treason 'gainst the King.

Sfor. Who's my Accuser? *Petr.* Even the King
 himself.

Sfor. Umh, umh, umh: he should not be my
 Judge then.

It is some Devillish dream of his, or else

That Policie that Princes purchase Hell by,

With strong assurance without all exception;

That is, when Souldiers men of best desert

Have merited more then they have means to give,
 To cut their lives by whom they onely live.

Petr. You flie now from the question: y'are
 engag'd by the Honour of a Souldier

Unto that Accusation: guiltie or not guiltie?

Sfor. I am not guiltie, as I am a Souldier;

And in that Oath I would not be forsworn, To

To save as many lives, were they within me,
As perish'd by my Sword to save his One.

Petr. In that I am satisfied : now to the next,
If you will hear it ; you shall promise me
To answer without passion I or no.

Sfor. I will do what I can. *Petr.* You're next
accus'd

Of foul Adulterie with the Queen *Eulalia.*

Sfor. Hah !

Petr. Guiltie or no ? *Sfor.* No Sir, nor dares
there be

Such a suggestion in the heart of Hell.

And were he there, that thought, or could but dream
Of such a Scandal, I'd squeeze it out on's Brains.

Petr. Then I must hold you to your promise Sir.

[*Enter Guard.*]

Sfor. A wrestling towards ; away west, away.

Nay then I am betray'd. *Petr.* Forbear I pray.

[*Guard retire.*]

Sfor. He comes but to insult and to torment me.

Petr. My Lord you much forget, is not this Passion ?

Sfor. Passion of heart ! he hopes not for Salvation
That hears with patience but the repetition
Of such a blasphemie. I must not die,
Until the world be vindicated from
The redamnation such an error threatens.

Petr. You see I could oppress you ; but all for-
bear the roome. *Exit Guard.*

Sfor. Do you come to mad me ?

Petr. If you will be calm, Ile tell you what I
come for.

Sfor. As settled as a Rock beneath a mountain
Here will I sit, and hear thy loudest malice.

Petr. If this man be not innocent, vertue lives not.

Sfor. Now tell me what you come for ; and be sure
You ask no more abominable questions,

Whilst

Whilst calmly I clear these, thus : By the Honour
 And faith of a true Souldier, I am clear
 Of these suggested crimes, which before Heaven
 (Which knows my Innocencie) I do not urge
 To save my life from the Kings violent Fury,
 Nor any way to close with thee in Friendship,
 Now that my fortune is at worst. So, speak :
 'Tis long a coming : I begin to think
 It is some good, you are so loath to utter't.

Petr. It is, if you can apprehend it so.
 My Lord, I take you for my friend, and come
 To make my moan to you ; infomuch as now
 I do conceive you Noble, Vertuous, Honest.

Sfor. Foh ! this is worse than all the rest, this
 stinks
 Of the Court-putrefaction, Flatterie, grossly.
 But on I prithee : talk is such a noveltie,
 I will hear anything. .

Petr. I could not see your vertue, when it shin'd
 Thorow the radiant favours of the King :
 It dazled me with envie then : but now,
 Like the red Sun through cold and mystie va-
 pours,
 I can behold it at the full.

Sfor. So, so : umh, whu : so much for my vertues :
 What's your business now ?

Petr. I say I come to make my moan to you,
 Groaning beneath a weightie Injury
 The King has thrown upon me. *Sfor.* Has denyed
 him
 Something I warrant, that he would have begg'd ;
 The making of a Knight, or some such foolerie :
 What was't ?

Petr. In putting a base office on me.

Sfor. Is the great Marshals and chief Generals
 Office, become so base ?

Petr.

Petr. No Sir, the Hangmans Office. Read that——

I am commanded there, and warranted
With present speed to bring your Head to him.

Sfor. A prayer or two, by his great leave and yours,

And you shall have it instantly.

Petr. My Lord, you shall not undervalue't so :
That Honour which has won me to you, shall
Work better for your preservation.
I have much more to tell you, and strong Reasons
Why you should live : of the Queens infinite wrongs
And yours, wrought by your Daughters cruel Ambition.

Sfor. This is a nobleness beyond Example :
Sure now you are honest.

Petr. There you see my strength :
If now for truth and Honours cause I strain
A point of Loyaltie, you will engage
Your Honour to secure me ?

Sfor. I hold my Honour equal to the best,
And prize it still so far above my life,
That to save Kingdoms Ile not forfeit it.
Here in the fight of Heaven I do engage it,
For your securitie.

Petr. I ask no better. Keeper ! [*Enter Keeper.*]

Keep. My Lord. *Petr.* Dismiss that Guard, and give us way. *Keep.* I shall.

Petr. Now come my Lord, vertue may be cast by ;
But never overcome by Tyrannie.

Sfor. Wars Sword, Laws Axe, or Tyrannies fell
Knife,

May overcome my Person, not my life.

For that is yours *Petruccio.* *Exeunt Ambo.*

ACT III. Scœn. I.

Enter Eulalia.

Eul. **T**Urn'd out of all, and cast into the world ;
And that forbidden too to pitie me ?
No succour, no relief to be afforded ?
Heaven still is where it was, and cannot lose
The Providence it ever had : let those
That think me wretched now, consider that,
And be with me converted to a Faith
That will proclaim us happy, What's my loss ?
What was the State and glory of a Court,
But steps and lights through dangerous Ambition,
To ends beyond our selves, in whose achievements,
We make our selves but nothing to our selves.
And all that we are then, is to the world,
Which renders us great Titles : which tane off,
We then return unto our selves again,
And all the world is ours : I was not great
Till now ; nor could I confidently say
Any thing was mine own, till I had nothing.
They do but sleep, that live in highest Pompe ;
And all their happiness is but a dream,
When mine is reall : nay, nay, I can prove it.
Their costly fare breeds riot, mine content :
Their rich Attire is but mere Pageantry,
Made to please their eyes : mine keeps me warm,
And healthful, when a cold becomes their sickness.
They boast of Honour and Gentilitie,
For their Attendants then, when the chief Honour
Of the best woman, meek obedience,
Is my own handmaid ; and my Patience
A sweeter servant than Gentilitie, Con-

Continually my other : for Councel and defence,
what have I now ?

They have the helps of worldly wife mens brains,
And I the comforts of my fruitfull Prayers.

They have tall big-bon'd servants for defence :
I the strongest guard of all, mine innocence.

[*Birds chirp.*]

What Musick had the Court compar'd to this,
Or what comparifon can all their sports
And Revells hold with those of Kids and Fawnes,
And frisking Lambs upon the countrey lawnes ?

Which are my hourly pleasant entertainments
In all my wanderings : in which I have not
Hunger'd at any time, but I have found
Meat which I duely earn'd : nor ever thirsted,
But I have found a Spring that has refresh'd me.

And am no fooner weary, then I finde
A shelter or a shade to rest me in :

As now, in which a slumber 'gins to creep
Over mine Eyes, more soft then any sleep,
Could these my Senses when I lay of late
On Down, beneath the Canopy of State.

[*falls asleep.*]

Scæn. II.

Enter Genius.

Sleep in thy Sainted Innocence,
Whilst Angels watch in thy defence.
Sleep whilst I charm these bubbling Streams
With Musick, to make sweet thy Dreams ;
Thy Dreams which truly shall relate
The Passages of thy Estate.

Dumb

Dumb shew. Enter Alinda, Flavello, two Lieutenants, Doctor, Midwife. Exeunt Lieutenants Doctor, Midwife. Enter Sforza at the other end raging, and the Faylor, with mute action. Enter King, Petruccio : Alinda whispers the King : he gives a Warrant and Signet to Petruccio : Exit Petruccio. King kisses Alinda, graces Flavello. Exeunt. All this as the Genius speaks.

Note, first thy Foes in Court conspire
 Against thy Life, and Villains hire
 To act thy Tragedy.
 Loe those the perjur'd Evidence
 That suggested thine offence,
 Are hir'd the second time to be
 Co-actors in thy Tragedie.
 They have their Fee, and now are sent
 Towards thee with a vile intent.
 Ill thrive their purposes. Now note
 The wrongs that are 'gainst *Sforza* wrought,
 Who lives from Speech of all men still,
 Pent by the Kings abused will ;
 Not knowing of the Treacherie
 That was conspir'd 'gainst him and thee.
 Nothing of all that's past knows he,
 More then he must a Prisoner be ;
 Which doth him much impatience bring :
 But the bad Queen instructs the King
 How his vexation he may end,
 Who strictly for his Head doth send.
 What from these black intents shall grow,
 Is not as yet for thee to know.
 Now, holy Soul, I must thee set
 A course that must thy living get.
 Thou must not beg, nor take for need

More

More then thy Merits proper meed.
First therefore, I thy Brain inspire
With a Divine Prophetick Fire ;
Thou shalt be able to Fore-doom
The ends of many things to come.
Into thy Breast I next infuse
The Skill of Med'cine how to use :
Learn'd *Æsculapius* never knew
The use of Simples more then you.
Many diseas'd by Grief and Pain,
Of thee shalt Health and Strength obtain.
Next Handy-Works and Literature,
With Education good and pure,
Thou shalt be able to bestow
Upon the Country's Youth, and show
The Elder sort how to improve
Their Wealths by Neighbour-hood and Love :
Now when thou from this Trance dost wake,
See that thou present Practice make
Of these thy Gifts, and fear not then
The Practices of Fiends or Men. *Exit Genius.*

Eul. What soft ? what sweet ? what heavenly
Trance was this ?

I feel myself inspir'd with holy Flame
Above the heat of Mortals : sure I have
The Spirit of Prophecie, the Gift of Healing,
And Art of teaching hidden Mysteries.
Thanks Heaven, that first didst send me Patience
To sweeten my Afflictions, and now
Plentiful means to live, for others Good.
Who live but for themselves, are but for show,
And stand like barren Trees, where good might
grow.

Scæn. III.

Enter to her, Lodovico and Andrea.

Lod. Farewel, thou foolish Pomp, and Pride of Court,

Whose shine is but an *Ignus fatuus*.

That leads fond Mortals from the path of Vertue,
And Tracts of real Comforts : thus I shake
Thy wanton Dust from off my Feet, to tread
The wayes of Truth and Innocence : this Air
Breaths Health upon me, Peace, and perfect Plea-
sure.

Where the swoln Courts sophisticated Breath
Did but disease my Blood, and taint my Senses.

Eul. It is good *Lodovico*, though disguis'd,
I can no less then know him : and the poor Fool
That was my Servant : they come to relieve me
In these disguises, that I might not know
From whom I receiv'd Comfort. *Lod.* To this way
The most unfortunate Queen enclin'd her course :
And see, already, how her Wants and Woes
Have worne her to the bone : Alas, she's pin'd !

Andr. And look you new Master, yonder's my
old Mistrefs :

What Fools were we, that could not find her sooner !
Alas ! I can see through her : there is not
So thin a Queen in the Cards.

Lod. Hold thee, good Woman, pray thee take
it quickly.

I came now from a Feast where we had plenty,
And brought these Dainties, meant unto another ;
But my dear Charity tells me thou dost want it.
I pray thee eat it ; do not look, but eat it.

Eul. What Traytor art thou, that presents me
Poyson ?

Lod

Lod. By all the truth and honesty in Man,
'Tis wholesome Food : see, I will be thy Taster,
Though in good sooth, it grieves mee to beguile thee
Of the least Morfel : sure thou hast need of 't.
Good Woman eat, and let not Famine be
Fearful of Poyson, or false Treacherie.

Eul. Is it not Poyson to a loyal heart,
To eat contrary to the Kings Command ?

Andr. No, if it were, what a many would have
been poyson'd the last Lent, that may live to be
very good Subjects, very good Subjects all the
year after, except a few Fish-Dayes ?

Lod. 'Las, we are plain poor Country Folke, and
hear no such news.

Eul. Why will ye urge so much against your
conscience ?

Have you not heard of my banishment, and the
Kings Edict,
Proclaiming all men Traytors that relieve me ?

Lod. We heard indeed the King had put away
his old good Wife, and tane a new one: but can
we think that you are she that was the Queen ?

Eul. Yes good Dissembler, you do know't, and
you ;

As sure as I know you for *Lodovico*,
And you, Sir, for *Andrea* : Can it be,
That you that have been loyal Subjects, should
Now go about to forfeit thus your Lives ?

Andr. Pray leave this fooling, Mistrifs : eat your
meat ;

And here's good Drink to wash it down : and then
If you have a minde to hang us, let the
Gallows take his due ; for my own part, I had
Rather hang like a man, while I am good
For something, then you should pine away to no-
thing.

(c)

E

Eul.

Eul. Fear not you me, pray Sir, nor neglect the care

That's due unto your selves, to injure me.

Lod. O dearest Heaven! do you think we'd injure you,

That venture lives for you? no, gentle-Queen.

Andr. Lo, there again, that's Treason too, to call her Queen.

Lod. No body hears nor sees; pray eat a little.

Eul. Do not I hear and see you? I am not safe
In my obedience unto the King,
To hold such conference with you that would
So violate his Laws: but let it warn ye
Off of this course; for I'll appeal to Justice
If you persist in this Rebellion.

Andr. Any woman but she, now in her Case, would eat such an Husbands Brains without Butter, rather than forsake good meat; and but for this wilfulness in her, I should not think her a woman, I. But as she is, new Master, we shall never do good upon her: and therefore since your Grace has not the grace to eat this meat, mark with what a grace or without Grace, I will eat it my self: do you fear Poyson? [*Eats*] Now Bottle let me play a part with thee; can you think this Poyson, that goes down so merrily. [*Drinkes*]

Eul. Much good may it do thee.

Lod. Stay, now perhaps she'll eat.

Andr. 'Tis like enough; I did but eat to get her an Appetite, therefore I'll e'en eat on, till all be done, to get her the better stomach: now Bottle, to thee again.

Eul. See, here come poor Folks, that perhaps do want

That which superfluously thou hast devour'd.

Andr. I'll eat again, for that: I am as poor as they

they ; and you never knew Charity in Beggars towards one another. Bottle again for that.

Scœn. IV.

Enter to them, Pedro, Poggio and Lollio.

Pedr. O Mifery ! O Defolation !

Pogg. Loll. Difeafes, Sickneffes, O Calamity !

Andr. What Saints are thofe that they invoke fo ?

Eul. What is the Caufe of thefe fad Cries, good People ?

Pedr. Go back, if you refpect your fafety, go ;
And look not this way where the Air difperfeth
Nothing but foul Infection, Pain and Sorrow.
Return, I fay, for here you appear ftrangers,
And run not to the Ruine of your felves :
This way is fil'd with Cries : you can meet nothing
But Lamentations of a thoufand Souls :
Some Lame, fome Blind, fome Deaf, fome Lunatick,
Some ftruck with Palfie, fome with Leprofie ;
All fighing, groaning, crying, underneath
The painful weight of Sorrow and Affliction.

Eul. What is that woful part o'th' Country call'd,
That fuffers this Calamitie ? and how
Did the Inhabitants there ftand affected
To Goodnefs or Religion ? *Pedr.* We are all finful :
Yet no way to extenuate our fault,
Or murmur at the Judgement faln upon us ;
We have been held obedient to the Church,
True Subjects to the King, and friendlieft Neigh-
bours

Among our felves, all Sicily could boaft of :
This part of it, or Province, being call'd,

The fair Palermian Fields, and is the fame
 Our Kings have customarily laid out
 For their Queens Dowry : and has therefore been
 Vulgarly call'd *The Paradise of Love*.

Andr. Stay there, old man : I have heard there is
 Neither Lawyer nor Physician in all the Province.

Lod. None could e'er get a living amongst 'um
 in all their Practise.

It seems they liv'd then civilly and temperately.

Andr. Nor Gentleman nor Beggar in their Con-
 fines.

Lod. Then sure their Wealth was all communi-
 cable.

There could not but be excellent Neighbour-hood.

Andr. And, which was worth all the rest, their
 Priests

Were ever the best good-Fellows in all the Country.

Pedr. Y'are now upon the Confines of that
 Country,

And cannot scape some dangerous ill,

If you dare tast the Aire of it.

Andr. That shall be try'd ; I'll have a whiff on't :
 If I get a mischief by it, let the Fools harm be a
 warning to the Wife.

Pedr. See more of those distressed Souls that flie
 The foul Contagion, [*Enter four Others. Exit Andr.*]

Yet charitable to each others wants :

For here the Deaf conducts the Blind : the Blind
 Supports the Lame : the Dumb removes the sick
 and feeble.

All that can make least shift for't, flie the Place,
 Then do not you press toward it. *Eul.* There will I
 Take up my Habitation. *Lod.* Y'are not desperate ?

Eul. Mark me, good *Lodovico*, note my Reasons :
 This poor afflicted Province was my Dowry :
 And the o'er-hasty judging world will say,
 According to the Censure pass'd on me, My

My Trespafs drew this Evil on the Land.

Lod. Tis better that the world fhould judge fo,
and perifh

For it in it's Ignorance, then you fo wilfully
Be caft away : you hear that none efcape.

Pedr. None, Old nor Young, Man, Woman,
Child, all

In one kinde or other, do feel Affliction. (with

Eul. Do anydie? *Pedr.* None, though the moft do
They might, in lieu of their fad fufferings.

Eul. And whither now do you intend your tra-
vail with your griefs?

Pedr. We hope a better Air will cure us. But
We are advis'd by our Divines and Augurs,
By the beft means we can, to make our Journey
Towards the Court, to fend our fad complaint
Unto the King. (*Eul.* Hear now what he will fay)

Pedr. They find by Divination, that this punifh-
ment

Is falne upon this Province by the Sin
Of the Adulterous Queen, whose Dowrie 'twas.

Eul. Did not I tell you ? *Pedr.* And that until
His juftice take away Her loathed life,

This evil will not ceafe. *Lod.* What, the Queen
Eulalia's life ! (relief :

Pedr. Yes Sir ; we hear ſhee's banifh'd, and forbid
But nothing fave her polluted blood muft quench
this flame,

In expiation of her Sin and ſhame.

Lod. Dare you ſtay longer here ? pray let us flie.

Eul. Why then you think me guiltie, *Lodovico.*

Lod. I know not what to think, but that I will not.

Eul. Was that your Priests opinion and advice ?

Pedr. Yes, and thus grounded, that our pains began
Juft at the hour, the Kings Indulgencie
Releas'd her forfeit Life.

Eul. 'Twas *ever so* ; Priests are but Apes to Kings,
And prostitute Religion to their ends.

Might you not judge as well, it was th' injustice
and the wrongs the innocent Queen hath suffer'd,
that has brought sense of her injuries upon her Pro-
vince ? And that if she had died, her Dowrie here
with her had also suffered Death ? to make it no-
thing to the King, as he made her.

Lod. I, mark ye that : and that your false surmise
Against the Queen has brought this evil on you.

Pcdr. O now my pain increaseth. 1. O mine Eyes.
2. My Brain. 3. My Bones. 4. My limbs are on
the Rack.

Lod. 'Tis plain, your fowl mistrust is the infec-
tion that rages in you.

Eul. *Lodovico*, peace : where is thy pain good
man ?

Pcdr. Here in this Arm shrunk up as it were
fear'd with fiery Irons. *Eul.* Bless'd Providence
assist me whilst with Prayers I use the gift thou
gav'st me for the cure of these afflicted People.
Give me thine hand : what feelst thou now ?

Pcdr. A precious cooling Balm that has extin-
guished

The scorching heat I felt, and has reduc'd
My Flesh, my Sinews, and my Arteries,
Into their natural temper and true use.

Eul. Joyn that hand to thy other, and thank
Heaven then

That made thee whole. *Pcdr.* I do, I do. *Lod.* Mira-
culous ! (Goddefs.

Pcdr. O sure you are some Heavenly Saint or

Eul. Beware Idolatry, and onely send

All praise to th' power whose mercy hath no end.

Onely do this for me : inform the rest

How you have sped, and win them back again,

To

To the next village : bid them be of chear,
 Whilst I make Holy Prayers for their help.
 Ile come and live among you for my hire,
 Which shall be cheap, believe me. *Pcdr.* All we have
 Will be too slight reward : first take my store.

Eul. I will but take my next competent meal.
 I hope this will be thought but valuable.

Pcdr. I pray take more.

Eul. Go back I say with your sad company,
 And comfort them with news of your success,
 And a full hope of cure to every one
 That's Partner in this sad Affliction.

Pcdr. With happy feet I shall spread it through
 the Countrey. *Exeunt omnes Rustici.*

Lod. O happy woman, now no more a Queen,
 But Holy Saint : I see how Providence
 Means to advance thy injur'd innocence.
 Ile dwell here now my self, and without fear :
 For perfect health I think dwells only where
 Good *Eulalia* remains : I have enough
 To buy a Farm for me and poor *Andrea*.
 But what's become of him ?

Eul. Ile tell you, *Lodovico* : the poor Fellow
 Is gone to taste the Countrey Air for me,
 Left I might be infected : you shall see
 Straight how he speeds. *Lod.* And that was honest
 love. *Enter Andrea.*

Andr. A Surgeon, a Surgeon ! Oh a Surgeon !

Eul. How now, *Andrea* ?

Andr. A Surgeon : Oh twentie Surgeons, bone-
 setting Surgeons. *Eul.* What's the matter man ?

Andr. I am out of joynt. Ile taste no more of
 such contagious Aires, To save as many Queens as
 I have hairs. Oh Surgeons and Bone-setters, Bone-
 setters and Surgeons, all my Bones, all my Bones
 for a penny. I have not a finger nor a toe in joynt:

my Leggs, my Thighs, my Arms, my neck.
 My back and Crupperbone is out of joynt.
 Oh for a Sowgelder, a Surgeon I would say.
 Out a joynt, out a joynt, I am all out a joynt.

Eul. Thy tongue's not out a joynt.

Andr. No, nor a Thing
 I have that has no Bone in't : All else is out a joynt.

Eul. This came of tempting Providence : were
 not you

Told the danger by the many that smarted of it ?

Andr. I met them all dancing and frisking home.
 The blind man made the way : the dumb man fung,
 The deaf kept time to his Notes : the lame led on
 The Dance to all the rest : whilst I can go
 No further. [*lies down*] 'Twas for you I ventured.

Eul. And now you repent you meant me so much
 good.

Andr. And now again I do repent that ever I did
 repent. Oh for a Stone-cutter, a Bone-fetter I
 would say.

Eul. Well Sir, give me your hands : stand up.

Andr. With as good a will as ever I stood to
 woman.

Eul. Now, how do you feel your self ? *Andr.* In
 very pretty plight, I feel I am sufficient.

Haugh, heigh—[*Capers and turns*] 'twill do again :
 and if I durst venture into that unluckie Countrey
 again, I would now teach the Clowns how to Dance
 for joy.

Eul. Yes you shall venter Sir ; and by the way,
 Ile teach you to teach them to work and pray.

Andr. To work and play I pray you,

Lod. If there be Heaven on earth, it is this
 woman.

Andr. Then if there be a Purgatorie on earth,
 Ile venter through it for her, heigh o, ho.

Scæn.

Scæn. V.

Enter three or four Countrey-men.

1. Health and Joy : Health and Joy.

2. O happy woman that ever she came hither !

1. Nay happy we that ere she came among us.

2. What shall we render her in recompence ?

All that we have is too little for this woman,
This good woman, this holy woman, this she-Saint,
If there be one above ground.

3. O do not make an *If* at her, neighbour, lest
the ground swallow thee quick in thy Infidelitie.

2. Now doubtles, and without all adventure, she
is an unknown woman.

3. And therefore a good woman : for 'tis too true.
All those that are well known are e'en bad enough :
And known she will not be for all our entreats,
No not so much as from whence she came, we see.

2. And that counsel she may keep still for me :
For doubtles, and without all peradventure
If we had need of another such, 'it were in vain to
seek her.

1. Sure 'twas from Heaven she came,
Where the whole stock of good women were plac'd
long ago.

Scæn. VI.

Enter Fabio and Strozza.

Fab. 'Tis she I'm confident. *Stroz.* Our work
lies fairly then before us.

Lod.

Lod. These look like mischievous Robbers.

Eul. What can they take from us ?

Lod. Your Life, I fear.

Andr. I have e'en din'd, let 'em take away when they please.

Lod. Their looks are murderous.

Eul. Fear not *Lodovico* : why look ye Friends, so amazedly ? ha'ye lost your way ? or what do ye seek ?

Fab. No, we ha' found our way, 'tis to you we seek : we dare come roundly to you, for all your Guard, your old Fool, and your young here,

Lod. O my unhappy Fears !

Eul. You will not murder me ?

Fab. 'Tis all the Office we are bound to doe you.

Eul. Just Heaven protect me.

Fab. Call upon Heaven as you go thitherward : We may not stay long Invocations.

Andr. Pray take me in your way, and run me through her, if you be honest Murderers. Help Murder, Murder ?

Sc  en. VII.

Enter to them, Curate, Crier, Pedro, Lollo, Poggio.

Crier. O yes ! O yes ! O yes ! *Cur.* Silence Crier, suspend the Proclamation, to prevent abomination.

Lod. Heaven has sent us ayd.

Fab. O we are prevented !

Cur. On, on ; fa, fa ; down with their Weapons, up with their heels, till we infect and rip up the in-trails of the Cause : what an Assassinate was here attempted ? *O infausa Dics !* two swords against the

the naked womb of a Woman! and none but weapon-lefs men to affift her! *viz. Senex & Ineptus.*

Andr. That is to fay, Give me their Swords under my Fools Coat, I'll hurt no body.

Cur. Upon my facundity, an elegant conftitution by the Fool. So, I am *cedunt arma Togæ.*

Fab. For our attempt Sir, we will answer it: we are for the King.

Cur. Then we are for the King, Sir; & *in nomine Majestatis*, we command you to attend our prefent Office, and then we will examine yours.

Loll. And then if you deferve the Gallows, you fhall be fure on't: a fhort breathing-while fhall be no hinderance to you. So Crier lift up your Voice, and proceed.

Crier. O yes, O yes, O yes: By the Kings moft Excellent Majesty, a Proclamation, prohibiting upon pain of Death, any relief to be given unto the banifh'd *Eulalia.*

Cur. Now fay, Whereas upon juft and lawful Tryal.

Crier. Whereas, &c. *Cur.* The faid *Eulalia.*
Crier. The faid *Eulalia.*

Eul. I am that haplefs fhe, that for relief will not beg, nor borrow, nor take of yee.

[*Lod. & Cur. afide*]

Pedr. 'Tis fhe, and at the price of Life I will relieve her. [*afide*]

Pog. How? what have we done? In relieving her from killing, we are become Traytors.

Loll. That's an idle fear: we knew her not, Which now we do, we may again relieve her Into their hands, for them to kill her yet: And then there's no harm done.

Pog. So let us give them their fwords again; and when they have done their work, to make all fure, we'll

we'll hang them for their pains, and so keep the Law in our own hands while we have it.

Cur. *O homines infani ! quomodo erravistis ?*

The woman must be fav'd *a manibus istis*.

They are Catilinarian Traytors.

Lod. You Sir, have reason ; you have found her Life

The King has pardon'd : and although her Doom In this her Banishment were heavy, and A punishment even unto Death, but that Good foul she works and labours for her food, You find not yet 'tis lawful any kill her.

Cur. *Recte dixisti Domine* therefore Sir, You that are for the King, as you pretend, Shew us th' *Imperative mood* or warrant for her death,

Or we shall put you into the *Optativa mood*, By punishment to wish your selves dead oftner Or more times than *bona fide* there be *Tenses* In all the moods of all my Accidences.

Eul. For my part Ile forgive them, if they will Deliver truely who corrupted them, To rid the world of this weary burden ; that I may pray for them.

Pedr. Can such a goodness deserve so fowl a Censure ?

Eul. But first tell me : Are not you two the men that gave false evidence at my Arraignment touching injur'd *Sforza* ? *Fab.* We gave no evidence, nor false nor true. (Beards.

Andr. No countrey-woman, they had no such But I will try if I can make'm like'em : O rare ! what a nimble Barber am I ? *Lod.* They are the self-same men, the two cashier'd Lieutenants that *Sforza* should have hang'd for mutinies in the late Wars.

Pedr. What hinders now their execution. *Cur.*

Cur. *Digito compeſce labellum* : ſilence good *Pedro*.
I do commend your zeal : but *Periculum eſt in via*,
We will walk ſafely : for this time therefore wee'l
do onely thus,

Double our guards upon 'em, and away to priſon
with them,

Eſt locus in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.

We will preſume to know who 'twas that ſet you
awork, before you go.

Ambo. You will be made to anſwer for it.

Cur. A word more, wee'l hang you preſently,
and anſwer that too : *Abite hinc in malam Rem* :
away with 'm.

Loll. Ah Rogues, wee'l hamper yee. *Pogg.* Kill a
woman 'cauſe ſhe was a Queen ?

Loll. Wee'l hamper ye, and halter ye, and do ye
hear? hang ye.

Excunt Lollio and Poggio, with Fabio and Strozza.

Andr. *Abi hinc & malam rem*, away with 'm.

[*Lodovico, Eulalia. Petro aſide*]

Cur. As I am *Erudite, idoneus Adoleſcens*,
A very towardly *Juvenis, Cupis atq; doceri* ?

Andr. What's that ? *Cur.* Wilt thou be a Scholar ?

Andr. After you is manners.

Cur. Now by mine intellect, diſcreetly ſpoken.
Be but my Pupil, I will make thee one,
And dip thy Caput in pure Helicon.

Andr. Pray what's my Caput ? and what's your
Helicon ?

Cur. Still a deſire to learn : this is no Fool.
And by the company hee's in, I do ſuſpect
Simile non eſt Idem : hee's too wiſe,
To be the thing he ſeems but in diſguiſe :
Some Lord of Court, his outſide *non obſtante*.

Lod. It is confeſs'd Sir, I am *Lodovico*,
Sometimes a Lord of Court when this was Queen.

(c)

Cur.

Cur. O Oedipus! I meant this *Juvenal*.

Andr. No truly Sir, your *Simile non est Idem*.
I am no Lord, what ere you like me to.
What I may pass for in the Countrey I know not,
At Court I was a Fool when she was Queen.

Lod. We dare not call her Queen now: but
while we
Relieve her not, though we associate her,
We are the Kings true Subjects; and with your
leave,
Disclaiming of all Honourable Titles,
We'll live amongst ye.

Pedr. O gracious woman, so I may safely call you.
Who once preserv'd my life. *Eul.* Mention not that.

Pedr. I ought not to conceal it: therefore know
That some years past being imploy'd to Court
To render the Kings Rents for this Province:
Which though I duely did, there was a Lord,
A strange officious one, that charg'd me deeply,
And all our Province, with detested breach
Of our Allegiance: at which my rage
Banish'd my reason, and confounded so
My senses, that without respect of Person,
Or Place, which was the Danger of the Law,
I struck him there in Court: and was adjudg'd
To suffer death for 't, till you won my Pardon.

Lod. Were you that man? *Andr.* And 'twas my
Cozen Lord I warrant that you box'd.

Pedr. 'Tis he that braggs so much his truth unto
the Crown; I need not name him.

Cur. *Sed nunc quid sequitur?* Pray mark the
issue of this Court quarrell. By the way, 'tis well
you have renounc'd all qualitie of Court.
Here were no living for you else; for know
Since this mans trouble, not a Gentleman,
Much less a Courtier dares breath amongst us,
But

But be as you pretend and write, but Yeoman :
 You shall live Jovially with us and welcome,
 At your own charge, your own *Viaticum*.

[*Enter Lollio and Poggio.*]

Loll. We have laid up
 The murderous minded men in dungeons deep,
 Clogg'd them with Ploughchains, Fetters and
 Horse-locks.

Pog. We'l teach 'm to kill Queens : *Cur. Cave,*
caveto.

Loll. We mean this woman, this discarded Queen.
Exeunt Omnes.

Scæn. VIII.

Enter Alinda and Flavello.

Alind. For all the Feasts, the Triumphs and the
 Glories

That have been spent, at price of great Estates,
 In celebration of my high Advancement ;
 For all the King has in his present being,
 His Love to boot, assur'd in highest measure ;
 Me-thinks there is yet wanting an Addition
 To crown my Happiness : all's not safe hereafter ;
 I cannot safely say I am his Wife,
 While th'other seems contented with a Life.

Flavello !

Flav. Most Mighty Sovereign. *Alind.* O most
 Cœlestial found !

Here's all your business granted.

Flav. Greatest and best of Queens ! All ?

Alind. See the Kings hand to all : do you mis-
 trust me ?

Flav. I onely look for the poor womans Pardon.
 That kill'd her Husband for his gelding the Priest.

Alind.

Alind. If you but manage the Profits of my Favours with a discreet Hand now, you may soon finde the difference between a Mignon, and the Son of a Dish-Maker.

Flav. I finde it in your Gifts, my bounteous Goddeffs.

Alind. Oh Divine! *Flav.* And would presume that I myself were worthy
A place i'th' Kalendar, might I do you Service,
That merited the smallest of your Graces.

Alind. Do you know the village where that woman lives?

Flav. Who, sacred Deitie? *Alind.* I'm very sick to name her or her Son.

Flav. O *Eulalia*; yes, the very House; 'tis in your Majesties way now, as you pass to *Nicosia*: the King is ready, Madam, and calls away; he longs to be at the end of his journey, to perform his Duty in the three Grants belong to you.

Alind. O but that Woman, and that hated Boy.

Flav. *Eulalia*, Madam? *Alind.* Thou art a base Ingrateful Villain to name her to me;
Thou hear'st me say, I dare not speak her name,
Yet thou dar'st stab mine Ears again, with it.
Had some receiv'd the Favours thou hast done,
Or could but dream of half thou'rt like to have,
I should not fear her Ghost; but thou art dull.

Flav. O let me take new spirit from your hand.
And say unto your self, She is sure dead.
But the King comes, I am enough inspir'd.

Exit Flav.

Scœn.

Scœn. IX.

Enter King and Gonzago.

King. I will not onely have you guiltless, Sir,
 But free from least suspect ; let but a spark
 Of Discontent appear upon your Look,
 I'lle rip the hollow cave that holds the fire,
 And with Death quench it. *Gonz.* I beseech your
 Highness,

If any alteration in my looks
 Be found, or read, let it as well be construed,
 It grows but from a filial fear t' offend.
 I have forgot I had another Mother :
 And humbly at the Feet of this I honour.
 I beg her Ayd, to win your Favour towards me.
 Most gracious Madam, if you knew the Truth,
 The fair sincerity I bear in Duty
 Towards your Highness——

Alind. For what respect, young Prince ?

Gonz. The principal i'th' World : For that you
 have

My Fathers Love ; and but to Wrong or Grieve you
 Were Stripes or Wounds to his Affection.
 So much of my late Mother I remember,
 To yield a Reverence to his Contentment, and
 shall for ever.

Alind. My Lord, my Love, what pretty meaning
 have you ?

Do you bring your Son to mock me ?

King. Ha ! my *Alinda*, he's no Son of mine,
 That with lesse Adoration dares look up
 On thy Divinity, then the *Ægyptians*
 Gave to the Sun it self : but an out-cast Bastard,

(c)

And

And of the daring Giants ignorant Nature,
That war'd against the Gods.

Alind. I would not move your Anger : pray let
this win your Reconcilement. [Kisses]

King. O thou art gentle, and the life of Sweet-
ness :

Come, my *Alinda*, I was calling you
To our intended Journey to *Nicosia*,
Where solemnly I will perform my Vow,
To grant the three demands I promis'd you,
In the full view of our Nobility.
Which by the Custome of my Predecessors
Have ratified and confirm'd the Power
Of Queens, and made them absolute : have you
thought

To ask things worthy of your Dignity,
Wherein I fully may declare my Bounty ?

Alind. I, Sir, shall be so reasonable, that
I doubt not upon the way, or there at very instant,
To crave past my Desert.

King. O you are modest : but ask home, *Alinda*.

Alind. And by the way, Sir, let it be my Suit,
We give a Visit to distressed *Eulalia*;
Wherein we may do Charity fitting Princes ;
(We may perhaps give Order for her Burial) [aside]

King. Thou art all Goodness : Come, all Friends,
Gonzago :

But thank her Clemency.

Exit King.

Manet Alinda, to her Flavello.

Alind. An Earldome bethou sure of, wife *Flavello*,
To add to thy improvements : Though it be
No full discovery, I'll make it serve,
As I will fashion it, to excellent use.
Poyson or Sword thou heardst him speak ?

Flav. And in a menacing way : Now what may
be

Con-

Conjectur'd by such words, from men whose looks
 Shew discontent against your Mightiness,
 Rests most considerable. *Alind.* Write, *Flavello*,
 write,

Write by that Copy in a States-Man's hand.
 Alas, good men! I dare even swear for them,
 How ere these words might fall in their discourse,
 They have no thought of me: yet this surmise
 Gives me an hint to try her Loyaltie,
 Or make her once more guiltie: for my State
 Stands by the King, as unto her his hate.
 Read it *Flavello*.

[Reads.] *Most Royal and most wronged Sovereign
 Mistress, be happily assured that the time of your
 Restoration is at hand: and that by no less means
 then the death of that she-monster that usurps
 your Dignitie. All shall be determined at Ni-
 cofia, by*

*Your devoted Servant unto
 death. Nameless.*

Alind. 'Tis well.

In needs no superscription, only seal it,
 And think of your directions and disguise.
 'Tis but your half days journey: and be sure
 We are not far behind you.

Fla. I flie, my Sovereign. *Alin.* Now to the King,
 Of whose despight I still must sharp the sting.

SCÈN. X.

*Enter King, and Horatio.**King.* No news of *Lodovico* yet, *Horatio*?*Hor.* None since he stole from Court upon the
BanishmentOf that false wicked woman, whom I cannot
Name to your face or forehead, but I tremble.*King.* Because you fear all horned Beasts.*Hor.* My Loyalty forbid,
And my infallible Truth unto the Crown,
But I were sensible of the injury.*King.* I know thy Loyalty : but as for *Lodovico*,
How was my Judgement wrong'd in him ! *Hor.* And
mine.*King.* I thought my self as safe in that mans
Counsel—*Hor.* And so did I,
By my lov'd Loyalty, think my self safe
In his Advices—*King.* Yet methought he had
A kinde of flyness in his Countenance.*Hor.* Yes, he had ever a kind of a flie look.*King.* That still methought I had a Genius
That check'd my forward love, and did inform me
That he would prove disloyal : and for that cause,
To speak plain truth, I never lov'd him truly.*Hor.* Will your Majesty believe me ? I would I
might never rise
Into your Favour (and that I would not say
For all the Traytors Lands in your Kingdom,
Which were no small reward) if that were not
Mine very own conceit of *Lodovico*That Traytor ; hang him : what should I call him
less ?*King.* Yet 'twas given out you lov'd him.*Hor.*

Hor. So 'twas thought your Highness did.

King. And that he was your yোক-fellow in the State.

Hor. Yes, when he's hang'd he shall be.

King. How *Horatio*?

Hor. Your Majesty knows my thoughts: nay I thank my creation, I was ever Just of your Majesties mind from my Nativitie, And in that faith Ile die. *King.* Here's a true Statesman now!

Go, send *Gonzago* to me. *Hor.* My sweet yong Prince? I shall: but ere I go, Let me inform your Highness in my thoughts Of the sweet Prince *Gonzago*: if ever King Was happy in a Son, you are in him.

King. Go, call him to me. *Hor.* Cherish him, good my Lord:

Hee'l be a sure staff to you in your Age, And prove a Statesman quickly: I cannot think, Except in him and your undoubted Queen, *Petrucchio* and my self, True Loyalty lives. And here he comes: obedience in his Face Most brightly shining.

Enter Gonzago.

King. Wait without *Horatio*. [*Exit Horatio*] *Gonzago*? *Gonz.* My dread Lord. *King.* Did you attempt

Against my strict command to visit *Sforza*?

Gonza. It is most true, I did. *King.* You are a Traytor.

Gonz. Gracious Heaven forbid it. *King.* What was your purpose?

Gonz. First on my knees let me implore your Royal Pardon. *King.* Well Sir.

Gonz. My end was noble: as I thought, well,
suing

The Honour of a Prince: I would have search'd
Into the secrets of his heart by questions,
Whether he had intended or conceived
Treason against your Highness, as it is
Presum'd he did: for which he was committed.

King. My self for that was his Accuser;
How durst you then make a scruple at it?

Gonz. Still relying on your Pardon, I had thought
T'have won confession of it from himself.

King. Suppose he had confes'd it? *Gonza.* I
had then

Concluded there had been a Probabilitie
Of my poor mothers falsehood: yet I would have put
That Question to him next. *King.* And say
He had confes'd that too? *Gonz.* Then had I sav'd
Your Laws a needless labour in his death;
And with the same hand made that mother child-
less,

That by her folly forfeited her Husband.

King. Was that your resolution? but suppose
He had denied all? *Gonz.* All had then been
nothing

But a Scandal to my mother and himself:
So good a Souldier would not be a lyer
To save an abject life. *King.* Sirrah, you are
His Bastard, not my son, in doing this.

Gonz. You are my King, would I could say,
my Father.

King. Within there! *Enter Horatio.*

Horatio, would you think it? this young stripling
Takes part against me with that Traytor *Sforza.*

Hor. Do you think so?

King. Think so? I know it.

Hor. Then I know it too: Think, did you say?

I think 'twas time to think it. *King.*

King. I knew it not till now.

Hor. As I am true to th' Crown, just now I knew it too.

Gonz. O do not so interpret, Royal Sir.

Hor. What can be said against it? has not his Grace spoke it?

What must be done with him to please your Majesty?

King. Convey him from my sight, and let our Marshal

Petruccio take him to safe custody, (ther. Till our further pleasure. *Gonz.* My King, and Fa-

King. Hence with him I say. *Gonz.* Great Sir, your mercy.

Hor. Did not I tell your Majesty there was not, But in the Queen, *Petruccio*, and my self, True Loyaltie in the Court? Away you Traytor-ling.

Gonz. My Lord, you are too severe.

Hor. What? in being true to th' Crown? O my Loyaltie! *Exeunt with Gonzago.*

Scen. XI.

Enter Alinda, Flavello.

Alin. No news yet? no return? *Flav.* We shall have, Madam.

Alin. You made not choise of men of Resolution.

Flav. They were the same exasperate cashier'd Souldiers

That sware so valliantly against *Eulalia*.

Alin. Many that pass for Souldiers dare swear valiantly,

That dare not fight. *Flav.* Many that dare not fight,

Dare do a murther Madam, such a tame one too,
I am confident they have kill'd her : however, I
have done my best.

Alin. Thou hast done nothing whilst that woman
lives.

The work was not so course, that your own hand
Could have disdain'd it, Sir, if you had lov'd me.
So leave me, negligent Fellow.

Flav. Her first months Majesty hath wip'd out
The memorie of all her former dayes.

I must not lose her though : this hand then soon
Must do the work, be't not already done. *Exit.*

King. How cheers my love ? what ominous aspect
Hath wrought this sad Eclipse upon that Beautie,
Whose radiancie onely is my life ?

Cast by this veil of sadness : quit my fears,
And from my Browes wipe off a score of years.
No ? what must then remove it ? or dispell
These Clouds, that from the anguish of thy heart
Do cast this shadow ore my happiness ?

Alin. I must not, will not name it : but you said
You would do something, which it seems
Your wavering love neglects. *King.* Can I neglect
A duty that belongs to my *Alinda* ?

Speak it again : and by my first nights blifs
I had with thee, by this kifs, and by this,
Ile treble in performance all my promises.

Alin. Y' are dull in your performances : I will
Not name a request the second time, although my
life,

Your dignitie, and your Kingdoms safetie,
Lie on the rack for't. *King.* She will not name't
again :

Her last request was for the head of *Sforza*,
Her arrogant proud Father, whose perversness
Checq'd at her due promotion ; and whose life

Swolne

Swolne up with Popularitie, was my danger,
Threatning no less then ruine on my State.
She will not name 't again, poor tender soul,
Left she might fall into th' interpretation
Of an unnatural child : yet for my safetie,
She suffers in desire to have it done,
I have prevented her desire, 'tis done :
I know *Petruccio* his Antagonist,
Who had my warrant and Signet for it,
Would not be slack in th' execution.
Come, sweet, be fearless : that which your mild
goodness

Is now so timorous to name, is done.

Alin. Is she purfu'd and put to death?

King. What she?

Alin. Nay, I have said again.

King. *Sforza*, my dearest life, th' unnatural
Homicide

That fought thy life and mine, is put to death.

Alin. What, my dear Father? *King.* Was it not
your Desire? *Enter Petruccio.*

Here comes Iure Testimony : speak *Petruccio* ;
I will not ask, Is't done ? but speak the manner
How *Sforza* di'd. *Petr.* A self-wil'd obstinate man :
Such as he liv'd he di'd : and gracious Madam,
That a more bloody Spectacle should not move
Your tender nature to compunction, I brought
But this inseparate Adjunct of his malicious Head
[a Jewel]

Against you, the King, and the whole Kingdoms
good.

Alin. This is a token most infallible,
The Jewel that none but the cold hand of Death
Could ravish from him: Tis done:
The fear of him is like a storm blown ore:
'Tis done but this is yet but part of that full satis-
faction That

That must confirm my safetie : Pray my Lord, [*sde*]
 You fatal instrument of my Fathers blood,
 Let me not look upon you. *King.* Nay *Alinda*,
Exit Petruccio.

You must not be so fad : your gentle sorrow
 In those obsequious Tears express'd, shew nature
 And Filial pietie as he was your Father :
 But think upon your wrongs, my dangers, and your
own.

Alin. Alas my Lord, think you withall, a Father
 Is not so early forgot. But sorrow leave me,
 And do you give me leave to think, that now
 It is no less a Childs part to embrace
 Revenge then sorrow for a Fathers loss.

King. How means my love ? *Alin.* She lives that
was his Ruine.

You may remember whom I mean : *Eulalia.*
 Till now, I had no Plea against her life :
 Onely my care of you might wish her Death,
 For you security. Her fowl Adultery
 And secret Practices against your Crown,
 Were nothing unto me, compar'd with this.
 Now I have lost a Father : she the cause :
 He suffers, she survives : where are your Lawes ?

King. Sweet, be content. *Alin.* Content your
self great Sir,

With your black infamie : sit down content
 On your Majestick Throne. the President
 Of Capital contented Cuckolds, do,
 Till all your Subjects dance the Hornpipe too,

King. Nay dear *Alinda*, do but think——

Alin. Think what ?

What on a course to be reveng'd on you ?
 To serve you in that kind my self ? *Kin.* O torment !

Alin. Or rather, let me think your lustful purpose
 Was but to rob me of my Virgin-Honour.

And

And that you put her by but for a time,
 Until my youth had quench'd your Appetite ;
 Then to recal her home to your embraces.
 She is your wife it seems then still : not I.

King. You have awak'd me from a Lethargie
 In which I was confounded : now I see
 She and mine Honour cannot live at once :
 She dies, *Alinda*: *Alin*. And you may consider
 A little further yet Sir, if you please :
 You Father and maintain a Son (your own
 I cannot safely say, and therefore more
 Is my vexation) who demeans himself
 Not towards me, like one that were your wife.

King. Hee's also doom'd already, my *Alinda*.

Alin. It may prevent a greater strife hereafter,
 Should he but live t' inherit Lands and Titles
 That must belong to yours and my succession.

King. Thy wisdom has inspir'd me : all shall be
 (Be thou but my *Alinda*) rul'd by thee.

Alin. Seal you that Grant : with this kifs I Seal
 mine :

My glories were eclips'd, but now they shine.

ACT. IV. Scæn. I.

*Enter Poggio, Lollio, two Countrey-men with
 Eulalia.*

Eul. Y'Are welcome Friends, your prayers and
 good wishes
 Are comforts to me, yet without danger of the
 Proclamation.

Pog. Madam, the Court in all the Braverie
 It boasts and borrows, cannot so rejoyce

(c)

In

In the bright shining Beauty of their Queen,
 As we in your enjoying in this plainness.
 Their Bells, and Bonfires, Tilts and Tournaments,
 Their Feasts and Banquets, Musicks and costly
 shews

(How ere unpaid for) shall not outpass our loves.

Eul. Be you as confident, I will not wrong
 A man among you : therefore pray reserve
 What is your own, and warrant your own safety.

Pogg. But how you'll live, we know not : we are
 now

In our old former Health : the Countrey's cur'd,
 Your Practice at an end : unless you had
 The common gift of most Physitians,
 To make as many sick, as you make sound,
 You will not find a Patient in seven years.

Eul. But I have other Arts : sufficient skill
 In works of several kinds, the Needle, Loome,
 The Wheel, the Frame, the Net-Pin : and choice of
 Fingers works are most familiar with me.

Lol. And can you handle the Bobbins well, good
 Woman ?

Make statute-Lace ? you shall have my Daughter.

Pogg. And mine, to make Tape-Purles : can you
 do it ?

Eul. Yes, and teach all your children works to
 live on.

The which, together with my own labour,
 May bring sufficient for my maintenance :
 Without the idle help of Begging, Borrowing,
 Or any way infringing the Kings Command.

Lol. You'll have a help beyond himself, bare bor-
 rowing.

Eul. Something I have in Book, to help their
 knowledge,
 And by practise give them literature.

Then

Then when these serious works and studies toil us,
For Recreation, yet with equal skil,
Wee'l practice divers Instruments, Songs and mea-
fures,

That shall invite the Powers above to smile
On the content of which we them beguile.

Pog. Well Mistris, ours is the voice of the whole
Countrey ;

All which, or what you please of it, is yours :
Take this House : make your choice of servants.
Take our children : make your own Rates for their
Education.

Our Purfes and our lives are free to you :
Get what you can, that's your own: will this please
you ?

Eul. Yes gentle Friends, and with asmuch con-
tent

As ere I found in height of Government.

Pog. Take your possession then : and let
Posteritie record, that without grieving
A Royal Queen once Traded for her living.

Scœn. II.

Enter Curate.

Cur. Eho,oh, io, where is my learned sifter ?

Eul. Why seem you so distracted ?

Cur. *Proh Sancto Jupiter !*

Eul. Alas what is the matter ? *Cur.* *Hei mihi*
Qualis erat ?

Talis erat qualem nunquam vidi.

Andr. Sure, sure, his Scholars have over-Ma-
ster'd him, and whipt him out of his wits.

Cur. *Corpus inane animæ*, hold thy peace.

Eul. Pray speak, what chance has happened ?

Cur. *Non est narrandi locus* : Go forth and see.
Th'

Th' enraged Rurals are in an uproar lowd, each
 one an *Hercules furens*, a *formidabilis formidandus*
Hostis : and quite against the Law
 Of *nostrum est injuriam non inferre*,
 Are on the point of making themselves merry,
 In hanging those ill destin'd men by th' neck
 That fought so late to give your neck the check.

Eul. O let us flie to rescue them. *Andr.* Yet I
 hope
 Your haft will bring you short to cut the Rope.

Scœn. III.

Enter Lollio, Poggio, and guard, with Fabio and Strozza.

Lol. Bring 'em away to presnt execution :
 They have lien too long upon the Countreys charge.
 We have given 'em bread and water a whole for-
 night.

Fab. You dare not do't : what Law are we con-
 demn'd by ?

Pog. Dare we not do't ? that word's an hanging
 matter
 Here in our Civil Government : dare not do't Sir ?
 Wee'l do't ; and when 'tis done, wee'l argue Law
 with you.

Stroz. When you have tane our lives, you'l lay
 the Law to us : you cannot be so Barbarous.

Lol. Impudent Traytors ! how dare you say we
 cannot ? yet becaufe we graciously are pleas'd to
 put the Law out of our hands, and make you hang
 your selves, Ile give you Reason : Silence on your
 lives.

First, know, lewd, men, y' are Traytors to the King,
 In offering to be wiser than his Judgement,
 Which was but Banishment to the good *Eulalia* :
 Seek-

Seeking most Trayterously to take the life
Of (I do not say the Queen, but) the Kings wife
Of most happy memory.

Fab. The good *Eulalia*? *Stroz.* the Kings wife?

Pog. That was :

You shall not catch us tripping Sir,
We are more than your match.

Lol. Good I do say she is, and good again
I dare pronounce her, that by dayly pain
Works for her dayly bread : and for bare hire,
Teacheth our children so, that we admire :
The Infants who have understanding more
Then we their Parents have, or then
Our Fore-fathers before us had.

Pog. But brother *Lollio*, make not your speech so
long : what is't to them ? they'l carry none on't to
th' 'other world : let's do what we came to do, e'en
hang 'em. Then, as I said, wee'l argle it afterwards.

Loll. But brother *Poggio*, better 'tis they live
A minute two or three, then such a Speech
As I am now upon, be lost.

Enter Lodovico, Pedro, Curate, Andrea, Eulalia.

Pog. See what y' have won by your delay ! if she
prevent not now
The good we meant her, I dare hang for 'm.

Cur. *In tempore venimus* with a Reprieve, *quod
omnium Rerum est Primum.*

Eul. Alas, what mean you neighbours ? would
you now

For all my labours and my Prayers for you,
Blast me with curses of expiring men ?
What trespass have I done you, that for me
You put these men to death against my will ?

Fab. Stroz. We do applaud your mercy, gracious
Queen. (c) *Pogg.*

Pog. There now, there they deserve hanging for that :

They call you Queen, against the Proclamation.

Dare you maintain 'em in't, and now speak for 'em ?

Eul. No, I condemn their faults, and blame their lives ;

But have nor Power nor will to judge the men :

You have the will : but to assume the Power,

You take the Kings Right from him : you transgresse

As much his Laws in spilling of their blood,

As they had done in mine, had they prevail'd.

Andr. They do not intend to spill their blood, Countrey woman, they would but strangle them : never pierce the skin, nor make 'm an hair worse men, if you consider rightly what they are.

Lol. But to the point. This is the All and some : We meant you a good turn, and for your sake t' have hang'd 'em right or wrong. Now since you will needs stand in your own highway of womens wisdom, which is wilfulness (*Cur.* A most Elegant Figure!) Let 'em and please you come to the Gallows another day for killing you out right : who can help it ?

Cur. Oraculoufly spoken : which of the Sages could have said more ?

Lol. 'Tis not unknown to you, that I can speak like a Sage, and am one of the Sages of our Precinct here for the Laytie, though your learning lie another way among us. I am a Sage, and will be a Sage.

Pog. And so am I, and will be : and but that wise woman, which is as much to say as a fool for her labour.

Cur. Another elegant Figure. *Pog.* But that, I say, she has gain-said it, we would ; yet to shew our selves Sages, hang 'em up for Scarcrowes, to
fright

fright all their fellows for coming from Court to kill women in the Countrey.

Andr. O how I love a Sage ! how many Sages do you allow in your Precinct ?

Lol. Some three or four main Heads : we have now only *Pedro, Poggio* and myself :

But we have many Powers under us :

These now are Powers that execute our Commands. There is as much difference between a Sage and a Power,

As between a Judge and a Hangman.

Andr. But is not the learned Curate a Sage amongst ye ? *Lol.* No, as I said before, their learning lies another way : we allow not our Clergie any Temporal Offices, for reasons known unto our selves.

Andr. Pray let me have a Sages place amongst ye then : I long to be a Sage.

Lol. Brother *Andrea*, you shall have my voice in your Election. *Andr.* Sage brother *Lollo*, I thank you.

Cur. But will ye now, if *misercordially*
This gracious Fœminine preserve your lives
Ex ore lupi, from the Gallow Tree,
Become new men indeed ? *Eul.* I know they will
When they consider the most dangerous sin,
That threw them on their desperate Attempt,
And their escape from merited Punishment,
They cannot be so graceless, not to turn
To a reformed life : First know, yong men,
Your former Act 'gainst me an Innocent,
Was Perjurie by which I fell, yet flourish.
Consider there how black and fowl your Sin
Is rendred by my Chrystal innocence :
Your next Attempt against me, was blacker, Murder,
The very word sounds horror. *Stroz.* Gentle Madam,
Name it not then : but by your sacred mercy,

G

Acquit

Acquit us of the Doom which we so justly
Have drawn upon our selves : and we will spend
Our lives in rendring satisfaction
To your abused goodness. *Eul.* This is serious.

Fab. Or may the earth on which we kneel for
favour,

Forc'd by the weight of our detested Sins, open.

Amb. Quick devour us. *Eul.* So, enough :
Ile take your words, *Lod.* But now you must reveal
By whom you have been wrought to these fowl
Practices,

Fab. All, wee'l discover all, though justly then
we pay our lives to Law.

Lod. Good neighbours, *Lollio*, *Poggio*, and
Andrea, conduct them to my House.

Cur. My self also will to be their securer convoy
go,

For fear the Rusticks may presume again
To stretch these penitent necks with halter strain.

Lod. You shall do well : I thank your Charity.

Lol. Well, since in these we are prevented thus,
Come more, wee'l hang 'em, or they shall hang us.

Andr. Make me but once a Sage, and then fear
nothing.

Pogg. Thou shalt be one next Sessions, without
all peradventure.

Lod. When we have tane these mens confessions,
Ile write at large each passage to the King,
Against the good *Eulalia's* will or knowledge.

Pedr. Ile be your faithful Messenger, my Lord.

Lod. Thanks my good *Pedro* : but remember
Silence.

So deep in thought good Madam ?

Eul. Never enough in contemplation of my
Happinefs.

Pedr. It is your Heavenly mind that sweetens
all things. *Enter*

Enter one of the Countrymen.

Pogg. What's the matter man?

Doubtless and without all peradventure, more miracles.

Lol. The news, good neighbour.

Countr. O neighbours *Poggio* and *Lollio*, such a news, such a Discoverie, such a thing is come to pass, such a business is come to light, as your hearts never heard, your Tongues never thought, nor your ears ever utter'd: you cannot hear it, but it will drown you in a Sea of Admiration, never to rise again in your right wits.

Lol. Now am I mad till I hear it.

Pog. Thou shalt tell me first whether it be good or bad, or Ile not hear it.

Countr. It is good or bad I assure you: and therefore you may be gone.

Pog. I mean which is it? good or bad?

Countr. I say it is good and bad: and you may both stay and be gone, hear it or hear it not, an't please you.

Pog. Nay thou art in thy Jibes now: how good or how bad is thy news?

I pray thee neighbour, I do pray thee how good or bad is it?

Countr. Nay then it is neither good nor bad, but both: the best and the worst that ever you heard in your life, and the worst shall out first; what do you think of the woman that we have got among us?

Pog. Who, the holy woman? that we are all so bound to pray for? I hope no ill's betide her.

Countr. Come, she's a witch: flatly and plainly said to be a witch.

Pog. Did not I tell you she was an unknown woman, and therefore a good one, quoth you? but say I, doubtlesly; and without all peradventure. all that she did was but a kind of witchcraft.

Lol. It cannot, fie, it cannot be: how is she found so? *Countr.* I do not say shee's found a witch, but she's accus'd for one.

Pog. By whom is she accus'd?

Countr. By two brave men at Arms that came from Court

With purpose to have kill'd her for the same.

To be short, They found her out, and naked swords they drew:

But as they thought to have thrust her through and through,

They both dead Palsie-struck fall to the ground.

And had no strength but of their Tongues to wound

The Fame she had. *Pog.* Vertue can want no Foes.

Countr. With that they cryed she was a witch, and She also was that Queen which for a whore (swore The King had turn'd away.

Pog. This is indeed the best news thou couldst bring.

Now doubtlesly and without all peradventure, 'tis the Queen indeed: and if she be not a witch, I am sorry I thought so, with all my heart: where be those men? wee'l hang 'm presently.

Countr. No, the Queen, if she be the Queen, will not have them hurt more then they be: we were about to execute 'em: but she would not suffer it.

Lol. Goodness it self!

Pog. Nay without all peradventure, if there be goodness above ground, I said, and I say it again, 'tis in that woman.

Countr. She would have cur'd 'em presently herself: but could not do't, because the cruel Caitifs
Would

would not confesse their fins, as she made us, you know, before her gift could cure us: by the same token I suffered an hours torment that I might have scap'd, because I was so loath to bring out that naughtie busines betwixt me and the Millers wife.

Pog. 'Twas well you confests'd at last.

Countr. I, and they will be glad to confess, before they be able to stir hand or foot, I warrant: and so I told 'm when I lodg'd 'em both lovingly together upon straw in my Barn; too good for 'em; and so I told 'em too, for being Traytors to her Holiness.

Lol. But where's our Holy woman? *Pog.* Our Queen wee'll call her now, without all peradventure.

Lol. Coming this way, to her Court-Cottage here, but very slowly, though our two new neighbours make the best way they can for her through the People that pres upon her so with thanks and offerings for their new Healths: but she takes not so much for curing a thousand mortal People, as I have spent in Turpentine and Tarre to keep my Flocklings cleanly in a Spring time. Hark, she comes: this is the Musick where ere she goes.

[*Shout within.*]

All. Heaven blefs our Holy woman.

Scæn. III.

Enter Lodovico, Eulalia, Andrea.

Lod. Depart good neighbours, good people all depart: shee'll come abroad again to morrow.

Within. Heaven blefs our Holy woman. (part,

Andr. She thanks you all good People, pray de-
To morrow you shall have the second part:
She shall appear again unto you; pray depart,
The men in Peace, the Wives in quietness.

And let your bigger children still the less.

[*All within.*] Heaven blefs our Holy woman.

Andr. So, now the Hubbub's gone : I pray pafs on.

I fhall be as weary of the Cottage, as of the Court,
If this noife hold : here's thrufting and crowding
As much as there, onely here they have less Pride.

Eul. Was ever comfort in the Court like this ?

Lod. I never liv'd till now.

Enter three country-men more.

Andr. Here come more of our weather-headed
wife neighbours.

Pog. Heaven blefs our Holy woman. 1. Heaven
blefs your Holinefs.

2. Nay then Heaven blefs our Sacred Sovereign.

Eul. This Homage fits not me.

1. We had not liv'd but by your facred means ;
And will no longer live then be your Subjects.

Eul. You go about to caft away your lives :
In ferving or in fuccouring me, you fall
Into Rebellion againft the King.

2. We have no King nor Queen but you.
Heaven blefs your Majesty. *Omn.* Heaven blefs
your Majeftie.

Andr. That was pronounc'd bravely ; O my brave
new neighbours !

Eul. Y' are Traytors All. 1. In honouring our
Sovereign ?

Andr. I, well faid, hold her to it.

Eul. How dare you call me fo ? 2. We dare,
and can prove it good and lawful.
This Province is engag'd unto you Madam,
The King made it your Joynture : and we find
No reason but you instantly poffeffe it.

Eul. What, and the King alive ?

1. He's

1. He's dead to you. *Lol.* Yes, yes, he's dead to you.

Andr. Well said again : that's a sound point, be-
sworn

These be true Blades. *Eul.* I tremble but to hear you,
And will not live an hour amongst you more
But with this freedom, To use my fair obedience to
the King.

2. You shall obey the King then, and we'll obey
your Majesty.

Eul. O let that Title die with my late Fortune :
Remember it no more, but let me be
As one of you ; nay rather, an Inferior,
Or I from this abiding must remove :
Of which I first made choice in truth for love.

3. O Madam ! *Eul.* Take heed good neighbours,
Beware how you give Dignitie or Title ; therein
you may transgress.

2. No whit good Madam. Observe the Dialect
of France,

And you shall find Madam given there in Courtesie,
To women of low Fortunes, unto whom
'Tis held a poore addition, though great Queens
Do grace and make it Royal, *Eul.* 'Tis then the
Greatness of

The Person dignifies the Titles, not it the Person.

1. And in that, Madam, you are in your content
Above all Titles proper to great Princes :
But setting this aside, how thrive your Scholars ?

Eul. We go fairly on. [*Enter 1. Girl.*] look you
Here's one that knew no letter in the Book (Sir,
Within these ten days, can read hitherto,
And waits for a new lesson : proceed hither——
And at your hour Ile hear you. 1. *Girl.* Yes, for-
sooth Mistresse. *Enter 2. Girl.*

Eul. Good Girl, well said : nay, nay, hold up
G 4 your

your head : fo, fo, 'tis very well : let's see your fam-
plar : what an hearts ease is here ! *Lod.* Right in
its perfect Colours. *Eul.* Nay shee'l do well : now
take me out this Flower. Keep your work clean,
and you shall be a good Maid. *Enter 3. Girl.* Now
where's your writing book ? *3. Girl.* 'Tis here for-
footh. Pray shall I have a Joyn-hand Copy next ?

Eul. No child, you must not Joyn-hand yet : you
must your letters and your minums better first.
Take heed, you may Joyn-hand too soon, and so
mar all : still youth desires to be too forward. Go
take your Lute, and let me hear you sing the last
I taught you.

[*Song*]

Enter 4. Girls.

Scœn. IV.

Enter Doctor and Midwife.

Lod. Whither do you press ? who would you
speak with all ? *Doctor.* O Sir, for Charity sake
give us access unto the holy woman. *Lod.* Who
are you ? or from whence ?

Doct. We are poor Pilgrims man and wife, that
are upon our way struck with sad pain and sorrow.

Andr. Alas poor Pilgrims ! here's she must do
you good.

Eul. How divine Justice throwes my Enemies
into my hands ? what are your griefes ?

Doct. My wife is struck with dumbness.

Andr. Hold a little,
That's the greatest grief a woman can endure :
But trouble not thy self to seek for cure.
Too many a man i'th' world will change with thee
A wife that of her Language is too free,
And give good Boot. *Eul.* Pray Sir be you silent.
And where's your pain ? *Doct.* Here in this hand ;
Which

Which I desire to shew in some more privacie.

Eul. Because your Blow cannot be safely given here, you think.

O sinful wretch ! thou hadst no pain till now ;
Nor was she dumb till divine Providence
Now at this instant struck her. It is now
Just as thou saist : and justly are you punished
For treacherous counterfeits. *Lodowick* search his hand.

Lod. His hand is wither'd, and lets fall a Knife.

Andr. As sharp to do a mischief as ere was felt on.

Eul. Now take off his false Beard: see if you know him,

And let the woman be unmuffled. *Lod.* O Divels!

Andr. O the last couple that came out of Hell!

Lod. These are the other two that damn'd themselves

In perjurie against you at your Tryal.

Andr. How do you master Doctor, and Mistrefs Midwife ?

Is this the Pen your Doctorship prescribes with ?
This might soon write that might cure all diseases:
And are these the Labours you go to, Mistrefs Mid-
night ?

Would you bring women to bed this way ?

Omn. O damnable conspirators!

Eul. Pray take 'm hence, their time's not come for cure yet.

Andr. Come away Pilgrims: we'll cure 'em for you,

If your own salves can cure you: O my sweet Pilgrims.

1. Fough, they stink of Treason damnably.

2. What, shall we hang 'm ? drown 'em ? or burn 'em ?

1. They shall taste fortie deaths, then take their own. (c)

2. I,

2. I, come away with 'em: they shall die fortie times without peradventure.

Eul. You shall lose me, if you do any violence to any of 'em: but let 'm be lodg'd with those we take to day: Ile feed 'em all. *Andr.* They'l be a jolly company. *Eul.* Pray do as I intreat.

3. You shall in all command us.

1. Ile make my Barn a spittle for your conspirators till it be top full, and then set fire on't, and please you.

Eul. Do you no harm, and fear none: send your Children.

2. *Omn.* Long live our Queen. *Andr.* Your Queen? have you a mind to be hang'd? *Omn.* our School-Mistress, we would say.

Eul. We live secure in spight of Foes: and see, Where Heaven protects, in vain is Treacherie: Who says our State is low, or that I fell When I was put from Court? I did not rise Till then, nor was advanc'd till now. I see Heaven plants me 'bove the reach of Treachery.

Lod. O happie, happie Saint!

Ex. Rustici with Doct. and Midwife.

Sc  en. V.

Enter Flavello, alias Alphonso, with a Letter to Eulalia, Poggio and Lollio following.

Lol. I would she had a Councel: she shall have a Councel,

And we will be the Heads thereof,
Though I be put to the pains to be President my self.

Pog. It is most requisite for her safety: her danger may be great.

A good

A good guard then in my opinion were more requirable.

Lol. 'Tis well consider'd : she shall have a Guard too : and we will be the limbs thereof, though I be put to the trouble of Captain on't my self.

Pog. You will put on all Offices, yet count 'em pain and trouble.

Lol. Yes, and perform 'em too in our Court of Conscience, for here's no other profit to hinder the Dutie : let them above do what they list ; we will have as much care of our School-Mistress, as they of their *Semiramis* : I speak no Treason nor no trifles neither, if you mark it. But she must never know this care of ours, She'll urge the Statute of Relief against it.

Pog. This is some Courtier sure that's with her ; he smells illfavorably.

Lol. That made me dog him hither. *Pog.* He shall not have her out of sight, that's certain. *Lol.* Nor out of reach neither : a mischief's quickly done.

Eul. No Supercription, nor any names unto it.

Most Royal and most wronged Sovereign Mistress : (that must needs be me.) Be happily assured your Restauration is at hand ; And by no less means then by her Death that usurps your Dignitie : (a plain conspiracie against Alinda in my behalf.) All shall be determined at Nicosia, by

Your Loyal Servants.

Nameless.

Eul. You know not the contents then, and are bound by Oath you say not to reveal the senders of this Letter.

Alph. It is most true : onely thus much I tell you, they are your noble and best chosen Friends.

Eul. Heaven ! can it be, that men in my respect can plunge into such danger ?

Alph.

(c)

Alph. So Madam, this being all I had in charge,
I must crave leave (indeed I do not like this
Opportunitie, nor well the countenances of these
Hobnols. [aside]

Eul. You are no messenger of such ill Tidings
To part so slightly : indeed you shall not.

Alph. She's honied with the newes : I have already

Madam my Reward, and will no longer stay.

Eul. Then I must say, you shall stay : or Ile send
A cry as loud as Treason after you.

Alph. You'll wrong your self and Friends then.

Omni. You wrong your self Sir, and we charge
you stay.

Alph. By the command of Peasants ?

Lol. How ! you choplogical Rascal, Peasants !

Pog. Down with him into utter darkness.

Eul. No violence good Friends : but if you will
detain him

Till I give order for his libertie,
You do the State good service.

Lol. May it do you Service ? *Pog.* The State is
finely serv'd already. *Eul.* Me most of all. *Lol.* Hell
cannot hold him faster then. *Alph.* Madam, hear me.

Lol. Mad Ass, hold your prating till she calls you:
Mean time you are fast : 'twas time we were a
Council or a Guard. *Exeunt with Alphonso.*

Eul. I thank thee Providence, I dreamed not of
such ready help.

I am struck through with wonder at this Letter :
I could not at the first but think't a Bayt
To catch my willingness to such an Act ;
Or Gullerie to mock my Hopes or wishes,
In case I had such : therefore I desired
The Messengers restraint from being my Relator :
But now a strong Belief possessees me,
A noble Fury has stirr'd up some Friends To

To this high enterprize : whereby I gather
 My cause is weigh'd above, whence I shall see
 How well my patience over-rules my wrong,
 And my Foes ruin'd with mine Honours safety.
 But let my better Judgement weigh those thoughts.
 I do not seek revenge, why shall I suffer it ?
 My causeless injuries have brought me Honour,
 And 'tis her shame to hear of my mis-hap.
 And if by Treachery she fall, the world
 Will judge me accessarie, as I were indeed
 In this foreknowledge of the foul intent,
 Should I conceal it.

Then here's the trembling doubt which way to take :
 Whether to rise by her Destruction,
 Or sink my Friends, discovering their pretence.
 Friends have no Priviledge to be treacherous :
 She is my Soveraignes wife, his chief content ;
 Of which to rob him, were an act of horreur
 Committed on himself. The question's then,
 Whether it be more foule ingratitude
 To unknown Friends, and for an act of Sin,
 Then to be treacherous to the Prince I love ?
 It is resolv'd : Ile once more see the Court.

Lollio, Poggio and Countreymen return.

O my good Patrons, I must now intreat
 Means for my Journey to attend the King,
 On a discoverie for the present safetie
 Of his fair Queen : she will be murder'd else.

Pog. And let her go : we have shut up your news-bringer safe enough, will keep you by your favour, short enough from hindring such a work. *Eul.* Dear Friends, a small matter will prevent this world of dangers.

Lol. Would you have us to become Traytors, to Supply your wants against the Proclamation ?
 If you be well, remain so : your Industry
 Can keep you here : but for a Journey, that Re-

Requires Horfes and Attendants : money muſt be had,

Which we have not for ſuch an idle purpoſe.

Eul. O hear me. *Pog.* Will you neglect your Houſe and Trade to meddle any more with State-matters ?

Lol. And bring our necks in danger to aſſiſt you ? Let your own counſell adviſe you to ſtay.

Exeunt.

Scæn. VI.

Enter King, Petruccio.

King. How died the Boy ? *Petr. Gonzago* Sir, your Son ?

King. My Son, my Son ? you urge the name of Son

To work remorſe within me, when I ask How died that Baſtard boy ; no Son of mine.

Petr. His laſt words that he ſpake to me, were theſe :

Go, tell the King my Father, that his frown Hath pierc'd my heart : tell him, if all his Land Be peopled with obedient hearts like mine, He needs no lawes to ſecond his diſpleaſure, To make a general Depopulation : But that he may not loſe ſo much, I pray That in my Death his miſſe-plac'd anger die, And that his wrath have double force 'gainſt thoſe That to his Perſon and his Laws are Foes.

King. Did he ſay ſo ? *Petr.* And then, as if the Spirit of Prayer

Had onely been habitual in his ſoul, He did implore Heaven's goodneſs to come down, Lifting him hence to ſhine upon your Crown.

King. This Boy yet might be mine, though *Sforza* might have wrong'd me by the By.

Petr. This done, he pray'd me leave the Roome. I wept : In ſooth I could not chuſe. *King.*

King. Well, well, you wept, return'd, and found him dead in's Bed you say.

Petr. Yes, in so sweet a Posture, as no Statuarie With best of skill on most immaculate Marble Could fashion him an Image purer, flighter.

King. No more.

Petr. I found his stretch'd-out fingers which so lately

Had clos'd his eyes, still moistned with his tears ;
And on his either cheek a tear undryed,
Which shone like Stars.

King. It seems he wept and died.

Prithee no more: I cannot though forget
My threatnings were too sharp: I must forget it.
I charge you that you leavy up our Army
Against those Rebels that we hear give succour
Unto the wretched cause of all my mischiefes,
That hated ill-liv'd woman.

Scæn. VII.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. O my dread liege ?

King. The matter? speak; how does the Queen ?

Hor. O the sweet Queen ! I fear, I fear, I fear,

King. What fearst thou? speak the worst I charge thee.

Hor. I fear she has a Moonflaw in her brains :
She chides and fights that none can look upon her.
Her Fathers Ghost is in her I think: here she comes.

Alin. Where's this King? this King of Clouts.

Petr. Fearful effect of Pride !

Alin. This shadow of a King, that stands set up
As in a Prefs among the Raggs and Vizors

That

That represent his deceas'd Ancestors.

King. What means my love ?

Alin. Your love ? where is your love ?

Where is the preparation that you promis'd
Of strength to tear in pieces that vile Witch
That lives my souls vexation ? your love ?
You are a load of torment : your delays
To my desires are Hellish cruelties.
Are these your promises ?

[*Horatio holds up his hands.*]

King. I have given order with all speed I could.

Alin. You could cut off an old man in a Prison,
That could make no resistance, and you could
Vex a poor Boy to death, that could but cry
In his defence ; that you could do ; but this
That has so much shew of fear or hardness,
As a few Peasants to maintain a Strumpet
Against your Dignitie, is too much to do
For a poor coward King. *Petr.* What a tyrannous
Ambition

Has the Devil puff'd up this Bladder with !

King. I fear her wits are craz'd indeed. *Alinda,*
Hear me gentle love. *Alin.* O my torment !

Hor. As I am true to the Crown, I know not
what to say to this : she's falling mad sure.

Alin. No, no, you dare not do't : your Army may
Perhaps i'th' dangerous Action break a shin,
Or get a bloody nose : it now appears
My Father (as 'twas voyc'd) was all your valour.
Y' have never a *Mars* or Cuckold-making General
Now left : and for your self, you'r past it.

Hor. His 'tother wife would not have us'd him
thus.

Quiet Cuckroldie is better then scolding chastitie
all the world over.

King. I see distraction in her face.

Alin.

Alin. Did all your brave Commanders die in *Sforza*?

Petr. By the Kings favour Madam (not to stir
The dust of your dead Father) he has Souldiers
That know to lead and execute no less
Then did victorious *Sforza*.

Alin. Sirrah! you have stirr'd more then his dust;
you have mov'd his blood in me, unto a Justice
that claims thy trayterous head.

Petr. My head? and Trayterous? I do appeal
unto the King. *Alin.* A King? a Cobweb.

Hor. And she the Spider in't I fear.
My Loyaltie knowes not how to look upon her.

Alin. If thou beest King, thou yet art but that
King

That owes me love and life, and so my subject.

King. Indeed *Alinda*! — *Alin.* Yes, indeed *Gonzago*,
Life by inheritance: for my valiant Father
Whose life thou tookst, gave thine, and so 'tis mine.
And for your love, you dare not wrest it from me;
Therefore deny not now my just demand,
In that proud Traytors head. *Hor.* She's mad be-
yond all cure.

King. Examine his offence, my dear *Alinda*.

Alin. Is't not enough *Alinda* doth command it?
Are these the Articles you gave me grant of?
Is this the nothing that you would deny me?

King. Sweet, weigh but his offence.

Alin. His Head is my offence: and give me that
Now, without pause, or by the strength of Hercules
Ile take thee by the Horns, and writhe thine own
off.

King. Go from her sight *Petrucchio*; levie up our
Forces,

And let the Boy *Gonzago* be embowell'd,
And sent as a forerunner of our Furie

(c)

H

Unto

Unto that Witch, contriver of these woes.

Petr. 'Tis done, my liege. [Exit *Petrucchio*.]

Alin. Was ever woman barr'd her will, as I am?

Hor. Here's a fine woman spoil'd now, by humoring her at first, and cherishing her Pride.

Alin. Sure you have but mock'd me all this while: I am no wife, no Queen, but silly Subject.

King. 'Tis a disease in her that must be sooth'd: Sweet, thou shalt have his Head. *Alin.* O shall I so?

King. Go in, it shall be brought thee.

Alin. Mark what I say to bind you to your word: Do it, or Ile not love you: I can change Love into hate, hate into love most sweetly: Let that man live to morrow, Ile love him, And do fine feats with him, such as your tother wife And *Sforza* did; but make much better sport on't. They were an old dry couple. *Hor.* Take this, take all.

Alin. I leave all to your Kingly consideration: You know your charge: look to't, and so I leave you. *Exit.*

King. What wild Affections do in women reign! But this a Passion past all President. O 'tis meer Madness, mix'd with Divellish cunning, To hurl me upon more and endless mischiefs: It has awak'd me to the sight of those My fury (sprung from Dotage) hath already Laid in my Path, grim Spectacles of horror, The blood of *Sforza*, and that tender Boy: O let me think no further, yet stay there: To plunge at first into too deep a Sense Of soul-afflicting terrours, drowns the Reason, And stupifies the Conscience, which delivers Us over to an insensibilitie Of our misdeeds, and of our selves: just Heaven! Afford me light to see I am misled: But let it not as lightning blast mine eyes, Con-

Confound my Senses, make me further stray,
For ever coming back to know my way.

Hor. How fares your Majesty? *Kin.* O *Horatio!*
Thee's lost, thee's lost, *Horatio.*

Hor. I would my wife were with her then :
And so would any Subject say, I think.

King. What dost thou think ?

Hor. Marry I think (and so would any good Sub-
ject think, I think) as your Majestie thinks.

King. What dost thou think of Loyaltie now ?

Hor. Truly I think there's now not any warrant-
able Loyaltie left but in *Petruccio* and my self.

The Queen is now out of my Catalogue, and my
Creed too.

Scæn. VIII.

[*A shout within*] crying, *Kill him, kill him: for
Sforza, Sforza: kill him for the blood of Sforza,
Sforza, &c.*

King. What terrible, what hideous noise is this ?
[*Within.*] *Kill him for Sforza, Sforza; kill him,
kill him.*

Hor. My Loyaltie defend me ! I know not what
to make on't.

[*Enter a Captain distractedly, Sforza Disguised.*]

King. What art thou ! speak : hadst thou the
voice of Hell,
Denouncing all the Furies in't, I dare yet hear
thee ; speak.

Capt. O mighty Sir, *Petruccio.* *King.* What of
Petruccio?

Capt. O *Petruccio!* I tremble but to speak him.

King. Shall I then with the Prophetique Spirit
of a King
Speak of *Petruccio?* he is turn'd Traytor,

And animates the Souldiers against me,
Upon the discontent *Alinda* gave him
Now in her Fury : is't not so ?

Hor. 'Tis so, 'tis so: ne'er ask him for the matter :
I thought so, just, just as your Majestie thought it ;
And find withall, that now you have not left
A Loyal heart but in *Horatio's* bosome,
Now that *Petruccio* fails : I fear'd 'twould come
To that : nay knew't : O hang him, hang him,
False hearted villain ! he was never right,
And so I always told your Majesty. [*Shout.*]

King. The cry comes neerer still: what does he
mean,
To bring my Army on to Massacre
Me in my House? *Capt.* Dread Sir, vouchsafe
attention:

Petruccio is Loyal : 'tis his Loyaltie,
And most sincere obedience to your will,
That brings him to the ruine of his life,
Unless your awful Presence make prevention.

King. Is then his Loyaltie become his danger ?

Capt. As thus great Sir, in the late Execution
Of Death-doom'd *Sforza*, which the Souldier
(Not looking on your Justice, but the Feud
That was betwixt *Petruccio* and him)
Refents as if it were *Petruccio's* Act,
Not yours, that cut him off: and still, as madly
Bewitch'd with *Sforza's* love, as ignorant
Of the desert of brave *Petruccio*,
They all turn head upon him: and as if
'Twere in his power to new create him to them,
They cry to him for *Sforza*, *Sforza* ; or if not,
Petruccio's life must answer *Sforza's* blood.

King. Left you him in that distress? *Capt.* He
did prevail
With much entreatie, by some private reasons,
Upon their fury for an hours respite : In

In which dear time 'tis onely you may save
Guiltless *Petruccio* from a timelefs Grave.

King. Thou art a Souldier, art not ?

Capt. And have commanded in your Highneffe
Wars.

King. Me thinks I fhould remember, but Ile
truft thee.

Hor. I hope you'll be advis'd, though, how you run
Into this wild-fire of Rebellion.

King. My Fortune is more desperate then his :
I am befet and circled in with mifchiefes.

Way-laid with heaps of dangers every where :

Yet I will on : Kings were not made to fear.

Ile fetch him off, and the more readily,

For my mifprifion of his Loyaltie.

Could I think that man false ? *Hor*. No Sir, nor I :

By all meanes fetch him off : that Loyal General

Is tenfold worth the whole Rebellious Army :

Save him, and hang them all.

*Enter Petruccio with a Rabble of Souldiers,
and two Captains, crying, Come, come,
away with him, away with him.*

Petr. Have you no Faith, nor due obedience
Unto the King ? this outrage is 'gainft him,

In me he fuffers. 1. *Capt*. We obey the King,

And 'tis his Juftice that we cut your throat,

For doing fuch outrage in the death of our brave
General,

That had you lives more then false drops of blood,
They were not all fufficient fatisfaction for his loffe.

2. *Capt*. Your limited hour draws on apace :

Prepare.

Enter a Servant.

Petr. He's come within that hour, that fhall
relieve me.

Where is he ? is he come ?

Serv. You are betray'd :

³⁴ VOL. II.

H 3

He's

He's fled and gone : no such man to be found.

Petr. Then Faith is fled from man : is *Sforza* fled ?

Why should I wish to live, now Honour's dead ?

Now take your bloody course, and in my fall,

Martyr the man that sav'd your General.

1. *Capt.* Sav'd him ? how sav'd ? *Petr.* *Sforza* lives.

All. How's that ? how's that ? that, that again.

Petr. As I now live, I set him free from Prison,
Trusting unto his Honour to secure me,

In which I did abuse the Kings Authoritie

To th'forfeit of my life. *Sold.* This sounds : this
sounds.

1. *Capt.* But does this sound well from a Souldiers mouth ?

2. *Capt.* He is not now worthy of death, before
He be well whipt for lying.

[*Within*] The King, the King, the King !

1. *Capt.* He could never come in a better time,
to see how bravely we will do justice for him.

King. How comes this Fury rais'd amongst ye
Souldiers ?

Have you forgot my Laws and Person too ?

1. *Capt.* We honour both thus low : now give us
leave

To look like men, and give your Highness welcome

To see a General of your Election

Die with a lie in's mouth : your Souldier here,

None of the good Queens old ones.

King. Dare you both judge and execute this
man ?

2. *Capt.* We dare to kill the Hangman of our
General,

And think it fits our Office best : though you

Have Law enough to wave our care and pain,

And

And hang him up your self: for he affirms
That he let *Sforza* live 'gainst your command;
And that's the lie we treat of.

Kin. Ile give you all your Pardons, and him
Honour,
To make that true. *Sfor.* Your Kingly word is
taken. [*Discovers himself.*]

Noble *Petruccio*, thou art difengag'd:
And if the temper of the King's high Anger
Blow still above his Justice, let it crush
This cloud that holds a shower of innocent blood,
Willing to fall and calm his violent fury.

All. Our General lives: a *Sforza, Sforza.*

King. Sforza! Petr. You have outdone me in
Nobilitie.

King. I am all wonder: now this man appears
The Mansion and habitual Seat of Honour;
Of which he seems so full, there cannot be
An Angle in his breast to lodge so base
An Inmate as disloyaltie: if so,
How was *Eulalia* false? or how *Gonzago*,
That tender Boy, the fruit of lawless lust?
There I am lost again: Great Power, that knowest
The subtiltie of hearts, shew me some light
Through these Cymmerian mists of doubts and fears,
In which I am perplex'd even to distraction:
Shew me, shew me yet the face of glorious Truth;
where I may read
If I have err'd, which way I was misled.

Hor. Enters. O my dread Lord! *King.* Thy news?

Hor. O my sweet Sovereign! *King.* Art thou
distracted too?

Hor. No Sir: The Queen, the Queen, the
Queen's distracted,
And I am like to be, and you, and any man
That loves the King, unless some Conjuror

Be found to lay the Devil: I mean *Sforza*.

Sforza Sir (would you think?) that monstrous
Traytor

Sforza walks in the Court without a Head;
Appear'd unto the Queen: I found her talking
with him,

Kneeling and praying him to give her Pardon;
Told him indeed 'twas she that fought his Head,
And that she thought, that being now a Queen,
She might by her Prerogative take Heads,
Whose and as many as she listed: but
She promis'd she would send it him again,
Or else *Petruccio's* first: or if he would forgive her
This time, shee'd do so no more.

He seem'd he would not hear her: then she beat
Her self against the walls and floor, and flies
To free her self by th' windows: calls for Poison,
Knife, Rope, or anything, whereby to follow
Her most abused Father. What to make on't,
As I am true to th' Crown, I must refer
Onely unto your Majestie. *King*. O 'tis fearful!

Petr. My Lord, you saw not th' Apparition, did
you?

Hor. Not I: I saw him not: nor has the Devil
Power in a Traytors shadow to appear
Unto a Loyal Subject. Hah! my Loyaltie
And truth unto the Crown defend me!
See the very foresaid Devil at my Elbowe,
Head and all now: avoid, attempt me not, Satan,
I do conjure thee by all the vertues of a Loyal
Courtier.

Sfor. They are all too weak to charma Devil Sir;
But me they may, your Friend.

Hor. I defie thee Bubfebel. *Petr*. What do you
see, my Lord?

Hor. Look there, the Apparition, there it is;
As like the Traytor *Sforza* when he liv'd, As

As Devil can be like a Devil—oh !

Petr. Fear not : he lives, and Loyal to the King.

Hor. Does the King say so ?

Sfor. Give me your hand my Lord,
The King will say so, if this be flesh and blood.

Hor. I, if thou beest flesh and blood : but how to believe that I know not, when my touch makes me sweat out a whole showre of pure Loyaltie.

King. No more, *Horatio* : I find that my credulitie
Has been wrought on unto my much abuse,
And *Sforza* now appears an honest man.

Hor. Whoever thought otherwise ? or how
Could he in nature appear less then Loyal ?
O my right noble Lord, I weep thy welcome.

King. Back Souldiers, to your dutie : learn of me
Hereafter how to judge with equitie.

Sould. Long live the King.

Exeunt Capt. and Souldiers.

King. Now in the midst of my soul-frighting objects,
I cannot but applaud your mutual Friendship.

Hor. Yes, and how equally I affect them both.

King. O that mischance propitiously might be
A light to reconcile my thoughts and me.

Sfor. May you be pleas'd Sir then to let the cause
In which your injur'd Queen, your Son and I,
And truth itself have suffered, be review'd ?
The mischievous creature that was drunk, now's mad
With brain-confounding strong Ambition :
She whom your ill-plac'd love Grac'd as a wife,
Whom now I am not fond of to call Daughter,
It seems is past Examination.

Hor. Mad, mad, most irrecoverably mad.

Sfor. But let those Hell-bred witnesses be call'd,
And re-examined. *Hor.* They are not to be found.

King. No ? where is *Flavello* ?

Petr. Not seen in Court these ten dayes. *Hor.*

Hor. Let me out-squeeze that Court Sponge.
If I do not fetch out the poisonous corruption
Of all this Practice, let me yet be guiltie.

Scœn. IX.

Post-Horn. Enter Pedr. Letters.

King. From whence art thou. *Pedr.* Your Province of *Palermo*

Thus low submits in dutie to your Highness,
The Service and the lives of whose Inhabitants
So truly are subjected to your Power,
That needles is the Preparation
Which with much grief we hear you make against us,
By hostile Force to root up a Rebellion
Bred meerly out of Rumour. *King.* Peace, no more :
I find the Province Loyal. *Hor.* Who made doubt
on't ?

Ile undertake to find more Toads in Ireland,
Then Rebels in *Palermo*, were the Queen
(Queen did I call her ?) that disloyal woman
And that flie Traytor *Lodovico* out on't.

King. See *Sforza*, see *Petruccio*, what *Lodovico*
That trustie and true-hearted Lord has wrote me :
He has ended all my doubts, good man.

Hor. Ah, ah ! does not your grace come to me
now ?

I thought I would put your Highness to't for once,
To try what you would say : when *Lodovico*
Does not prove trustie, let me be trufs'd.

Petr. 'Tis a most happy Information.

King. I, do you note the Passages ?

Sfor. 'Tis indeed worthy a Kings regard : you
see your way.

King. Yes, yes, I know now what to do,
And mean to put it presently in Act.

Hor.

Hor. This I foresaw would prove an hour of comfort.

The Stars themselves ne'er saw events more plainly.

King. How full of April-changes is our life ?

Now a fit shovre of sad distilling Rain,

And by and by the Sun breaks forth again,

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT. V. Scœn. I.

Enter Lodovico, Eulalia.

Lod. FEAR not good Madam, trust my care and Reason.

Eul. Good *Lodovico*, though I thank your care And love to me, yet give me leave to doubt, That as that cruel and Ambitious woman Hath overway'd the Judgement of the King, She may pervert his Royal purposes Of Peace and love, to your and my destruction. Before you sent, would you had tane my Counfel.

Enter Pedro with Gonzago, and Letters.

Lod. To end all doubts, see *Pedro* is return'd.

Pedr. And happily : see Madam.

[*Presents Gonzago to her.*] *Eul.* My *Gonzago* ; My Prince, I should have said. *Gonz.* Thrice-gracious Mother,

I thank *Petruccio*, who preserv'd my life, For nothing more, then this one minutes Blifs, In which I find your Blessing in a kifs.

Eul. Weep not, fair Sir. *Pedr.* The Lord *Petrucio* Madam

Presents you these. [*Letters. She Reads.*]

Lod. Welcome my sweet young Prince. *Gonz.* I thank you *Lodovico*.

Lod. Now I see methinks a Court again.

(c)

Pedr.

Pedr. We shall do shortly ; for the King is coming,
And not in terror, but with Grace and Favour.

Lod. 'Tis happy Heavenly news. *Eul.* See here's an Inundation

Of Joys that do like waves orecome each other.

Brave, wise, and valiant *Petruccio* !

That couldst so happily deceive the King

By a supposed death, to save the Life

Of my sweet Boy : all that I can be sorry for,

Is this : *Alinda* is Frantick. [*Lod. reads*]

Pedr. Can that grieve you ?

Eul. He brings her with him : and I hope the change

Of Air, with wholsome Prayers and Physicks Art,
In which I am not ignorant, may restore her.

Lod. Madam, the Sun shines fairly.

Scæn. II.

Enter Lollio and Poggio.

Lol. News, news upon news ! *Eul.* The Queen is kill'd : is not that it ?

Lol. No nor the King neither, God blefs him : they are both alive, with all their Pomp and Train coming to see our School-Mistrefs. *Eul.* Auspicious Providence !

Lol. They take us in their way, for they are passing to *Nicosia*, where the King means to keep his word with the Queen, in giving her three what d'ye calls?

Lod. Three Boons, as the custom is.

Lol. Boons ? I Boons : I warrant she'l ask no Baubles.

Pog.

Pog. O Mistrefs, you were careful for her, that comes I warrant but to jeere you.

Eul. Patience would die, if 'twere not exercis'd.
But now it rests, that we prepare to entertain our
Guests.

We must to welcome them make Holy day,
And give our Scholars leave to Feast and Play.
The Swaines you say are perfect in the Dance;
So are my Maids : wee'l leave it for the King.

Exeunt.

Scæn. III.

Enter King, Alinda, Horatio, Lodovico, Attendants.

King. I cannot but applaud your mind, *Alinda*.
But am not much affected with the Subject
On which you purpose now to cast your Favour.

Lod. More scorn upon my life, and rude vexa-
tion. *[aside]*

Alin. If my fair meaning Sir shall prove mistaken,
'Tis but a loving purpose lost.

(O that wretch *Flavello* !) *[aside]*

Lod. If she have further purpose then to raise
More sorrow by the Kings displeasure to her. *[aside]*

Hor. Let her alone, her Raign's but short we
know. *[aside]* Soft Musick.

Hor. Is this the sound of want and misery ?

Alin. Of wantonness I fear, and Luxurie.

(The villain had no purpose but to flatter.) *[aside]*

O Sir, why came we hither ? *Lod.* Mark the Came-
lion. *[aside]*

King. 'Tis most sweet Musick.

Scæn.

Scæn. IV.

Enter Eulalia with three or four Girls, and work in their hands.

Eul. Such as the rudeness of the Countrey yields Sir,
 Hayl to the King and Queen, and may the thanks
 Which on my knees I offer at those Feet
 That beautifie and blest this humble Earth
 Add many years unto your happy lives.

Alin. We have e'en seen enough : 'twas all I fear'd,
 To find her knee-deep in Hypocrisie.

Eul. Seem not to turn away, most gracious Madam,
 Before I shew for which I hop'd you came,
 The manner how I get a competence to live.

[*Shews her works, and makes a brave description of Pieces : As Sale-work, Day-work, Night-work, wrought Night-caps, Coyfs, Stomachers.*]

Alin. Your work you say, though't be o'th newest Frame,
 I fear your Play is still at the old Game.
 Both wayes bring money : is't not so forsooth ?

King. Enough, *Alinda.*

Lod. Too much, to tread upon Affliction. [*aside*]

King. What say you *Lodovico* ?

Lod. I say Sir, the distresses of that Lady merit
 a Kings Pity, and not such scorn.
 As I see cast upon her : but the best are women.

King. No more.

Eul. May it please your Highness sit, and note
 the Play
 By which we gain when we lay work away.

The

The Song I taught you laſt. *Song.*

Alin. Theſe wenches will be a good help to you
at waffel-tide.

Eul. We have varietie for all the Seaſons,
Of ſuch poor entertainments, mighty Queen,
To ſhew our much contentment in their welcome.

Lod. Goodneſs ſpeaks in her.

Alin. There's for your Song () No, ſtay, I may
transgreſs

The Law. (*Lod.* O Devil ! *Hor.* Let her jeer on.)
[*afide*]

King. Not if you give it for her pains, *Alinda.*

Alin. Nay ſince you warrant it, let's pay and go.
Though I have heard ſuch pains diſputed Begging.

Lod. As all Arts are, by the Rewards they find.

Eul. Nay I beſeech your Majeſties. *Alin.* What's
the Feat now ? [*Muſick, Dance.*]

Alin. Sir, are you pleas'd to proſecute your
journey ?

Or do theſe Beauties and delights enchant you ?

King. Ha ? no, come, let's away.

Eul. Oh let me yet entreat your Highneſs ſtay.

Alin. Not a ſtroke more I thank you : we have
heard

And ſeen enough : ſo much, as I muſt tell you
I cannot but commend your Parents Wiſdom,
Who having Calculated your Nativitie,
By which they had the foreſight of your fall,
Prevented thus the Planets by their care,
By teaching you to live by Hand and Foot.

Lod. Did ever Daughter of a King thus ſuffer ?
Or has ſhe Pride to ſmile on Injuries ?

Alind. Sir, you forget *Nicoſia.*

[*Eulalia whispers her.*]

Alin. Plots againſt me ? *King.* How's that ?

Alin. She dreams of Treason intended againſt
me. *Hor.*

Hor. No Divination against her own good, I
hope. [*aside*]

Eul. Mighty Sir, hear me : not to implore your
Bountie ;

No not your thanks, nor Popular Applause ;
But for I am your Subject and your servant,
Bound by your Allegiance as well to prevent
All Ills might pass against you, as to do none.
I could not think it but strict dutie in me
To hasten this discoverie.

Lod. Treason, and a Letter ?

We have never a false Brother amongst us, have we ?

Hor. If ever you held your peace, peace now.

King. It bears a face of Horror.

Alin. Cunning and Gipsie Tricks : will you to
Nicosia ? (well.

Kin. What we meant there, we may do here as
The Treason's there intended : look ye my Lords !
How careless is this woman of her safetie.

Alin. You Sir are careless : for if there be danger,
Where can I fear it but in this place onely ?
The world holds not an Enemy of mine,
But this enchantress you maintain against me.

King. Your motion and your own love drew us
hither.

Alin. I would fain love her, and certainly I should,
But that she stills begets fresh cause of Hatred.
She has some Devillish Plot in hand this Instant :
This shew is but the straw that hides the Pit.

Lod. No enemy but she ? to let her know she lies,
Even unto Prophanation against that Lady,
Ile speak. *Hor.* I hope you will not.

Lod. The King shall see his error. *Hor.* Will you ?

Lod. She her cruelty. *Hor.* Will you, will you ?

Lod. The world *Eulalia's* Pietie.

Hor. Will you ? will you ? *King.* What says

Lodovico ?

Lod.

Lod. Most mighty Sir, we here confefs and say.

Hor. We? you hear not me say any thing; do you?

King. What will you say? *Lod.* That Letter was not ours.

Hor. That's well. *King.* We easily believe it.

Lod. Nor any day or place as yet fet down Among our selves, for fact against the Queen. I mean *Elinda*. *Hor.* Nor fact intended was there of death or danger?

Lod. 'Twas with'd at least by us. *Hor.* Lord, Lord, Lord numb.

King. Our Guard. [Enter Guard.]

Lod. King she's the General grudge of all thy Kingdom.

Hor. You do not hear me say so.

King. Their grudge incites my love: take e'm away.

Come my wrong, d *Alinda*: This place shall serve, And this Assembly, to make a Kings word good. Make your Demands: three things I promise you. Ask what you will, even to my dearest blood.

Alin. Your Highness will excuse me, if I urge you

To bind it with an oath? *King.* Give me a Book. What I have promis'd to my lawful Queen, I will perform; ask freely.

Eul. Great Queen, vouchsafe to take an Admonition,

My last and truest Testimonie of Love. The rest were shadows to it.

Alin. Well, pray let's hear it.

Eul. Let your Demands be for the common good. Not for your own respects: self love may hurt you: Beware Ambition, Envie, and Revenge.

King. The Oracle could not pronounce more wisely. I *Alin.*

Alin. Is this your love ? 'tis fear of my just Vengeance.

Therefore hear my demands, my King and Husband.
First I demand the lives of these conspirators

Lodovico and Horatio.

Omn. Bloody. *Alin.* Next that your Son, much
of the Mothers Nature,
By Act of Parliament be disinherited.

Omn. O fearful. *Alin.* Last, that this woman
have her eyes put out,
And be for ever banish'd your Dominions.

Omn. Crueltie and Ingratitude past all Example.

King. Was this your Charitie ? you have now
declar'd it fully :

And I of both have made sufficient Tryal.

Come here *Eulalia*, take now thy wonted Seat and
keep it ever.

Thy povertie and patience have restor'd thee
By the just Providence : while her Excesse and
Pride

Casts her before thee, to receive that Doom
She had devis'd 'gainst thy immortal Goodness.
Into perpetual Exile ; hence, away with her.

Alind. Remember your Oath, my Lord.

King. My Oath was to perform what I had promis'd unto my lawful Queen : that's my *Eulalia*.
And let good *Lodowick* and *Horatio* be restor'd.

Exeunt King and Attendants. Alinda entranced carried out.

Scæn. V.

Enter Curate.

Cur. Oh ! proh ! proh *Nefas* !

Ile have no hand in blood of any man.

Eul. More exclamations ? what distracts you now ?
Cur.

Cur. *Coram Senatu res acta est : sub Iudice lis est.*
Ocurvæ in Terris animæ : the Rusticks

Have tane again the Law into their hands.

And will you tender clemencie *non instante*

A Courtier hang, his sweet Face *nec invante*.

Eul. What is his name! *Cur.* His name is hight

Alphonso

That Treason brought *in Pectore & Skonso*.

Eul. Who are the heads of the Judicious Faction?

Cur. *Andrea, Lollo, Poggio*, the Drudges

Have got the Peoples voice to be their Judges.

Lod. Dare they do this? *Cur.* Yes Judges they
 will be,

And kill, they say, the Snake of Treachery.

Eul. I hope we may come yet to stay their Sen-
 tence.

Pray bring us to the place : where if we can

Let us avert their Judgment from this man.

Exeunt.

Scœn. VI.

Enter Andrea, Poggio, Lollo, a Typstaff before them.

Andr. And can these turmoiles never have an
 end?

Unless we load our heads and shoulders thus

Our bodies eke with Justice *Capa Pe*.

And Pepper all our brains with Policie.

Pog. 'Twas time to have a care : I, and a piteous
 care.

Lol. A pious care you mean. *Pog.* Well pious then :

You'l shew your own wit, whose clothes soever you
 wear

(So do the wits of the time) but as I said,

'Tis time we have a care, for though our Queen,

(c)

Our

Our School Mistrefs I would fay, be mercifully,
idleful

It is fit that we be prejudicious in the State.

Lol. Ju-dicious Brother. *Pog.* Jew in your face.
Trip me again? *Andr.* Agree upon't. Brother
Sages of the Bench.

My Brother *Poggio* here faid very well
And learnedly and as I would have faid my felf?
(If you will take his meaning) to wit that as
Our School Miftris doats upon
Clemencie, it is fit that we run mad upon crueltie,
So meeting her in the midft, we fhall jump into the
Sadle of Juftice.

Pog. I do fay fo, without all peradventure.
For if the Candle of her mercy be not put out,
We fhall fhortly, fee more honeft men then Knaves
among us.

Lol. More Knaves you mean Brother.

Pog. I mean no more Knaves then your felf,
Brother.

Andr. Agree again, Sage brothers of the Bench :
and let no private

Itch grow to a publike Scab. *Lol.* Then the point :
Do not I underftand the purpofe of our meeting
Here in our pettie Parliament, if I may fo call it ?
Is it not for a Reformation, to pull down
The Queens mercy, and fet up our Juftice ?
For the prevention of a fuperabundance of Treafon
Dayly practiced againft her ?

Andr. Moft true. And is it fit therefore that
you brabble among your felves, and leave all worfe
then you found it ?

Lol. No, we will make fuch a Reformation, that
Treaſon fhall not dare to peep over the Hedge of
her Dominion, but we will take it by the noſe and
punish it indignely : moft indignely will we punish
it ?

Pog.

Pog. All this I grant: but before we sit and buffle on the Bench, because it is, and that without all peradventure, the first time that ever we play'd so wise a part, is it not fit to take advice, among our selves, how to deform our selves in our office.

Lol. De did you say? in in you should say. *Pog.* In with your Horns: how now? *Andr.* Nay Brothers o'th Bench.

Pog. Does he think to control me? because he has been a Sexton, and a little more book learned then a Lay man with an Amen forsooth?

Andr. Nay Brothers: this will control the business.

Pog. Or because he has been in many a mans grave before him, does he think no man so deep in grave matters as himself? *Lol.* Well, I forbear.

Pog. Shall he bid me In, In? as if I were not his inferior? *Lol.* I forbear still.

Pog. I will shew my self his inferior I, and a greater man then he; and to prove myself a great man, let him hang one, I will save two. *Lol.* Still forbear.

Andr. Pray Brothers yet agree: and remember we use no mercy.

Pog. Let him that uses any mercy lack mercy, for my part.

Lol. Then let us sit, and fall to the Business.

Pog. Sit and fall: was that so wisely spoken of a book-learned man now?

Lol. Still I forbear Passion becomes not Judges, Now bring in the offender, the new and last offender.

Andr. Pray thinke on your speeches.

[Exit Typstaff.]

Lol. I have made speeches that I hope shall make Traytors. *Andr.* How? *Lol.* Asham'd to wear their own heads on their shoulders. *Andr.* A Traytors head is not his own head: 'tis forfeited by Law to

the King ; 'tis the Kings head.

Pog. I say a Traytors head is his own Head :
and a good Subjects head is the Kings Head.

Lol. I say that's Treason : and the head thou
wearest is not thine own then, if thou beest a good
Subject.

Pog. Wilt thou tell me that ?

Andr. Passion becomes not Judges, Brothers o'th
Bench.

The offender comes,

Now they are hot, he shall be sure to smok for it.

Scæn. VII.

Enter Alphonso and Guard.

Alph. Whither do you hale me ? you Pease-
porridge Peasants :

Is this a place for me to come to Tryal in ?

If I had broke the Law, as I have not

I am a Peer, and do appeal unto

The Kings high Seat of Justice, publikely.

Lol. And will not our low stool of Justice, privily
Serve for a Traytor ? ha. *Alph.* Your selves are
Traytors,

In succouring 'gainst the Law, a diffolute woman

Whom I command you, in the King's high name,

To yield into my hands. *Lol. Pog. Andr.* You
shall be hang'd first.

Alph. By whose Authority ? *Lol.* By the said
womans Sir.

She is our Queen and her Authority is in our hands.

Alph. That speaks you Traytors : and the King
has Law against you and her.

Lol. When you are hang'd he has: to the next
able

Tree with him, and hang him presently.

Alph. Villains : you dare not so say.

Omn.

Omn. We do all fay Hang him with one accord :

Gua. If one cord will not do't another shall :

So come away Sir. *Lol.* Stay : hear a speech first.

Alph. You dare not use me thus : dare you take
Justice on ye ?

Lol. Yes, Sir, we can spie

Great faults in Noble Coats, with half an eye.

What though we nod ? does Treason therefore think

Justice is adle brain'd ? or though she wink

In us (as thus) that she's a sleep ? or fay

She take a nap, d'ye think shee'l sleep for ay ?

No, she but dreams a while, to circumvent,

Your vain hopes, with sharper punishment.

For if she be but jogg'd, no Mastife takes

Swifter or surer vengeance when she wakes.

Pog I, hang him, hang him. *Andr.* Is he
not hang'd yet ?

Pog. Without all peradventure the Hangman
means to hang for him.

Guard. Come Sir along, never hang backward,
for up you must.

Lol. Stay him, my speeches will be lost else.

Pog. Your long speeches will loose our purpose
again, without all peradventure.

Alph. Must I be mock'd out of my life ? and have
My death by hanging made a sport to Peasants,
In this blind hole o'th' Kingdom ?

Andr. Why thou choplogical Fellow, dost thou
not think, there are as good men hang'd, and as
good sport made of it too, in the blind holes of
the Kingdom, as in the very eye or open mouth of
it ? ha !

Pog. Away with him without peradventure.

Alph. I am a Courtier, and servant to the King.

Lol. Come all the Court in all your costly
Braveries.

And Treason in your Breech, we'll hang you for
your Knaveries,

On tree in Hempen twine nay if you come

In open Arms, up shall you all and some.

For though for Tournament your Fames do flie

Run all at Tilt on us, wee'l draw you dry.

Andr. Tell us you are a Courtier? we find here
Faults to correct, which you perceive not there.

So, now away with him, I have spoke my best.

Pog. And without all peradventure well said
Judge *Andrea*:

How long must we say away with him? ha!

Alph. You hobnayl'd Rascals: can you think
that you

Are fit to spie or correct faults at Court?

Lol. Stay, a short speech for that, and turn him
off.

Your shoes at Court are all too fine and thin:

To tread out snuffes and sparks of kindling Sin,

Which let alone the Rushes may take fire.

Then flame, then burn up higher still, and higher:

You warm you at such fire, 'tis we walk through't

The hobnayl'd Common wealth must tread it out.

Andr. So, now away with him. Hang him first,
d'ye hear

He has the best clothes, that will encourage

The Hangman the better to turn the rest after him.

Enter Eulalia, Lodovico.

Eul. Whither away with him?

Pog. So, now you see what's become of your fine
speeches.

Eul. Will ye, 'gainst all my Counsels and requests
Persist to pull destruction by taking others lives upon
your own?

And seem to carry it as in care for me?

Pog. No, 'tis in care of our selves, because we know
Not

Not to breed our Children honestly without you.

Eul. Have I not often councell'd and entreated
You would forbear? *Lol.* Your counsels and entreats
We are bound to disobey by Proclamation :

For we must grant you nothing. *Andr.* Well found
out.

Pog. And therefore if you say, Hang not this man
We are bound to hang him ! we will shew our selves
the Kings Subjects not yours.

Lod. If you can answer't to the King, 'tis well ;
His Majesty is here at hand. *Eul.* Go leave him
unto me.

Andr. The King at hand ? 'tis time for us to
look about us.

Lol. Must not we be hang'd now ?

Pog. It will be so, without all peradventure.

Eul. Release your Prisoner, set him free, and go
send the rest of the confederats.

Exeunt Guard, Alphonso kneeles.

Alph. I was not bound till now

I have no power to stir or move a limb :
O sacred Queen, use mercy, in adjudging me,
To present death, to quit me of the torment.
That rages all upon me, all within me.
The sight of you has shot more paines into me
Then I have drops of blood : O let me die.

Eul. I cannot give thee death : nor will my
prayers

Be prevalent for thy cure poor sinful man !
Till thou layst ope the cause of thy disease ;
(Thy hainous sin) by fair and free confession.

Alph. I hope no cure, and therefore ask no life.
But the Kings Justice to afford me death,
That is no less deserved then desir'd ;
For I confess, This my Device was but
To make my way to you, t' have murder'd you.

Enter

Enter two Lieutenants, Doctor and Midwife.
 Wrought thereunto by *Alinda's* Instigation.
 More I confes ; The evidence against you,
 Whereby you were despos'd, was false.
 And all these witnesses which now do bring
 Addition to my torment, did I hire
 Both for their perjury past, and for their late
 Attempt upon your life, with the Queens money.

Eul. Do you confes it ?

Omn. Heaven Pardon our misdeed : it is most true.

Eul. Heaven grant you all your cures.

Omn. All blessings on the Queen.

Eul. All was confes'd before by *Fabio* and
Strozso

And you do well to seem so penitent :
 I do forgive you : and will plead your pardon unto
 the King.

Alph. Your sacred mercy Madam, shall save a
 life then, to be spent in Praises and Prayers for your
 Grace.

Eul. Go, and pray for grace to mend your lives.
 [*Exeunt offenders.*]

So, let's now to the King.

Lod. Now look you about you : cast your Coats,
 and instantly

Hast to the Curat, hee's preparing sports,
 In speech and Dance, to entertain the King :
 Go and assist him : that must be the way
 To gain your Pardons. *Andr.* Comethen, let's away
 No longer Brothers of the Bench wee'l be,
 But of the Revels for his Majesty.

Scœn. VIII.

[*Recorders.*]

Enter King, Horatio, Sforza, Petruccio.

King. These troubles over : let us, now
 Surveigh this part of my Possession.

I never saw before. I could contemplate
 This late neglected peece of my Estate,
 To be the happiest : sure it is no less,
 To those that think on earth there's happiness,
 The Air disperseth pleasure and the Earth
 Of fresh delight to every step gives birth.
 Here plentie grows, and above it content,
 Ore spreads the Face of all the Continent.
Eulalia, thou art happy, and didst rise,
 Not fall from Court into this Paradise.
 Nor can it move my admiration much,
 Thy vertue wrought the change, and made it such.

Sfor. My Lord, the King is sad, what shall we
 do ?

Hor. I am as sad as he, and should be dead,
 If he were dead : and therefore no fit member
 To make Him merry, I : try your vein with him.
 Tell him your Daughters dying ; that may cheer
 him.

Sfor. Are you so tart Court Blain-worm ?

King. Yet can I smile in midst of grief to think
 How the Court malice hath been wav'd and
 punished,

By Rustical simplicitie. *Petr.* The Sun
 Appears again in the Kings smiles : observe.

Hor. I thank your Majestie, that sweet smile re-
 viv'd me.

King. Who smil'd ? *Hor.* Not I, I'm sure did you :
 or you ?

There could be no such thing : who dares be
 merry, when the King's sad ? *Shalmes.*

Petr. Yes, here are some now coming, I hear 'm,
 that are merry in hope to make the King so.

Scœn. IX.

Enter Curat richly rob'd, and Crown'd with Bays, playing on a Fiddle, many School Boys with Skarfes and Nofegays, &c. then follow Gonzago, dress'd and Crown'd as Queen of the Girles, following her: at last Eulalia supported by Lodovico and Andrea: Alphonso, Strozso, Fabio. D. Midwife. The former being all pass'd over the Stage: they kneel to the King.

King. O my Eulalia ! *Eul.* Still the most humble
Handmaid

To your highMajestie. *King.* Thy words are sweet :
Yet to my guiltie sence they are no less
Then thunder bolts; fram'd of the wrongs I shot
Against the Heavenly Region of thy mind.
And 'tis but Justice that the repercussion
Do strike me dead. *Eul.* No Passion mighty Sir.

Hor. O my sweet Queen ! but I am thunder
struck.

Andr. Old Lad, art there ? still sick oth' Kings
disease. [*aside.*]

Eul. If I may presume of any favour, vouchsafe
a glance on these.

Alphonso, Stro. Fab. Doct̃or and Mid. Beseech
your Highness.

*Enter Curat Gonzago in his hand veil'd three or
four Lassēs.*

Cur. Thus have you seen great King in best array,
Nostri Discipuli have made Holy-day,
Whilst I their Pædagogue or pettie King
Present in hand this little Royal Thing,
Yclep'd their Queen or Mistriss : *certe fallor*

For

For that's the Royal School Mistrefs as we call her.
 And this her under Usher : vey'd is she,
 Dreading the Power of shinning Majesty.
 Might dazle her Dancing : *nunc est saltandum*,
 And here are Lads and Lasses that at Random
 Have left their works, aswe the School & *Templum*,
 To follow us ; 'tis *Regis ad Exemplum*.
 The youth's are muffled for their better graces,
 Though you may like their feet, you'd blame their
 Faces

But Ile not trouble you with long Oration,
 Because I had but short precogitation. [Dance]

Hor. His Highness thanks you : and hath here
 dispos'd

An hundred Duccats in this Purse inclos'd ;
 Drink it amongst ye to the Kings well faring,
 And see there be no falling out ith' sharing
 So make your *Exit*. *Cur. Non sumus ingrati*
Rex & Regina semper sint Beati.

Exeunt Curat and Lasses.

Eul. Stay you a while.

Manent Fabio Strozso Alphonso Doctor and Mid-
wife ; they all kneel.

You know my Story, Sir, and who have been
 My strong abusers, and by me converted,
 Therefore let me Petition : Royal King
 You have by these discovered the abuse
 That led you into error : and that light,
 Which makes discovery of their black misdeeds,
 Will shew you to a Throne of greater mercy
 Then you can give. *King.* I must confess I need it,
 Bee't as thou wilt *Eulalia*.

Eul. Go then, and thank the King.

All. Long live the King and Queen.

[*Exeunt offenders.*]

Lod. Here's goodness now. *Hor.* I would the
 Devil

Devil had 'm, that thought ill of her.

Andr. And good King Pardon me, and my pure brother Judges, and Sages of the Dorpe here, that would have hang'd those Manufactors.

King. 'Tis quickly granted.

Andr. And Ile as quickly make them run mad with Joy.

Eul. My next suit is, (for now I'm set a begging,) You'l Pardon your *Alinda*.

King. She is not mine ;

Should she recover, as Heavens will be done.

Eul. Recover? fear not, Sir, this Traunse has drown'd

Her Frenzie, and shee'l live a sober life.

King. I shall forgive her,

But she must no more, in her recovery :

Be confort or acquaintance unto me :

But where's Posteritie now ? O my Boy !

Eul. Sir you have had but homely entertainment Yet in my humble dwelling : now Ile shew you (Since you appear so tender and so good A Father) the sweet comfort of a Son ;

Pray fetch the Prince. *King.* You cannot raise from death. *Exit Lodovico.*

Eul. Can you forgive *Petrucio* that deceiv'd you In his fain'd death, to save a real life :

King. Forgive? he won me in preserving *Sforza*, Let me but see my Son, Ile honour him.

Enter Lodovico with Gonzago.

Hor. See the most Princely vertue that survives.

King. Lives my *Gonzago* ?

Gonz. If you my Royal Father be not displeas'd With me, or my good mother, I shall live.

Hor. And long live my sweet Prince.

King. Let not my joy confound me ! where's *Petruccio*?

Lod.

Lod. Sforza and he are bringing the entraunc'd
Alinda

(Your fair Queene) to your prefence.

King. She is no Queen of mine.

Hor. No, hang her, hang her. This, this is the
Queen.

A very Queen of harts : a better Title
Crowns not the best of women in our days.

King. Good *Lodovico*, may the merited Fame of
thy fidelitie,

While there are Kings on Earth, Shew them to
gratifie

All trustie servants : love him *Gonzago*.

Hor. Love him ? my Loyaltie preserv'd,

I shall not desire the Princes love my self

If he not giv't to faithful *Lodovico*,

My true yoak fellow in State and Commonwealth.

[*Recorders.*]

*Enter Sforza and Petruccio, bringing Alinda in
a Chayre, veyl'd.*

King. But here's the man *Gonzago*, whom thou
owest,

A love of equal value to thy life.

Petr. I cannot Sir, in dutie nevertheles

But fall before your mercy, which I pray for,

That durst assume the hardnes to control :

Your Majestie Command.

Hor. There is a Loyaltie after my own heart now.

Here a new Song, Eulalia unvailes Alinda.

Eul. Bles'd Heaven ! she lives and wakes I hope
in health.

Sfor. If she awake to vertue, she is welcome,
Into the world again : but if she rise

With an Ambitious Thought of what she was

Or meet the light with a presumptuous look :

That renders her in thought but worthy of it :

By this bles'd prefence I will yet take leave. To

To sink her under earth immediately.

Eul. Patience good *Sforza*, see what she will do.

Alin. Where have I been ? or how am I brought hither ?

Or where I am I know not : but that shall not.

[*Musick ceased.*]

But unto me a wonder : for I know

Were it reveil'd, it could not be so strange :

A storie as my self was to the world.

How have I wandred in the way of Error !

Till I was worn into an Arie vapour.

Then wrap'd into a cloud : and thence distill'd,

Into the earth to find a new creation.

'Tis found : and I am found in better state,

Then I was in, before I lost my Dutie.

For in this second Birth : I find a knowledge

How to preserve it. Therefore if an Heart

Diffolved in its Tears may move your Pity

My noble Father, (if I may say Father,)

Whose blessing and forgiveness I entreat,

Let not your frown destroy my future hopes.

Sfor. What a rich sound were this now, were it reall !

Eul. As you may think I honour vertue *Sforza*, I do believe 'tis really unfaigned.

Sfor. It is Heavens goodness to your Grace then Madam.

The more to vindicate your injur'd vertue.

And manifest your merit to the world,

Thou art mine own again *Alinda.* *Eul.* Note her further.

Alin. My suit is next to you King, Queen, and Prince,

Whose love, whose Pietie, whose Innocence,

I have too much abus'd : that to appeal,

My trespasses at large by due confession.

I should appear but more impertinent to each eye
and ear.

My suit is therefore (though you not forget
I ever was) you will be pleas'd to think,
There is not an *Alinda* in the world.
So give me leave to leave it: and in this,
I beg my Fathers Aid, to be remov'd
Back to my countrey Naples; and in that,
Into the Magdalene Nunnerie at Lucera,
To spend this life in Tears for my amifs,
And holy Prayers for eternal Blifs.

[veiles her self.]

Sfor. So thou art mine for ever.

King. She has anticipated my great purpose,
For on the reconcilment of this difference,
I vow'd my after life unto the Monasterie
Of holy *Augustinians* at *Solanto*.

Omn. O mighty Sir! *King.* 'Tis not to be gain-
said.

So haste we to *Nicosia*, where (my Son)
In lieu of former wrongs, Ile yield thee up my
Crown and Kingdom.

Your vertuous mother (whom may you for ever
Honour for her pietie) with these true
Statesmen, will enable you to govern well.

Hor. Who makes a doubt of that?

King. And let your studie, Sir, be ever watchful
To cherish vertue, as to punish vice.
And see that you considerative be
Of *Sforza*, in the wrongs he felt by me.
His was the greatest losse.

Sfor. Sir, I have won:

My wrongs are drown'd in her conversion.

King. Good *Sforza*, see her plac'd as she desires,
In that Religious order. I have now
Plighted my Troth to Heaven, and so has she.

K

Omn.

Omni. O may (Sir) fuch Wedlock ne'er broken be,

King. Now with fuch melting filence as fweet

Souls

From Bodies part to Immortalitie,

May we for better life divided be.

Excunt Omnes.

Dedit Deus his quoq ; finem.

R I C . B R O M E .

The Epiloguc.

Lod. **T**Hrough much diftreff, and many perilous
wayes

Our Queen at laft with more then conquering Bays

Is Crown'd with hearts : but now fhe fals again,

And we, except her glory you maintain.

Our good depends on you then, thus it ftands ;

She chears our Hearts, if fhe but gain your Hands.

F I N I S .

Errata.

PAg. 9. l. 13 f. *is* read *in*. p. 38. bet. l. 13 & 14, insert *Ent. Sforza*. p. 68 *penultimate*, f. mine r. my. p. 69. l. 5. f. shall be King. r. shalt, *King*. p. 75. l. 19. f. inspir'd r. has inspir'd. p. 76. l. 33, f. but r. bare. p. 80, l. 26, f. said r. have said. p. 83, l. 4, insert *Lol*. p. 84, l. 18, dele *Countr*. p. 94, insert *Exeunt*. p. 95, l. 23, f. speaks r. speak. l. 29, f. in r. is in. p. 97, l. 10 f. they r. thy. p. 115, l. 12, f. to their r. to be their. l. 19, dele *Eul*.
